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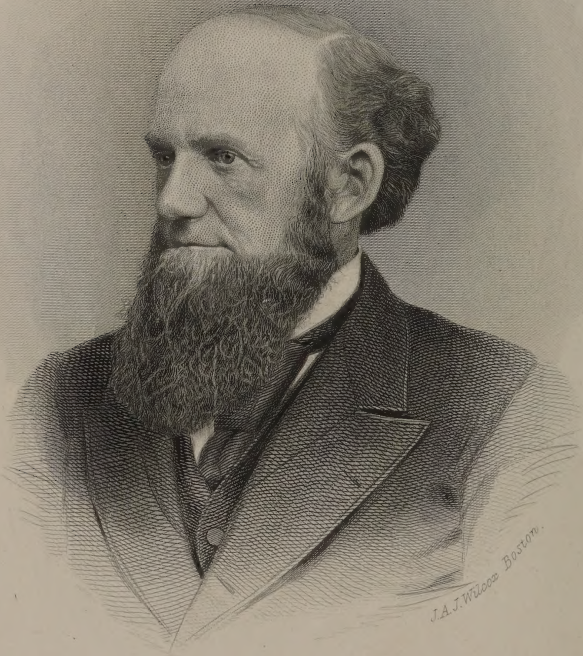
J.A.J. Wilcox Boston.

L. A. Morrison.

RAMBLES IN EUROPE:

In Ireland, Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France,

WITH HISTORICAL FACTS RELATING TO

SCOTCH-AMERICAN FAMILIES,

GATHERED IN

Scotland and the North of Ireland.

2276.55

BY
LEONARD A. MORRISON, A. M.,
AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE MORISON OR MORRISON FAMILY;"
"HISTORY OF WINDHAM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE."

ILLUSTRATED.

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To

My dearest Friend,

Wherever that Friend may be,

This Volume

Is Dedicated.

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INTRODUCTION.

This work is largely a personal narrative, which has been prepared in the spare hours of a busy life. Its object is to tell of countries visited during the ramblings of five months, of people seen, of their customs and thoughts, their systems of government, and the influence of those governments upon the people. It is to speak of friendships formed, of persons absent from me, but who in spirit will abide with me forever.

In these wanderings I have spoken of men, institutions, places, and events as they impressed me. My mission was semi-historical. My experiences in Ireland, Scotland, and England have been largely given. This is especially true of my tour through the original Scotch settlements in Ireland, and also of my journey in Scotland. Much historical matter relating to Scotch-American families has been purposely woven into the narrative. The subject has been a favorite theme: over it my pen loves to linger. To those places on the other side of the sea my mind reverts as do the thoughts of a wanderer to his early home.

Much of the journey was over ground visited by numerous travellers, whose adventures have been rehearsed in many books. No two persons have the same experience, nor do they see with the same eyes. The kaleidoscopic view changes with every tourist. I saw with American eyes, and judged with a judgment which is my own, and endeavored at all times to be impartial, "with malice toward none, and with charity for all." It is my hope that the reader may be able to appropriate some kernels of the grain which I have gathered from the oft-gleaned fields.

Other portions of the journey were on less frequented routes of travel, and it is my wish that the descriptions of the same may be of interest and value.

The smaller illustrations for this work have been sketched by C. H. Dinsmoor and L. J. Bridgman. Those who took so kindly an interest in my mission to the Old World have my sincere thanks.

While this book is written largely for my own pleasure, it is also prepared with the hope that others may derive profit from its perusal. This, with other writings, cannot bring me much pecuniary profit, nor the laudation of men; but they have brought a better compensation in the new avenues of enjoyment which they have unfolded, and in the fascination which they have thrown around my leisure hours. They have brought me many congenial spirits for companions, whom to know is to love, and to be understood by them is to be greatly blest. The pleasures of life have been increased. Its channel has been broadened and deepened. Its skies are brighter, and life is made worth living. As I have received so much from others, the thought that I may be able to return something for the pleasure and profit of those about me affords me the liveliest satisfaction.

L. A. M.

Windham, N. H.

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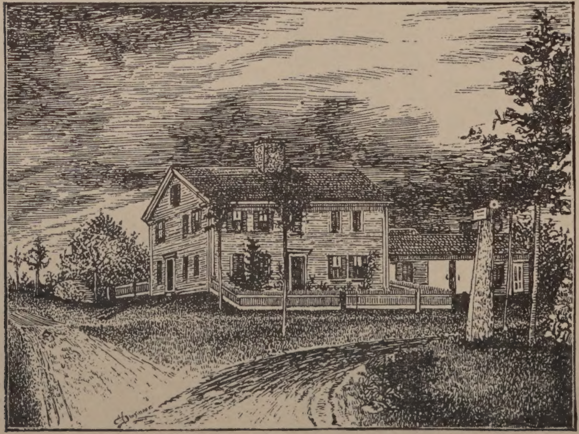


"THE EARLY HOME."

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

Rambles in Europe.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY HOME.

MY early home was among the granite hills of New Hampshire. Like thousands of others who dwell in pleasant abodes on the plains, on the sloping mountain-side, or nestling among the green valleys of the state we love, we, my brothers, my sister, and I, who formed the youthful flock, drew vigor from the bracing air, and inspiration from the beauties of the landscape, of wooded hills and valleys and bodies of water, which made beautiful the place of our nativity.

The years passed quickly, as they always do. Childhood gave place to youth, as it always does. My brothers, older than I, stood on the threshold of young manhood, with life and its grand possibilities opening up brightly before them, when their feet grew weary in the way, and after brief suffering they went forth, young, fresh, unspotted, into everlasting sunshine and joy.

In childhood, when reading books of travel and of localities where some of the world's most tragic events have occurred, it was a sweet day-dream to sometime visit historic towns, to stand where the most renowned ones of earth had stood, and see and feel and know what they had seen and felt and known.

This was previous to the time when everybody went to Europe—before the electric cable girdled the globe, and spoke with its tongue of flame from beneath the ocean's waters. It was before the huge "reindeers of the Atlantic" carried one from New York to Queenstown in six days. Neither at that time did Cook's Agency ticket the tourist, like an express package, to all parts of the civilized world, and to sections not civilized. There were then no holiday excursions to Europe and return, with courteous conductors to relieve one of every trouble save that of breathing, and feeing impecunious servants on the other side of the sea.

The dream of childhood was the hope of youth, the undefined plan of early manhood. Each year brought its duties and delayed its execution. Oftentimes an event, slight and trivial, will change the course of a life. Standing upon a mountain in Scotland, one can see where the descending waters from a higher point are divided by a slight ridge, and one tiny rill, trickling down the mountain-side, increased in volume and intensity, till it became a powerful current, and emptied into the North sea. The other flowed down the opposite way, became a mighty stream, and emptied into the Atlantic ocean.

As the ridge on the mountain divided the waters, so an event, small in itself, turned me from the beaten track, and changed my life. A strange course of events, unlooked for and unexpected, compelled my course into a literary channel, which it had been no purpose of mine to enter, and into which my first choice would not have led me. After six years of unremitting toil, two books went forth to the world as the fruit of my pen. As the result of those historical works, a letter from a person whom I have never met led to the journey abroad, and this volume is the result. Thus the dream of childhood came true. One hope of youth was realized, and the plan of early manhood executed, sooner than had been expected.

Having concluded to make the journey, I got my letter of credit from Kidder, Peabody & Co., of Boston, on which I could draw on many banks in Europe, and secured passage to Liverpool, England, by the good ship *City of Chicago*, and a return ticket by any ship of the Inman line. February 20, 1884, having been fixed upon as the day of my departure, I left the home described in the commencement of this chapter, with my face turned toward the Old World.

On arrival in New York, it was ascertained that owing to rough weather, a prolonged and dangerous voyage from England, the vessel would not sail on advertised time. This gave an opportunity for witnessing the elaborate and imposing demonstration on Washington's birthday in honor of the heroes of the *Jeannette,* of the Arctic expedition, who had perished, in the cause of science, in the eternal frosts and snows of the Polar regions. The body of one justly honored man, Mr. Collins, with that of his mother, was placed on board of the *Chicago*, carried back to his native land, and now lies buried beneath the green sod of "dear old Ireland." After exchanging United States money for British gold, my place was found on board of ship.

On the afternoon of February 25th, with much confusion and bustle, the trundling of baggage, the hurrying of loaded teams on the pier, the swiftly driving cabs filled with passengers, the shouts of the policemen to preserve order, the impatient answers and sharp retorts of questioned officials and employés, the passengers and freight were on board, and the ship ready to sail. The proud flag of Great Britain and the loved flag of the United States were flying from different masts. There were hurried partings and affectionate farewells.

The cables were taken on board, the ponderous shafts of the mighty engine began to move, the quivering, instant response of the vessel was felt, and the stately ship of 6,000 tons' burden swung from her moorings, and amid the cheers of the assembled hundreds on the pier and the answering shouts of those on deck, the waving of handkerchiefs and the oft expressed wish for a *bon voyage*, she steamed down the harbor, past Forts Lafayette and Hamilton, past the Quarantine, and soon friends and streaming banners and lofty city spires faded from our view.

The journey had commenced, and I was now to wander for months, by land and by sea, over the earth; to travel extensively in Ireland, Scotland, England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France; was to inspect places of world-wide interest, visit famous cathedrals and historic cities, to be on mighty battle-fields where struggling armies had decided the destinies of empires, muse by the graves of despots whose names linger not in one grateful memory, but who like the Genius of Evil stalked through the world, and at whose decease humanity uttered exclamations of joy and songs of thanksgiving; was also to linger by the tombs of those whose lives were radiant with good to their fellows, and whose names and deeds will be revered so long as human hearts love all that is lovely and of good report.

Beautiful rivers, lovely lakes, green valleys, and the glacier-crowned Alps, with Mont Blanc's lofty head wreathed with its diadem of eternal whiteness, and piercing the skies, were to become familiar friends. Gentle reader, please accompany me in these wanderings, go with me step by step, while the places of travel are visited.

When the pilot was dismissed, the vessel started upon its 3000 miles of ocean travel, was soon out of sight of land, and the next earth to greet the eyes of her passengers would be that of the Emerald Isle. The "Landlubbers' song" could be sung,

"As we ploughed the furrowed sea."

* * *

"Hurrah for the ship! Hurrah for her crew!
Merry, merry boys are we;
And our course is pressed for the Irish coast
As we rise on the yeasty sea."

We were now in a wilderness of waters. The heaving, jumping, tossing, white-capped billows were upon every side. Our only companions were the sea-gulls with their dark-tipped wings, which followed in the wake of the vessel, or circled in the air around us, or rested themselves upon the surface of the sea. They are faithful companions, and often follow ships from shore to shore.

The singers little knew of that of which they sang. The jubilant songs of most, when stepping on shipboard, are turned to woful lamentations before two days out from land. Sea-sickness, the monster destroyer of the happiness of ocean transit, comes to most travellers, and sticks more closely than the dearest friend. Most of the passengers, however, rallied after three days of illness, myself among the number.

The ocean voyage, loved by few, and dreaded by most as a painful experience, passed rather pleasantly. I did not dread it, and should no more hesitate to step into a first class steamer for Europe, than to board the cars for New York or Chicago.

Favoring winds cheered us on the way. The steamer's sails were set, and caught the stiffening breezes. The mighty engines kept up their ceaseless action; and the ship was propelled over the dark waters at an average of more than three hundred miles daily. The weather, as a rule, was favorable. The mornings often broke upon us clear and bright. The sun, rising in the intensity of its brightness from the bosom of the ocean, ushered in days cool, yet clear and delightful. Much of the time was spent on deck, promenading, talking, reading, and playing games.

The nights seemed long, and little could be heard save the perpetual sad moaning of the sea, the hurrying feet on deck, and the melancholy refrain of the sailors' songs when unreefing the sails. The monotony of the ocean voyage is one of its worst features. One tires of the everlasting expanse of waters; of the deep blue above, the blue deep beneath and around. One is surrounded by the billows, ceaseless in their motion, and destitute of all signs of animate life, save occasionally a spouting whale, or thousands of porpoises which can be seen for miles around, or the dolphins at play, springing from the waters, looking beautiful with their changing colors.

Our steamer was a floating palace. The table was the equal of the best hotel, and eating became one of the chief attractions and the principal occupation of the passengers. The three regular meals, interspersed with several lunches, kept those on board nearly as busy as a good friend of mine in Edinburgh, who nibbled away at his provisions and sipped his tea or coffee some eight times a day. Many of the gentlemen amused themselves and whiled away the time by playing poker, drinking champagne, and betting on the day's run of the steamer. Money frequently changed hands at such times.

It may not be generally known, but there are ocean tramps, who live upon ocean steamers most of the time, passing to and fro over the Atlantic, whose business it is to gamble and bet, and thus rake into their own pockets the shekels of the foolish and unwary traveller. The wine bill of some of these, during a single voyage of ten days, would often be one hundred and fifty dollars.

Three classes of passengers were on board,—cabin or first-class, intermediate or second-class, and the steerage. Cabin passengers fare sumptuously every day. Every want is anticipated and provided for. The intermediate live as they do in corporation boarding-houses in our manufacturing cities, while the steerage passengers are huddled together in close quarters, and there is nothing to brighten or cheer their hard and disagreeable lot. There is little or no communication between the different classes.

The cabin guests soon became like members of one great family, and employed themselves according to their several tastes, and there was always more or less sport among them. Among us were three young ladies from Boston or vicinity, going to teach in the seminaries at Stellenbosch, Wellington, and Worcester, near Cape Town, South Africa; four clergymen,—two from Philadelphia and two from Baltimore,—going to the Holy Land, one of whom I met months later in the Parliament House, London; merchants, going abroad for a few weeks on business; many commercial travellers; and some tourists, like myself. One of the quaintest, most original characters on board was Mr. Jones, a native of Wales, a resident in Texas, and a rancher by occupation. He had been in Texas but a few years, and had accumulated considerable property. A marked and peculiar character was our tourist. His speech and dress and looks were peculiar. He wore a broad-brimmed brown felt hat with a light band about it, and sported a heavy cane of odd shape and pattern, which attracted considerable attention. He was on deck early in the morning and late at night, and during the day, pacing with long, rapid, swinging strides from end to end, so as to prevent being sea-sick, and was successful. Mr. Jones was not an educated man, was not particularly intelligent on general topics, but he had good, strong common-sense, and always kept his weather eye open. Often had he been the butt for considerable merriment among some of those whose manner of dress and appearance generally were more in harmony with the accepted pattern. He was evidently afraid of some ocean disaster, and the mirthful ones played upon his fears by telling him that the purser had seized a man who was on the point of blowing up the ship with dynamite. After a severe storm, they said that Jones was so much agitated that he had clandestinely stowed away twenty-seven life-preservers in his state-room, ready for an emergency.

Mr. Jones heard and knew it all, kept quiet, and bided his time. It came at last. He had refused continually to join these men in their cups and games. One day, after many invitations, he united his fortunes with theirs in the smoking-room. Money was planked upon the table, and the game began. The excitement increased as the game progressed; champagne and claret flowed freely; but the Texan, cool, collected, swept the boards, and gathered the shekels of his tormentors into his own pocket. From that moment he commanded their respect, and also won ducats enough to pay his expenses across the ocean.

We were now in the midst of the broad Atlantic. Our fleet, loyal companions, the sea-gulls, still bore us company. The ponderous shafts of the ship's engines kept up their ceaseless motion, hour after hour, day after day, without a moment's rest since we left New York harbor. In the far distance a sail would occasionally be seen, causing a breeze of excitement; and the passengers were all on deck when we met a steamer of the "White Star Line," bound from Antwerp to New York, and signals were exchanged. There was much enthusiasm among the passengers of the two ships, and waving of handkerchiefs.

To me, one of the grandest sights on earth is the ocean in a storm. I had stood upon the shore with the winds blowing from an angry sea, and the waves lashing themselves in foam against rocky cliffs, and enjoyed beyond expression the grandeur of the scene; but it had never been my lot to be upon the ocean when the thunders crashed, when lightnings flashed, and the waves ran high. That joy was to come. The scene was vivid, and will be a memory till life's close. The morning was bright and sunny, but in the afternoon the sky was overspread with dark, threatening clouds. The ocean became rough and choppy. Darkness increased, and the low mutterings in the distance proclaimed the violence of the coming storm. In the night it burst upon us in all its fury. Rain fell in torrents. At 3 A. M. a long shrill whistle was heard, and the tramp of hurrying feet on deck. It was the call for the sailors to go aloft and reef the sails. Then those sons of the sea, in the pitchy darkness only as it was relieved by the lights upon the ship, in the blinding rain, climbed the dizzy height, went out upon yard-arms, and reefed the sails. The storm increased: our great, staunch, heavily laden ship was tossed about like a cork upon the waters. It was now up upon a wave, now down in the trough of the sea, now sidewise as with a quivering motion it would dip its side, a great sea would strike it and vast volumes roll over the hurricane deck. Running high was the sea, but the good ship sped on its way in the darkness, over tempestuous billows, enveloped with water and spray, as it was smitten with the storm and heavy seas. The blackness of the night, the sad moaning of the ocean, the roaring of the storm, the falling rain, the howling of the wind through the vessel's rigging, and the occasional flashes of lightning, united in making the scene one of terrific grandeur, and an experience to be remembered always.

"I stood in the night's great darkness,
And heard the calling sea:
Ever and ever 't was speaking
Out of its heart to me."

The night passed away, so did the storm, and as upon the Galilean sea, calm was upon the troubled waters.

On the Sabbath the crew in different parts of the ship were reviewed by the captain. Religious services of the Church of England were holden in the cabin at 10 A. M., attended by the crew and most of the passengers, and conducted by the captain, the oldest officer and admiral of this steamship line. He was a fine, courteous gentleman; modest, unassuming, and as brave an officer as ever trod the deck of a ship. He had followed the seas more than fifty years, and had crossed the ocean several hundred times. This was a British vessel, commanded by British officers, manned by a British crew, sailing under the British flag; but the passengers were largely Americans. In the prayers read for those in authority, the name of the President of the United States was coupled with that of the Queen of Great Britain. The captain made interesting remarks in behalf of the Home for the children of sailors lost at sea, and for which a collection was taken.

Days with their monotony passed away, and on Thursday, March 6, after a stiff breeze and heavy storms for two days, it was apparent that we were nearing land. Soundings were taken, and water was found to be 150 fathoms deep. This was a perilous part of the journey. Captain and officers were upon the bridge, the whistles were kept continually blowing, and the ship moved cautiously and slowly through the fog and wind and rain. At 2 P. M. a shout was heard, "Land in sight!" and through the thick fog and mist,

> "O'er the wild waves appearing,
> We saw the green hills of Old Erin."

These were upon the southern coast of Ireland, and were welcomed with joy, as all were glad to behold land once again.

On Thursday, March 6, at 2 : 30 P. M., we passed Fastenet Light, and signals were exchanged. It was said that in fifteen minutes it would be known in New York that the *City of Chicago* had passed that point, and that the afternoon papers of that place, more than three thousand miles away, would inform their readers that it had crossed the great ferry in safety. This Light, a circular shaft of considerable height, is a vigilant, constant sentinel on a dangerous, rock-bound coast. It stands two or three miles from the main land, upon a bold, black, jagged, precipitous ledge of rock, of sloping and perpendicular sides. Against the many broken fragments of ledge at its base the water in a high sea is dashed with the greatest fury, throwing huge volumes of white waves and spray high into the air.

So were passed many interesting points. The sloping hillsides were distinctly visible with their scattered habitations. Many ships were now about us. Darkness cast its black mantle over the earth as we entered the beautiful sheltered harbor of Queenstown. It is one of the best and most lovely in the world. High hills surround it, and their steep sides, from the edge of the water to their summits, are covered with pleasant homes, which on this dark evening were lit up by thousands of lights, which shed bright, cheerful gleams over the calm waters of the bay. The tug-boat came to us, bearing the mayor of Cork and other officials to receive the bodies of Mr. Collins and his mother, and give them proper honor and burial. After bidding my ship companions farewell, for most went to Liverpool, I landed at Queenstown.

"A passage perilous maketh a port pleasant."

It cost me several dollars to run the gauntlet of the servants before I left the vessel. All had to be "tipped," from the steward to the boot-black; and this was but the commencement of my sorrows in this respect on the other side of the Atlantic. I passed the customs with no difficulty, and was thankful to be once more on solid land, after ten days of perpetual sea, ten days of being "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," ten days of "A life on the ocean wave," which was quite enough for me.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND.

QUEENSTOWN is an interesting city, built upon the Island of Saints. I climbed the steep ascent to the cathedral, from which is a full view of the harbor and bay. Spike island lies opposite, with its forts and troops, and over them all was proudly floating the flag of Great Britain.

Everything seemed strange, and the manner of doing things was different from ours. Much of the jobbing and teaming is done by small boys, with donkeys hitched to clumsy two-wheeled carts with shafts which protrude several feet in the rear, the driver always sitting upon the right shaft.

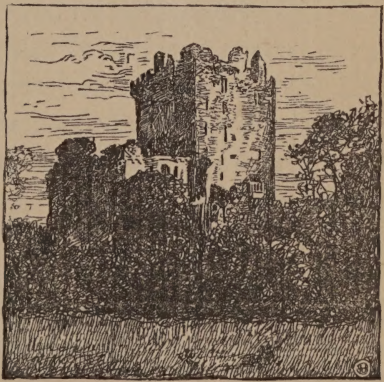
I was going northward, and wished to check my baggage through to a main point. The officers never give checks, and it cannot be done. In the United States, if a party is journeying from Boston to Chicago, Omaha, or San Francisco, he can check his baggage to those points, take his little brass plate, with its number, and days afterward, by calling at the proper station and presenting it, his baggage is turned over to him, and he is not annoyed by any care of his luggage during the long journey. This, and many conveniences perfectly familiar to Americans, are wholly unknown in the British isles. There is nothing in their system like ours, and an American misses painfully the home comforts of travelling, and is annoyed and indignant at the conservatism he meets upon the other side. The care and responsibility for the transportation of one's property rests entirely with the traveller. A porter approaches you: you tell him where you are going: he places your luggage upon a truck, sees that a printed paper with the place of your destination printed upon it is pasted upon the trunk, deposits it in the luggage van or compartment of the carriage in which one is to ride. A tip compensates the porter, whose great deference awakens one's suspicions that he has been unnecessarily liberal. The servants abroad are, as a rule, honest, trusty, obliging, and faithful, but their air of servility is anything but pleasing to an American; and the idea of having to watch and look after one's baggage, in a journey through a foreign land, is perfectly ridiculous. When you arrive in a large city, the terminus of any of the great railways of Great Britain, the baggage is put carefully upon the platform as soon as the train stops, and each traveller picks out his own. There is nothing, except his own promptness and attention to business, to prevent another from claiming and carrying it off. It is fortunate that the people there are honest. I never knew of any baggage being stolen or lost by this reprehensible style of doing things, or not doing them. One cannot help thinking what a harvest some expert railroad thief of the West could reap in Great Britain! Yet this whole method of public conveyance is so at enmity with our ideas of protection, comfort, and convenience, that it fills one with indignation for the conservatism of their railroad officials, and the annoyances of their primitive system of travelling. This was another of the unpleasant things incident to foreign travel.

Cork is twelve miles from Queenstown, and is reached by rail, or by boat "up the pleasant waters of the river Lee." The sail on the river is enchanting. Its quiet loveliness, the green fields, the high and precipitous sides of the hill on which Queenstown is built, its sides covered with walks, drives, terraces with evergreen shrubbery, and the whole, dotted with beautiful homes, makes the way delightful. We passed many points of great beauty before reaching Cork, each apparently excelling all others. On the passage I met the American consul at Queenstown, and we went to Cork together. He is an agreeable gentleman, from Ohio. He tendered me courtesies which a lack of time compelled me to decline.

Some people like Cork. I do not. To me it is far from being an interesting city. Like its name, which signifies a swamp, the business part *is* swampy, disagreeable, and repulsive.

Here is St. Ann's, or Shandon, church, begun in 1722. It is a plain structure. The steeple, three sides of which are built of limestone, the fourth of red stone, is 120 feet high. The Shandon bells are no more musical than many others, but Rev. Francis Mahoney has made them immortal. By his sweet lines he has thrown around them a glamour, and made their music celebrated the world over. He says,—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells."



Blarney Castle.

I hastened on to Blarney castle, five miles from Cork, a place renowned in history, legend, and song. It was built in the fifteenth century, and was anciently the home of the McCarthys, whose immense possessions were confiscated in the troubled period of 1689. It is one of the most picturesque ruins in Ireland. The massive tower rises 120 feet in height, and, with walls eight or ten feet in thickness, is very solid and enduring, with a lower portion of less substantial proportions. The guide showed me in, and explained the different parts. I ascended to its summit, and looked over its outer wall. In the clear light of that bright day I could see the country for miles around. It was the 7th of March, and the fertile fields were as green as they are in New England in June. At the base of the castle a river runs through the rich lowlands. Sitting on the summit, I wrote several postals to friends on this side of the sea. It was a sunny afternoon. The rooks, or jack-daws, which are very abundant and flew in great numbers about me, were quite tame, and made the air resonant with their voices. The ruins are thickly covered with the Irish ivy. The Blarney stone, of world-wide celebrity, which imparts to the one who kisses it the persuasive gift of eloquence, was inspected and saluted by me, but not kissed. The operation was considered too hazardous, as one must be lowered by his heels from a dizzy height in order to do it.

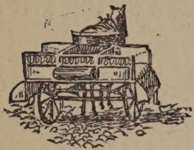
The Groves of Blarney are justly celebrated. The trees are abundant, tall and stately, and their large trunks are green with moss, or covered with the clinging, dark green tendrils of the Irish ivy. The flowers "That spontaneous grow there" are sweet and abundant. The moss-covered walks yield like a carpet beneath one's tread. The underlying basis of the earth is of a limestone formation, in which are the caves. I went through them, explored the dungeons of the castle, wandered through the far-famed groves, saw the charming waters, and was delighted with it all.

At night I reached the Lakes of Killarney, having passed through some of the most mountainous sections of the county of Kerry. The country is very poor, large sections are mountainous, or swampy, and hundreds of acres are mere peat bogs. In some parts are great piles of rocks and stone walls, like what we see in New England.

I registered at the Railway hotel. It was a fine house under excellent management. The grounds are laid out artistically, with gravelled walks, beds of flowers, and trees of rare quality and kind. There is much to please the eye and gratify one's love for the beautiful.

Ireland is well termed the Emerald Isle. In the southern sections, everything seemed to be green, from the grass to the trunks of the trees and the picket fences. This was the appearance of things at Killarney.

The morning after my arrival was cool, clear, and bright. The high mountains of Kerry were white with snow, and looked bleak and wintry in the distance. Killarney has 5,000 inhabitants, has long, straggling streets, "and smells to heaven." Its people drink a vast amount "of the dark beverage of hell," and this, with the rapaciousness of landlords, keeps them exceedingly poor.

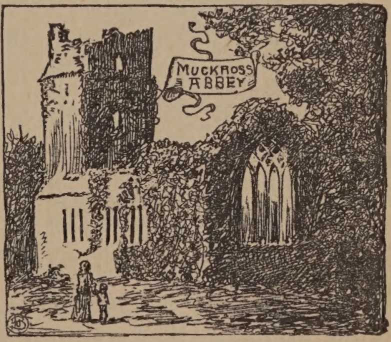


Jaunting Car.

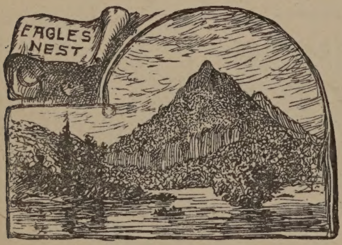
Taking a guide and an Irish jaunting-car, we started for an inspection of the lakes. Passing out of the village, past the habitations of the poor, past the fine estates of wealthy landlords, with their parks for game, and houses of the game-keepers, past groves, finely laid out fields, and palatial homes, we rode for miles on the highway, where the mortar-faced walls at the sides are from five to ten feet high, and are so solid and well constructed that almost literally nothing of the beauties and luxuriance of the enclosed lands can catch the eye of the poor inhabitants or of the tourist. Truly the landlords of Ireland have deprived the people of everything except poverty, and of that there is an abundance.

The great estates here are those of the Earl of Kenmare and of Mr. Herbert. Everything indicates the British spirit of exclusiveness. The high walls shut the proprietors in, and shut every one else out. The contrast between what is within and what is without is great. Wealth, elegant mansions, magnificent domains, with greenness and fertility, are shut in: without is poverty, wretchedness, and misery, in the domiciles of the people. The people are mostly tenants at will, and have very little motive to work. Though the Earl of Kenmare and other landlords may have thousands of acres for game, yet an Irish laborer, though he were a saint on earth, could not buy an inch of land. The game fares well, but the people may starve. Thus it is in Ireland. Everything for the few, woe for the many. God speed the day when this wicked, cruel system may be broken up!

Two miles from Killarney we entered the magnificent estate of Mr. Herbert, M. P. for County Kerry. As one passes towards the lake he will observe on a knoll, and among the trees, a picturesque and charming ruin. It is the Abbey of Muckross. Founded in 1440, repaired in 1602, it consisted of an abbey and church. The cloisters belonging to the abbey are in the form of a piazza surrounding a large courtyard, nearly square, in the centre of which is a yew tree of large proportions. Many of the rooms are in fair preservation. A church-yard is there, where are many old and new stones bearing illustrious names. There silently sleep some of the O'Sullivans, McCarthys, and Herberts. The



old bramble-covered yard is paved with tombstones of those who died long ago. A graveyard is one of the most interesting places in the world to visit. People always go there. Do they derive an unconscious pleasure from the thought that sometime they will rest there? I wandered among these graves, so near the roofless old abbey, and read the inscriptions upon the stones, and mused of those who rested so quietly beneath the grass and brambles.



Diverging from the abbey in various directions are the broad avenues which led to it, still in splendid condition, green with luxuriant grass, and shaded by old and stately trees. The mansion of the present Mr. Herbert is built of light stone, and for situation and stateliness of structure can hardly be surpassed. We took a tour of the lakes over a fine hard road, saw the lofty mountains about whose summits hung the drifting clouds. The Eagle's Nest rears its head seven hundred feet above the waters. I went to the connecting link of the two lakes, called the "Meeting of the Waters." Tom Moore's lines come to me:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

I do not like landlordism, as it exists in Great Britain to-day, nor the laws by which it is bolstered up. The system is doomed to destruction at no distant time, and may a bloodless revolution speedily accomplish this result. It is a serious offence for one to cut so much as a walking-stick on the domains of the landlords. I rejoice in saying that I violated the precious and divine rights of a landlord by cutting and carrying through Europe, and finally to my home in New Hampshire, a stick of arbutus, which I now have, as a cane. If this sketch should ever meet the eye of Mr. Herbert, it might afford him some gratification to know that I cut it upon his land, and that it is a good specimen. After committing this heinous offence, I inspected the antiquated structure called the "Old Wier bridge," and also Cromwell's bridge. Cromwell was a plain, blunt, outspoken man. He said what he meant, and enforced rigidly what he said. He was a progressive man, and believed in adopting all the improvements of the age in which he lived. He had no charity for stupidity, nor any sympathy for the thriftless manner of doing things, or, rather, of not doing them, in Ireland. When he was at Killarney, he was greatly annoyed because there was no bridge at a certain point. He did not like the plan of having to wade through deep waters, when a bridge would enable his army, with artillery, to pass such a point with ease and comfort.

So he told the Irish to build a bridge—to build it quick, and build it strong; and as a clincher to his command, he said if it was not completed when he returned he would hang an Irishman for every hour he was delayed. They knew he would keep his word, and the bridge was built. Would that there were many Cromwells in Great Britain to-day, to strike the spirit of progress into its people!

Saturday is a weekly market-day at Killarney, and the railroads carry at reduced rates great numbers of people who flock into the city. Hundreds came by trains, bringing what produce they could carry, and after disposing of it, getting goods for family use, getting liquor and getting drunk, and cursing the British government, they took the cars for their homes. Many hundreds more came into the city with little donkey carts, carrying loads of hay, straw, or any kind of produce they wished to sell. They congregated in the market-place, and sold before the going down of the sun. Sauntering through it and among the people, I was able to appreciate the situation. I had seen one side of the picture,—the domains of the wealthy, and their peaceful, lovely homes, where no want appeared to be unsupplied: here was the other side.

I went among the Irish cabins, such as the majority of the native Irish live in throughout Ireland. They are, as a rule, some fifteen feet in length and ten feet wide, built in a loose manner of cobble-stone, and many times without mortar. Some have a pane of glass for a window, and some do not, and the whole is covered with a roof of thatch. The cold ground is the only floor, and their only fire is made of peat. I entered them, cold, narrow, and cheerless as they were, and have seen the wife and mother, scantily clothed in rags, trying to cook over the peat fire, and the numerous children huddling about her with their knees protruding from ragged trousers, and their little bare feet red, aching, and sore from the cold. A broken bench or stool answered for a chair. The homes are the abodes of filth, squalor, and unhappiness. Such homes as these are plentiful in Killarney, and worse ones are in many other places. On the south-west coast, the families, with hogs and other animals, share the same miserable hut. Such are not exceptional cases: there are multitudes of them. The poverty and wretchedness seen upon every side in this fair land awaken very deeply one's sympathies, and make him sad and sick at heart. Hon. Arthur Livermore, U. S. consul at Londonderry, told me of a very pathetic scene which he witnessed. He was called upon to take the affidavit of a man who was upon his death-bed. He went to the home of the party—such a home as I have described. There were two apartments. The dying man was in the smaller one, some five feet in width, totally dark, there being no window, and the darkness only relieved when the attending daughter entered with her flickering light. He was lying upon a bed, if such it could be called, made by sticking rude poles into the stone walls, over which was thrown some loose straw. There was hardly room for one to stand between his couch and the wall. Mr. Livermore talked with him, and took his affidavit, when the sick man called for water. It was brought by the faithful daughter, when the dying man devoutly thanked God for all the blessings and comforts granted him upon his death-bed!

I was the guest of a Protestant gentleman, and was shown over his estate. He had many tenants, and had built for them comfortable homes. It was a cold day, and the drizzling rain was falling. Noticing several women picking stones in the field, I asked my attendant if this was a common occurrence, and what wages the women received. Yes, he said, it was common. They did the housework, and the remainder of their time was spent upon the land. They received eight pence per day, with which to provide for their families and themselves. Americans would consider these hard lines!

There are two classes of people in Ireland,—those who are termed the native Irish, and those who are descendants of the Scotch and English colonists of about two hundred years ago, who are numerous in the north of Ireland. The two classes remain almost entirely distinct.

The southern part and around Killarney is settled largely by the natives. I was still at that place, and wishing to see more of the poor Irish people, one sunny afternoon I took a third class railway carriage for Mallow, forty miles away. The car was a rude affair, but strong, substantial, and would be a comfortable conveyance for cattle. In European carriages one enters at the side, and each compartment contains two seats facing each other, running crosswise of the carriage, each coach usually having three compartments entirely distinct. Many of the third class carriages in England and on the continent are good and comfortable, but these were of a different pattern. Very thick partitions, some four feet in height, divide the compartments. My desire to see the Irish was gratified. Into these carriages they came, old men and young men, old women and young women, boys and girls and children, with dogs and jugs and baskets and large bags, and every conceivable thing from the market. Many were partially intoxicated, and there was drinking and smoking and chewing, loud talking, swearing, drunken laughter, and almost fighting. A rougher, beastlier crowd I never saw. They favored me with their society for eight miles, before we reached the station where many alighted. The guard, as conductors are called in

Europe, examined our tickets before starting, and, by an absurd custom in Europe, a passenger must then look out for himself till the next station is reached. He might be murdered and his body thrown from the train, and the guard would not know it.

We passed many of the little stone, thatch-roofed cottages of the poor. They are covered usually with a thick layer of rye straw, which lasts four years, when another layer will be added, until the thatch is often more than two feet in thickness. We passed other habitations, those of a better class, with comfortable homes. These were farmers, who cultivated their farms or sub-rented to others. Birds are there considered the friends of man, are protected and quite tame. The trees about many homes were black with rooks and rookery nests. At length most of my travelling companions departed. Darkness followed the daylight, and the stars twinkled brightly over the sky-piercing summits of the mountains of Kerry.

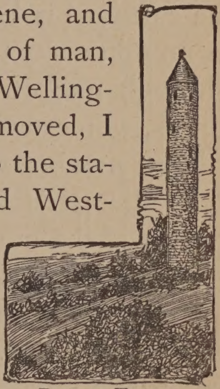
At Mallow I registered at the Railway hotel, where everything was made pleasant for me by the genial and courteous landlord, who showed me a book of Irish pedigrees by a gentleman of Dublin with whom I once corresponded. The author had traced many Irish families back to Noah without a missing link. In this age of accurate scholarship, where nothing is accepted without strongest evidence, it was startling to find many of the earlier generations without a date of birth or death of the individual given to substantiate the bold statement of the person's existence. Statements unsupported by evidence is a glaring fault in some Irish works.

This town is nicely situated on the Blackwater river. The houses, like those of many cities in Ireland, are of stone, covered with mortar of a light brown color mixed with coarse gravel stones, which makes them warm, tight, and inexpensive. The streets are narrow, with narrower lanes where the poorer classes live, in such houses as have been described. These cities are far from attractive to an American.

The route to Dublin lay north of Kilkenny, so famous for its cats. This is told as evidence of Irish wit. Several persons were drinking, when one by the name of Kenny took a glass of whiskey and began to drink. Unfortunately a piece of the cork had gone into the tumbler, and from the tumbler into his throat, where it stuck and nearly strangled him, when a comrade said, "Sure that is not the way to Cork!" "I know it," said the half-strangled Celt, "but its the way to kill Kenny." A ride of six hours landed me in Dublin. The journey was pleasant, through rare scenery, abounding with historic associations and remains of monuments, which mark a romantic and buried past. Ireland is full of such.

The "Devil's bit" is a cut in the mountains as sharp and distinct as if made by man. The story runs, that the devil with his imps was out for exercise one bright morning, when one of the saints passed that way, and in true Irish style raised his cane and struck the devil a fearful blow on the side of his head, when the latter in anger and agony bit out the great gap in the mountain, depositing it on the plain ten miles away, which is now the celebrated "Rock of Cashel." They are the most remarkable ruins in Ireland, and there was the home of the ancient kings of Munster. The most ancient are the Chapel and the "Round Tower." The latter is ninety feet high, built of light sandstone, and around it were erected church edifices, now in ruins. These towers are numerous. When they were built and for what purpose is not known, as they antedate veritable history. They were probably erected for religious purposes connected with the pagan rites of the early residents of Ireland. The fathers of the Catholic church founded their abbeys and monasteries about them, which is one evidence that they first had a religious significance, and that the promoters of the new faith wisely grafted it upon the ancient stalk, thus following St. Paul in not shocking the prejudices of those they would lead to a purer faith.

The first round tower which met my view was at Clondalkin, six miles from Dublin. It stands in the midst of a pretty village, is eighty-six feet in height, with a conical top such as they all have, and can be ascended from the inside by ladders. We passed Phenix park with its varied attractions in wooded vale and upland scene, and that ponderous, ungainly work of man, the monument to the Duke of Wellington, which has since been removed, I believe. The train whirled into the station of the Grêat Southern and Western Railway, and landed me in the old city of Dublin.


ROUND TOWER.

It is noted for its fast cabs; and securing a jaunting-car, I was whirled at a rattling pace to the Gresham hotel. Dublin's general appearance is that of a solid, substantial city, one of the past rather than of the present or the future. It has 250,000 inhabitants, but is not a live place like Belfast. The river Liffey runs through the centre of the town, and is spanned by numerous bridges. The old castle, or Dublin castle, whose name has so much political significance in these troublous days, is not imposing, and has nothing of the stateliness of Sterling or Edinburgh castle.

The most important public buildings are the old parliament house, now the Bank of Ireland, Trinity college, founded long ago, the general post-office, custom-house, and the "Four Courts," which will be alluded to more particularly in another place. Nelson's monument is a fluted column, 121 feet in height. From its top can be seen the Wicklow mountains on the south, the plains of Meath and Kildare on the west; and to the eastward is Dublin bay and the stretching sea. In no other city did I see so many small statues. Through one of the main streets, at regular distances, were statues of public men. There were a large number of them, and they added greatly to a stranger's interest in the broad, sweeping avenue of the most famous city of Ireland.

Phenix park is the "Central park" of Dublin, and occupies 1,760 acres of land. I took a jaunting-car, and drove over the city as well as the park. The drives and walks are fine indeed, leading through many points of artificial or natural beauty. Hundreds of deer were grazing quietly, and were undisturbed by the multitude of visitors who continually thronged the grounds. The residence of the lord lieutenant of Ireland is upon the border of the park. A melancholy interest attaches to a spot on the main avenue, where some years ago Burke and Cavendish, the highest officials of Ireland, were foully assassinated at 10 o'clock at night, when returning to their homes. This spot is seen by every visitor.

When in Dublin, I spent several days in the Public Record's office, and consulted the war rolls of the soldiers of 1649 and other years. They are a curiosity, written upon parchment, rolled into great rolls nearly a foot in diameter, and very heavy. My experience there is a good illustration of the way the British officials wait upon and accommodate the people. It is quite a task to find one's way in that labyrinthine building to the proper office. Reaching there at last, I wished for paper on which to make notes, but these officials would neither sell nor give me any, as it was against the rules. I was forced to go out upon the street, and after much searching, found some stationery. The writing is in the old court hand, elegant, yet almost impossible for an amateur to read. Upon asking one of the employés if he would read the names of those mentioned in a document under examination, which was only the work of a minute, he declined. I told him he would be paid for his trouble, but he would not; it was against the rules. He would copy the will for me. To copy that long document would cost several dollars. I declined to have it transcribed. They charge twenty-five cents for every will or other paper, or book, consulted. One is not permitted to use pen and ink in making notes. The officials are glad to get one's money without giving an equivalent. The whole system,—the rules, the officials, and the stupid, arbitrary government back of all,—are enough to drive an American insane. The people are legitimate plunder for the government and its officials, and they gladly plunder them every time.

In the "Index Nominum to the Inrollments of Adjudications in Favor of the [1649] Officers, Preserved in Office of the Chief Remembrancer of the Exchequer, Dublin," were found the following familiar Scotch names among the officers mentioned. Often there were several of the same surname, but only one of each is here given. All of these had property left them: Robert Armstrong, William Bell, Nathaniel Boyce, Lieut. Adam Boyd, Lieut. Hugh Browne, Daniel Campbell, John Carr, Lieut. Col. Hugh Cochrane, Thomas Fisher, Arthur Graham, John Gregg, Thomas Holmes, William Hopkins, John Hughes, William Johnston, Alexander Kinkead, James MacAdams, Hugh Montgomery, Henry Patten, Alexander Stuart, Thomas Sympson, John Vance, Thomas Wallace, Ensign James Waugh, James Wilson, and many others.

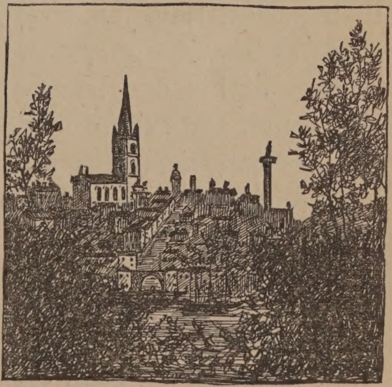
The "Four Courts" is an immense edifice. The officials are not agreeable. They would give no assistance whatever, and would not be tolerated in American offices. I was thankful when my task was through, for it had not been a pleasant one.

CHAPTER III.

LONDONDERRY.

"Founded and fostered upon a rock,
Safe it will be from storm and shock:
Winds may blow from an angry sea,
Steadfast through all it will ever be."

THE "old, old story" of the siege of Londonderry need not be rehearsed here. Most are familiar with the tale of woe; have read of the great heroism displayed by the defenders, of their endurance and constancy amid suffering, and of their final triumph, when the city was delivered July 30, 1689, which was the triumph of the Protestant cause and of William the Prince of Orange. These events have been most graphically delineated by Macaulay in his History of England.



LONDONDERRY, IRELAND.

The ancestors of many of the people in the Scotch settlement where my life has been mainly spent were at the siege, and participants in the stirring scenes of 1688–'89, and afterwards settled in New Hampshire. My ancestors, of Scotch blood, who went from Scotland to Ireland about that time, and lived at Aghadowey, near Coleraine, were gathered in with many other Protestants, and driven beneath the city's walls by the cruel order of the French general, Conrad de Rosen, and were thus exposed to the missiles of the besieged and the besiegers. They were finally admitted within the city, and after enduring the sufferings, also shared the joy of the final triumph. They lived in the county of Londonderry, with their pastor, Rev. James McGregor, in the parish of Aghadowey, till 1718, when the pastor and a portion of his flock, among them my ancestors, emigrated, and settled in Londonderry, N. H. It was not known on this side of the sea from what place the Rev. James McGregor and his people came, till my investigations revealed it. It was said they came from Londonderry. That is correct, but it was the county and not the city of Londonderry. They came from the parish of Aghadowey, some forty miles away, where he was pastor from 1701–1718, when he and a portion of his flock emigrated to New Hampshire.

Traditions of the siege have come down to me from my ancestors who participated in it. I knew the history of it, and wanted to behold the locality. Six generations have passed away since the triumphant day, but in some hearts on this side of the Atlantic that event is not forgotten. I went and viewed the place, and stood upon the ancient ground. Before leaving Ulster I wished to see and meet persons who bore names which had been familiar in the new Ulster in New Hampshire. The Scotch names in New Hampshire are duplicated in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. These are familiar Scotch patronymics, well known in the New England settlement: Aiken, Alexander, Allison, Anderson, Archibald, Armour, Armstrong, Barnet, Bell, Boyd, Caldwell, Campbell, Clark, Clyde, Cochran, Davidson, Dickey, Dinsmoor, Gilmore, Gregg, Hemphill, Holmes, Hopkins, Hughes, Jameson, Johnston, Kinkead, Kyle, Mack, McCoy, McCleary, McIlvaine, McGregor, McKeen, Montgomery, Morrison, Nesmith, Park, Patterson, Pinkerton, Rankin, Reid, Ritchey, Simpson, Smiley, Starrett, Steele, Stimson, Stuart, Templeton, Thom, Thompson, Todd, Vance, Wallace, Waugh, and others.

The original name of Londonderry was Derry-Calgach, the "Oak-wood of Calgach," for Derry means "a place of oaks" or "thick wood;" Calgach signifies "a fierce warrior." After the tenth century it was called Derry-Columbkille. When the city was chartered by King James I, it was called London-Derry, which name it has since retained.

My interesting travelling companion, a Mr. Hewitt, of Lifford, county Donegal, was a son of Lord Lifford. We travelled together to Londonderry. Unlike many Britons, he was not only intelligent, but was very communicative. Being familiar with the country and people, he made the journey pass very pleasantly. We were whirled along rapidly, and crossed the Boyne at Drogheda. A mile away was fought, July 1, 1690, the famous battle of the Boyne, which established William Prince of Orange upon the throne of Great Britain. On the side of the prince were the ancestors of many who subsequently settled in the Scotch settlements of America. An obelisk one hundred and fifty feet high marks the spot where the battle commenced.

We passed through the ancient town of Dundalk, once fortified but now with ruined walls, where the last king in Ireland was crowned and bore sway. After the decisive victory of Bannockburn had secured the freedom of Scotland, Edward, brother of Robert Bruce, was crowned king of Dundalk. Two years later, in 1318, he was killed in a battle with the English.

Picturesquely situated upon our route was Newry, described by Dean Swift as consisting of

"High church, low steeple,
Dirty streets, and proud people."

There was a fine view of the town, surrounded by towering hills. We journeyed through the counties of Louth, Armagh, Down, Tyrone, and touched Donegal. Some sections through which we travelled were beautiful, romantic, mountainous, and full of historic interest and associations. Omagh, one of the memories of the 1688–'89 contest, was passed, and at length the waters of the river Foyle came in view, and at 2 P. M. we entered the world-famed town of Londonderry. It was with exceeding joy I stood upon the consecrated ground. It seemed like getting home after a long journey. I was soon inside the walls and registered at the Imperial hotel, in the heart of the rare old city.

Londonderry, Ireland, is in the county of the same name, and built on a hill which rises 119 feet from the water. The river Foyle surrounds it upon three sides. The hill is covered with houses of various styles, and on the summit is the celebrated cathedral, with its lofty spire, where worshipped the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians at different hours of the day during the defence of the city in 1688–9. It is the most interesting town in Ireland, begirt with walls solid, stern, and picturesque as those of any ancient city. My impatience to see it was very great. In a brief time after my arrival I was inspecting the town. Passing through the Diamond, the central open square or market-place, to

Ship Quay gate, and mounting the walls, I passed completely around the old city. They are some fourteen feet in height, and wide enough to drive two teams abreast. There were originally several gates, among them Ship Quay gate near the river, Bishop's at the opposite side of the town, New gate and Ferry gate at either side of the town. It was Ferry gate which the apprentice boys closed so suddenly, and thus prevented the entrance of King James's men, who had crossed the river for that purpose. This act committed the city to the fortunes of King William. The river has been drained away, its bed filled, and the whole is covered with buildings. Directly on the opposite side, near the New gate, is an ancient brick house, where once lived James Morrison, who is mentioned by Macaulay as standing upon the walls at the siege and calling to his comrades to "Bring a big gun!" when the Irish soldiers beneath him scampered away. It was my privilege to meet one of his descendants. Other gates have been added to the walls, which would afford only a slight protection to the enginery of modern warfare. A very interesting object is Walker's Pillar, erected 1826–'28, to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious George Walker and other noble men who were active in the defence of the city. It is a handsome Doric column, surmounted by a statue. The first stone was laid December 18, 1826, and completed August, 1828. It stands upon the walls overlooking a deep valley, and upon its base are inscribed the names of some of the city's brave defenders. After ascending the steps inside, one reaches the walk around the top, and has an excellent sight of the city and the country around. On the hill opposite was encamped the army of King James. A mile to the right is Magee college, and two miles away is the shallow part of the Foyle, where the sand-bars extend so far into the river that the enemy stretched across a boom to prevent ships with supplies from reaching the suffering people. The channel was narrow, and the vessels going with great force against it, the boom broke and the city was saved.

This place of 30,000 people has greatly outgrown its former limits, and the new portion is quite attractive. The old part is not pleasing, and only its rare historic associations make it of interest to the traveller. The town hall is uninteresting, and is not kept in order. The public libraries are primitive in their arrangement, the books old and antiquated. One valuable work of government surveys, illustrated with costly charts, contained maps of Londonderry in 1688 and 1788. The obliging attendant very kindly removed them from the book and gave them to me!

Wishing to consult the records of the ancient church, which were in the cathedral, and under the control of the Lord Bishop, it was necessary for me to call at the palace, when my card was sent in by the valet, and I was very cordially received by "My Lord" the Right Rev. William Alexander, D. D.

He is an exceedingly genial man, simple as a child, with an open, kind, and benevolent countenance. He has brilliant attainments: is a clever writer of prose, and a poet of no mean order. As a speaker he is eloquent, possessing unbounded enthusiasm. He has a vivid imagination; and his illustrations, drawn from extensive reading and kept ready for use by a retentive memory, are apt and poetical. Before the disestablishment of the Irish Episcopal church, in 1869, he held a seat in the British House of Lords. He is a Tory in politics, and a landlord in a small way; consequently he is not an admirer of the "grand old man," William E. Gladstone. Being an American, and supposed to be as ignorant of British politics as the average Briton is of American affairs, an excellent opportunity was presented for getting his views by asking him a few leading questions. His wife is the gifted poet, Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander, the writer of religious hymns sung in thousands of churches every Sunday, on each side of the Atlantic. She is the author of one of the sweetest, smoothest poems in the English tongue, which is known wherever the English language is spoken. It is "The Burial of Moses."

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth the place of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. XXXIV:6.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
  On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
  There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulchre,
  And no man saw it e'er,
For the angel of God upturned the sod,
  And laid the dead man there."

This was familiar, as were many of her hymns. It seemed strange that one who had read and admired her writings so much, living upon the other side of the ocean, knowing nothing of her personal history nor of her place of residence, should cross the Atlantic, and in visiting a place made sacred to him by the sufferings of his forefathers, should enter the house and home of the gifted and sweet-singing author. This was alluded to in conversation with the Bishop, and regret expressed that she could not be met, as she was then in England.

The interview was exceedingly enjoyable. An invitation to lunch, on a subsequent day, I was unable to accept. He gave me a letter to Dean Smiley, and placed the records of the cathedral at my disposal. He also kindly urged upon me the loan of two books,—the History of the Alexander Family. Upon consulting them, what was my surprise to find that the author was the Rev. Charles Rodgers, LL. D., of Grampian Lodge, Forest Hill, London, to whom I had once been referred for information. A rather stilted, curt reply was written me, with the statement that if I would send him £10 he would give me the information. The book, like the work of many British professional genealogists, was poorly gotten up, and reflected no great credit on the author.

Dean Smiley called upon me at the hotel, and very kindly invited me to make use of his private study while consulting the records. He showed me over the celebrated cathedral, where my ancestors, with other Protestants, worshipped during the siege. How it thrilled me as I stood within the consecrated walls of that house where they had so often gathered, whose floor had been pressed by their feet, whose walls had heard the words of their religious teachers, echoed with their supplications in times of grief and disaster, and resounded with their words of thanksgiving and songs of praise in the hour of their supremest joy and great deliverance! There was the elegant and elaborately carved organ, upon which they had looked, and to whose music they had listened, —unless their stern Presbyterian hearts, as might be the case, discountenanced instrumental music in their worship. The old flagstaffs, captured from the French, hang above the altar. Though the church has been renovated, yet the same high arches as in 1688 are still there. In the vestibule is the hollow bomb discharged into the city by King James, in which were his demand for the surrender of the town and his terms for its capitulation.

It was a great privilege and pleasure to visit the place, and attend service within its walls. Its very floor seemed to echo with the tread of bygone generations, and its walls to speak to every sensitive, poetical soul, of grand, heroic, glorious memories.

From the records of the baptisms, marriages, and burials of this parish of Templemore, I copied several pages relating to family names familiar on this side of the sea—down to 1740. There were the names of Allison, Anderson, Armstrong, Barnet, Barr, Bell, Bolton, Boyd, Caldwell, Campbell, Clendennin, Cochran, Cunningham, Davidson, Dunbar, Fisher, Hopkins, Holland, Hunter, Jack, Kerr, Kile, Kinkead, McAllister, Mitchell, Montgomery, Morrison, Moore, Nesmith, Orr, Park, Patterson, Patton, Pinkerton, Ramsey, Rankin, Read, Rogers, Simpson, Steele, Stuart, Thom, Thompson, Vance, Wallace, and Wilson.

There is great difficulty in connecting families in America with families in Ireland, especially if any considerable length of time has elapsed since the emigration to this country. The larger part of the people were tenants, and not land-owners, and so cannot be traced, as here, by the records of transfer of real estate. In Ireland and in England all the business done by probate judges in the New England states, such as the jurisdiction of wills and the administration of the estates of intestates, was with the bishops of the church established and recognized by law,—sometimes the Roman Catholic, and later the Episcopal church; and this continued till a few years after the commencement of Queen Victoria's reign. No law was in existence—or none was enforced—requiring the record and dates of marriages, births, and deaths to be kept, till within forty years. The only possible chance now to find anything of value is occasionally to get a record kept by some methodical and conscientious Catholic priest or Presbyterian clergyman, and which may be unearthed in some unlooked for locality.

Wishing to find lists, if possible, of emigrants who had come to New England between 1718 and 1740, I went to the oldest shipping-houses in Londonderry, Coleraine, Port Rush, Belfast, and Glasgow, and looked in all other probable and improbable places, to get such intelligence; but not a particle could be obtained. A letter addressed to the Board of Trade elicited this reply:

BOARD OF TRADE, MARINE DEPARTMENT.
WHITEHALL GARDENS, S. W.
LONDON, 10th April, 1884.

EMIGRATION.

Sir:—I am directed by the Board of Trade to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, asking for information respecting lists of emigrants who sailed for America between the years 1718 and 1740; and in reply, to inform you that, so far as the Board are aware, there are no such lists in existence. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
J. SWANSTON.

Leonard A. Morrison, Esq.,
General Post-Office, Glasgow.

One delightful Sunday afternoon I took a stroll through the Bishop's gate, and met a squad of the "Salvation army," with its shouting, its jubilant songs, and its waving banners, and passed down a sharply descending street, on either side of which were the wretched homes of the very poor. In the valley is a private park of a Mr. Holmes, who showed me over his grounds. There were large trees heavily covered with Irish ivy, and the walks were finely laid out: the cottage in the midst of the garden, surrounded by differing shrubs of the greenest green, and the beds of flowers, made it a delightful place. Passing on, the ascending ground soon touched the location of the cemetery. It covers thirty acres, and is artistically laid out on the sloping hillside, overlooking the dark waters of the river Foyle, and commanding a view of the city, Walker's pillar, the cathedral, and the shipping in the harbor. Catholics and Protestants are buried there, though the former occupy a part by themselves. The day was warm, clear, and sunny; and several hours were spent in examining lots, walks, and monuments. Many familiar patronymics were found upon the memorial tablets. There were the names of Clark, Ramsay, Gilmore, and others. I wandered among the mounds of earth, thought of the quiet sleepers, and mused on the wonderful history of those localities. When the declining sun was touching the hill-tops and cathedral spire with his last beams, and deeper shadows rested upon the Foyle, I departed for the city, going to the Strand, by the market and the soldiers' barracks, past the post-office to Foyle street, to Jewry hotel, and across the city to Bishop street, where I met the Hon. Arthur Livermore, U. S. consul, with Mrs. Livermore, who invited me to accompany them to an evening service in the cathedral, where Bishop Alexander preached a very able sermon on the "Lost son." After service, a pleasant evening was spent at their lovely home. Their residence is delightfully situated, in the new section of the city, not far distant from the spot where, in 1689, the boom was stretched across the Foyle. Mr. Livermore is a son of the late Chief-Justice Livermore of New Hampshire, and in 1884 had been consul for thirteen years. He still retains an abiding and lively interest in his native state. Mrs. Livermore presides charmingly over their hospitable home, at which I was a frequent visitor; and should this sketch meet their eyes, they will know how fully I appreciated their great kindness,—with that of her brother, Mr. Robert Prince, a former resident of Lowell, Mass.

Many of the customs of the British government seem absurd. The court of assizes was to be opened in the city. A squad of mounted constabulary met the judge at the railway station, escorted him to his lodgings, and waited until he was prepared to go to the court-house. Two sentinels pace back and forth all day long in front of the house of the judge. Wanting to see this ludicrous scene, I repaired to the court-house and awaited the coming of the great genius who was to preside in their little court in that contemptible little court-room. A loud murmur showed that the illustrious ones were drawing near. A line of people stood on either side with uncovered heads. The sheriff was there with his brilliant equipage. The mayor dressed in official robes, and others with velvet breeches and knee-buckles and staffs of office, were about us. The judge and lawyers came, with powdered wigs and clad in robes. With much "fuss and feathers" they got the judge into his box in the court-house. And such a court-house! It would not be tolerated in New England, and is a disgrace to any civilized community. It was as primitive in design and architecture as though it had been taken bodily out of Noah's ark. But anything ancient, disagreeable, unhandy, and generally old-fashioned and uncomfortable, is very dear and precious in the eyes of the majority of Britons! It must have cost somebody at least one hundred and fifty dollars to have taken the judge from the station to the court-house. Some one pays for it; and this expense eventually comes out of the people. It was senseless snobbery. No wonder the people are poor, and complain of government taxes. The time is rapidly coming when these abuses will be rectified.

On St. Patrick's day, March 17, trouble was apprehended. The Nationalists advertised a demonstration, or, rather, the Catholics were going to celebrate, and would make a political demonstration of it. The Protestants, or Orangemen, concluded to have a counter-demonstration. When such things occur, more or less Irishmen remember the day by broken heads. The government stopped both demonstrations. A large body of Irish constabulary were called into the city, who patrolled the walls and streets. The people were uneasy and waspish. The shamrock and the orange blossom were worn by thousands, but the day passed without trouble. Upon the walls I met a magnificent member of the constabulary from the county of Donegal. He was six feet four and a half inches in height, and heavily built. In answer to an inquiry if he was a sample of the men in Donegal, he said he was so diminutive in stature that he could command no respect in his father's family; that he had four brothers who were each six feet five and a half inches in height, and heavier than he proportionately.

On the way to Omagh and Enniskillen, the thick black clouds hung over the mountains of Donegal, and soon the rain and hail beat fiercely against the roof and sides of the carriage. This was not long continued, for the sun broke through the clouds, and the day again became clear and cheerful. It is never safe to travel without an umbrella. It may be bright sunshine, and in ten minutes black clouds will obscure the sky, and the rain be falling rapidly.

Enniskillen was an important town during the war of 1688–'89, and contains 5,000 people. Some portions are interesting, and the important relics of the past are the Round tower and the remains of an old abbey, which are of great interest.

They are situated on Devenish island, in Lower Lough Erne, two and a half miles from the city. Devenish is beautifully green. The Round tower is eighty-four feet high, forty-eight feet in circumference, and its walls are nearly three and a half feet thick. The door is nine feet from the ground. The tower is neatly built of stones about a foot square, with scarcely any mortar or cement, while the inside is perfectly smooth. Near by are the ruins of the abbey, and the two church-yards are filled with *débris*, tumbled down walls, and broken monuments.

At Enniskillen I made the acquaintance of a family of Morrisons, in which familiar Christian names appeared. The evening was spent at the home of Mrs. Hamilton Morrison. The ancestors of this family were at the siege in 1688–'89. The family is very intelligent. One of its members is a writer of religious hymns, and a portion of one is here introduced.

JESUS.

BY WILLIAM HENRY MORRISON.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy feet I bow,
And my soul doth cast her
Self upon thee now.

Jesus, all excelling,
Lend a gracious ear,
By thy love expelling
Every doubt and fear.

And my soul shall bless thee
All my happy days,
And I shall confess thee
Lord, in all my ways,—

Till, when death the story
Of my life shall end,
I shall see thy glory,
Jesus, Master, Friend!

Coleshill, Enniskillen, Ireland.

From Enniskillen to Ballyshannon the scenery is lovely. The waters of Lough Erne, the Windermere of Ireland, with old castles upon its banks, have many attractions. On the opposite side of the lake are the mountains of Leitrim. These were lit up with the glories of the sunset as we passed by them. My stay at the unpleasant town of Ballyshannon was short. On Sunday I attended the Episcopal church, whose pastor is Rev. Mr. Cochran, a member of a family resident in Ireland since 1688 or 1689, at least. The journey was continued fourteen miles by jaunting-car to Donegal, which is romantically situated on the west coast. The harbor is beautiful, with its islands rising out of the waters. There are ruined castles, which Cromwell destroyed. The old castle of Donegal, once the family seat of the O'Donnells, is interesting. Here is pointed out the monastery in which was written the "Annals of the Four Masters." Like most Irish towns, Donegal has an excellent market-place, shaped like a diamond. I had a pleasant interview with Rev. Robert M. Morrison, of the Enniskillen family.

The road from Donegal to Londonderry leads through some of the wildest scenery in Ireland. We rode through the romantic pass of "Barnesmore gap," a deep, ragged glen, four miles long, walled in by mountains rising 1,700 feet—one of the most magnificent defiles in Ireland. On one side the mountains, rough, bold, and bare, rose hundreds of feet above us. Beneath us was the valley, through which a river rushed over its rocky bed, singing a sweet song, the universal music of rushing waters. Beyond the river, and higher up, was the highway, while towering above it were the heathery mountains. On high elevations were vast plains of peat beds, many feet in depth. Ireland is full of them, and they look as bare and brown and desolate as though they marked the place of vanished seas.

In the Scotch settlement at Upper Octorara, Chester county, Penn., were many persons of the Scotch name of Park. The same is true of the Scotch settlement of Windham, N. H.—a family intellectually strong in each settlement. The late Dr. John Park, and his son, Hon. John C. Park, of Boston, are distinguished representatives of the latter family. Each family, originally Scotch, emigrated from Ireland to America. On March 27 I left Londonderry for St. Johnston, to see the Parks, and found three families. The Christian names of James, Robert, Alexander, and others of the New Hampshire family, cropped out there in each generation. I saw Mr. James Park, very aged; and Robert John Park, a bright, clear-headed young man of twenty-five years of age, was son of Alexander Park, and has brothers, Joseph and Robert. The Park family of New Hampshire descended from Alexander Park, who came to New Hampshire in 1728, and is one of strongly defined family looks and mental characteristics. This Mr. Park had the same eyes, the same complexion, and the same family looks; and the name of Alexander has been a prominent one in his family, as in the New Hampshire family, for generations. While the connection between the families could not be proven, it most certainly existed. There are many of the name at Coleraine and at Sligo.

At Londonderry I was hospitably entertained by Dr. Morrison, a graduate of Dublin University, and at the attractive home of Mr. Dean, who was connected with the families of Armstrong and Morrison. The time was at hand when my visit to Londonderry was to end. During my stay of two weeks, the great courtesy, kindness, and attention shown me were appreciated. Most agreeable acquaintances were made, and the pleasant hours at the firesides of its people are gratefully remembered.

On March 28 I started for Coleraine—left pleasant friends, the cathedral with its sky-pointing spire, its historic arches, and the resting-places of its mighty dead; left the old walls so noted in history—and was whirled rapidly along the banks of the friendly Foyle, past the spot where the boom was stretched across the river in the war of 1688–'89. I turned my eyes to catch one more view of the receding town, and with that parting glimpse the historic city faded from my view.

The route lay alongside of land reclaimed from the river, and through ragged mountains pierced with short tunnels. Castle Rock was soon reached, where I was the guest of Rev. James Armstrong, of whom and the clan of Armstrong a notice will be given in my account of the Scottish border. This is a romantic place. The river Bann empties into the Atlantic at this point.

In plain view from the high bluff was the "Green castle" near Moville. The U. S. consul at Londonderry, Mr. Livermore, had heard a simple ballad concerning it sung by the Scotch people in Holderness, N. H. It had been carried to America by the Scotch settlers more than 150 years ago. Extracts from it he gave me. Having received it on the old halting ground in Ireland, it is brought again to America, and put in print as a relic, an echo of a far-away song, whose sweetness has not wholly died away.

> "On yonder high mountain a castle doth stand,
> All decked with green ivy from the top to the strand.
>
> * * *
>
> Beneath that high castle an ocean doth flow;
> Ships from the East Indies to Derry do go,
> With red flags a-flying and firing of guns,
> Sweet instruments of music and beating of drums."

In old times the East India Company annually sent a ship to Londonderry, but this custom ceased long ago.

At Coleraine, on registering at the Corporation Arms hotel, a cordial greeting was received from a party watching for my coming. This place on the river Bann, four miles from the ocean, has a population of 6,000. In the "diamond" is a public fountain. On one side are engraved the names of individuals: on the opposite, over the flowing stream, is this inscription, "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again," etc. The place was of much interest to me, because it was a centre of country from which came the Scotch settlers of Windham, Londonderry, Antrim, New Boston, Bedford, and many other towns in New Hampshire.

John Dinsmoor, the son of John Dinsmoor, a Scotchman, who had settled in County Antrim, Ireland, came to Windham, New Hampshire, as early as 1724. His descendants are represented by the two Samuel Dinsmoors—father and son—who were governors of the state; Hon. James Dinsmoor, lawyer and author, of Sterling, Ill.; Col. Silas Dinsmoor, the celebrated Indian agent; and Hon. William B. Dinsmore, president of the Adams Express Co., of New York city. Wishing to see members of the family in Ireland, it was a pleasure to meet James Dinsmoor and sons, from Muff, a few miles from Londonderry, whose family bore the familiar names of Ephraim, James, and John. In Coleraine was James Dinsmoor and his family. He had numerous connections at Macosquin, three miles away. He is connected with the Dinsmoors in New Hampshire, and is familiar with the early history of the family. In County Antrim, in the town of Kells, near Ballemena, are John and Francis Dinsmoor, linen and woollen manufacturers—intelligent, fine men, who belong to another branch of this family.

At Priestland still live the Pattersons, and when not long since a local gentleman of note died, six tall, stalwart men of this family bore him to his rest. The New Hampshire branch which came from that place is large and influential, and is represented by the silver-tongued orator, Hon. James W. Patterson, formerly U. S. senator from New Hampshire, and present superintendent of public instruction, and the late Hon. George W. Patterson, member of congress and lieutenant-governor of New York.

Aghadowey, six miles from Coleraine, is the locality from which came Rev. James McGregor and a portion of his flock to Londonderry, N. H., in 1718–'19. He was settled over that parish from 1701–1718, when he resigned and came to America.* Before leaving that place he preached to his flock from Exodus 33: 15—"If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." He recounted the reasons for leaving their homes, and seeking an asylum in the American wilderness. "They were to avoid oppressions and cruel bondage, to shun persecution and designed ruin, to withdraw from the communion of idolaters, to have an opportunity of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience and the rules of his inspired word."

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* See Historical and Literary Memorials of Presbyterianism in Ireland, 1623–1800, 2 vols., published in 1879 by Prof. Thomas Withrow, of Magee college, Londonderry, Ireland, and History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, 3 vols., by James Seaton Reid, D. D., which are in the state library at Concord, N. H.

So, most intimately connected, are Aghadowey, county of Londonderry, Ireland, and Londonderry and Windham, New Hampshire. As he preached to his people on the eve of their departure from their homes in Aghadowey in 1718, so, on the 23d day of April, 1719, he spoke to his reunited flock in their new home in Londonderry, N. H.

On the east side of Tsienneto lake, under the spreading branches of a great oak, he preached from Isaiah 32 : 2—"And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The first sixteen settlers were James McKeen, John Barnet, Archibald Clendennin, John Mitchell, James Starrett, James Anderson, Randall Alexander, James Gregg, James Clark, James Nesmith, Allen Anderson, Robert Weir, John Morrison, Samuel Allison, Thomas Steele, John Stuart; and later, the Rankins, Caldwells, Cochrans, Clydes, Dinsmoors, and other Morrisons.

The Nesmith family of New Hampshire has had as representatives the Hon. John Nesmith, lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, George W. Nesmith, LL. D., of Franklin, N. H., and Hon. James W. Nesmith, U. S. senator from Oregon.

The Cochrans have noted men, and among them are the late Judge Silas M. Cochran, of Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, author, preacher, and poet, of Antrim, N. H.

Some, and most probably all, of the Morrisons came from this parish. They are represented by Hon. George W. Morrison, late member of congress, Judge Charles R. Morrison, lawyer and author, of Manchester, N. H., Rev. John H. Morison, D. D., clergyman and author, Boston, Mass., and his brother, Nathaniel H. Morison, LL. D., teacher and author, and provost of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md., and Hon. Thomas F. Morrison, of Londonderry, Nova Scotia. The list might be swelled of the distinguished descendants of the Scotch emigrants from that parish in Ireland.

The Caldwells of Windham were from Garvagh. I received this unique specimen from a Coleraine paper. The writer said,—"I have a family Bible in my possession which belonged to my deceased grandfather, and on the title-page I find it recorded that an ancestor of mine, James Caldwell, of Killure, Macosquin, emigrated in 1671, some 200 years ago, to Londonderry, County Windham, state of Vermont." The fact of the emigration is unquestioned, but the dates and geographical description are at fault.

Rev. Matthew Clark, of Kilrea, three miles distant, was the second minister of Londonderry, N. H.

The people in the settlements of Kilrea, Garvagh, Aghadowey, and others are distinctly Scotch, after a residence of 200 years. Marriages between the native Irish and the Scotch settlers have rarely occurred, the people being kept apart by their religious differences and the sharp feuds of race. I have met and heard talk in some of the settlements persons with the Scotch dialect, with the rich brogue which was occasionally heard in my childhood.

The names of Barnet, Mitchell, Starrett, Anderson, Alexander, Gregg, Clark, Weir, Stuart, Dinsmoor, Rankin, Park, Clyde, Cochran, and Morrison are common in Aghadowey, Garvagh, and other parishes.

I was most hospitably entertained by a clansman, Mr. William Morrison, of Garfield Grange, Crockendolge, Garvagh, the father of Hon. Robert Morrison, a prominent lawyer of Washington, D. C. Very gladly was the opportunity embraced of entering the homes of these intelligent and excellent people.

It was a great pleasure to visit the family of Hugh R. Morrison, Esq. He is a magistrate, and one of the sub-land-commissioners under Gladstone's land act. Having had correspondence with him several years ago, my reception was most kind. He is finely situated, at Money Dig, Garvagh. One son of Mr. Morrison is a Presbyterian clergyman, one a physician, while another overlooks the large estate. On his estate are ancient earthworks, circular in form, including a large area. Evidently in centuries long gone they enclosed the tribal dwellings of the ancient inhabitants. The artificially constructed elevations were for their protection, and the excavations beneath were their store-houses. Strange as it may seem, there was found a ball of butter a foot in diameter, which is retained as a curiosity. The lapse of centuries has dried and lightened it, but one can easily insert a knife and discover its character.

The old home of the Rankin family was shown me. A wealthy member of this family now lives in St. Louis.

I was entertained at the hospitable home of Mr. William McKeeman, of Garvagh. One of the strange wild sights in Ireland, and also in Scotland, were whole plantations of trees which a great gale had levelled with the earth and thrown into the most inextricable confusion. The large linen bleaching establishments are curiosities. The linen in long rolls was taken into the green fields and spread out for bleaching. Whole acres were covered with it, making a peculiar but pleasing sight.

My next objective point was Giant's Causeway. I passed through Portrush, a place from which many emigrants sailed to America. It is a bold headland projecting into the broad Atlantic. The scenic beauties along the coast are perfectly enchanting. Taking the electric railway for Bushmills, we passed the ruined but remarkable castle of Dunluce, overlooking the sea. The railway is perfection itself, and is three miles in length. A large waterfall is utilized to generate the electricity, and the car has no visible motive power.

It was the first of April, and what a day at the Causeway—so bright and clear and sunny! Not a cloud was to be seen. From the high bluffs the blue depths were beneath and the deep blue above us. The bending heavens shone brightly on the unrestful waters of the bay. The sea-gulls in rapid flight uttered sharp cries as they plunged their beaks beneath the surface of the sea, or rested their weary and snowy forms upon its heaving bosom. The high cliffs were above and around us, and the deep caves from their ponderous caverns rolled back the echoing notes of the ocean's wild, weird song.

There are 40,000 pillars of basaltic rock, dark as slate, and so close together that the blade of a knife cannot be inserted between them. They were placed there by the mysterious and mighty powers of nature, and usually are five, six, or seven sided. The exposed ends of these pillars which rise out of the sea cover many acres. In the perpendicular cliffs are three courses of upright columns, one above the other, each from forty to sixty feet high, and separated by masses of earth or rock. Of all my days of foreign travel, none was enjoyed more than the day at the Causeway.

I secured a guide and four boatmen to take me across the bay, to explore the caves and see the beauties of the place. We passed between high hills, and reached the waiting boat upon the shore.

> "The boat is trimmed with sail and oar,
> And all prepared to quit the shore;
> Then off we go with wind and tide,
> Across the sunny waves to glide.
> Then row! row! row!
> Merrily over the waves we go!"

We saw various caves. The most noted was Portcoon cave, a half mile from the Causeway, which the legend says was once inhabited by a giant who would accept no food from human hands, and so he was fed by the seals. The boatmen rowed into Dunkerry cave, which can only be entered from the sea. The entrance resembles a Gothic arch, and the roof is sixty feet above high-water mark. When we entered this "temple not made with hands," we saw the glorious tints of the many-colored rock in the roof above and in the solid arching sides. As we advanced the cave grew narrower, and the oars were drawn into the boat. The entrance became smaller, and as we neared the end the waters dashed heavily against the sides of the mountain. The boat rose and fell as the waters ebbed and flowed in response to the swell of the ocean. As we cast our eyes towards the entrance, now our place of exit, it seemed as though the rising sea would shut us into the cavern away from the sight of earth, while ceaselessly was heard the moaning of the imprisoned sea, as it sloughed and swayed and swashed against the end and sides of this great temple.

Emerging once more into the bright world, we went from point to point possessed of fanciful names. I drank the clear water from the Giant's well, a cavity in basaltic rock, and saw the Giant's gateway and loom, composed of a series of columns standing upright, and the Giant's organ, a place in the side of the mountain. Then there was the pretty bay, which is the delight of tourists. When the tour was concluded, I dismissed the four boatmen, who clamored vociferously for "tips." I made a careful bargain with the hotel proprietor for their services, but that made not the slightest difference. I was a tourist and an American, and was a legitimate object of plunder. As there were four of them and "only one of me," I feed them all. My guide and I climbed the shepherd's path, a dizzy way over the high cliff, to the green level lands above. He served me faithfully, and when the hotel was reached I feed him. Europeans have a wonderful faculty of depleting the pockets of travellers, and tipping is one of the most obnoxious customs. I only tipped five persons after paying all that was agreed upon in the original bill, and escaped from the clutches of boots, chambermaid, and porter, and mounted a jaunting-car for Belfast, eighty miles away. Sixty miles was made by jaunting-car through the finest scenery of Ireland.

On the way to Bally castle I wandered from the road to visit the wonderful chasm Carrick-a-Rede. A rope bridge leads across the gulf, sixty feet long and ninety feet above the water. A heavy mist was falling, a strong wind blowing, and the narrow bridge with a board upon it swayed to and fro over the deep abyss. The perilous feat of crossing it was left to others. My guide was Francis, son of James and grandson of Alexander Jameson. These were common names in the New Hampshire settlements.

Along this coast the scenery is wonderful. The limestone cliffs, white and glistening, rise out of the sea, and in the distance seemed like villages of white houses. The coast is full of caves. I passed through the towns of Cushendall and Glenarm, through the county of Antrim, which is one of the purest Scotch settlements. The roads, like all in Great Britain, are most excellent. Rocks are taken from the cliffs to a recess at the side of the highway, there beaten fine, and then put upon the road, making it hard as stone and smooth as a floor.

Antrim, agriculturally, is one of the best counties in Ireland. There I saw the nearest approach, in the looks of dwellings and in the appearance of farms and surroundings, to the homes of New England farmers. The people seemed prosperous, and there was none of the wretched poverty visible which one sees in other localities. For twenty miles the highway skirted the coast, with the sea upon one side and towering cliffs of limestone upon the other, while away up their almost perpendicular sides, in the green patches, the sheep and lambs were feeding among the rocks. The scenery was magnificent.

On the second day we arrived at Larne, which is a flourishing town of 3,000 people. At this place one takes the steamer for Stranraer, Scotland, thirty-nine and a half miles away. From Larne the journey was continued by the narrow gauge railway to Ballemena, and I registered at the Adair Arms hotel. A man with a good Scotch name, John Campbell, was proprietor.

In the Scotch settlement of Windham, N. H., once lived a strange character, Francis Richey, "born in ye county of Antrim, and town of Ballymanaugh, in ye north of Ireland, who died July 12, 1777, æ 61 yrs." In the ancient cemetery there, beneath a flat stone, for more than a hundred years he has reposed, and where he will rest till the great awakening light of the final day. As I passed through the streets of Ballemena, his early home, I observed a sign over a building for trade with the name Francis Richey.

I passed through the attractive town of Antrim, of 2,000 people. It is situated near Lough Neagh, the largest lake in Ireland. Passing the intervening twenty-two miles we entered Belfast, the finest, liveliest town in Ireland, which contains some 230,000 people. Here a week was spent most pleasantly.

Linen Hall, or Belfast library, founded in 1788, and owned by shareholders, is a good reference library. The rules, the seats, tables, and other facilities for consulting works are at least twenty-five years behind the times, or behind the libraries in New England. Much time can be profitably spent there. The grounds about it with their trees and flowers are delightful.

Many lovely rides one can take about this delightful city. The tram-cars go in all directions; and by ascending a spiral staircase passengers mount to the top. From this place a fine view of all parts of the city can be had. One bright, sunny day, in company with two gentlemen, I started for a visit to the top of Cave hill, three miles north of the town. Taking our seats on the top of the tram-car, we rode past elegant residences and parks of beauty, as we proceeded up the Antrim road to the terminus of the route. We then walked to the base of the mountain, and passing through a wire fence, entered the sacred enclosure, and commenced the toilsome ascent. It seems that this land was sacred for game, and human beings must not pollute the soil by treading upon it. It is almost an unpardonable sin to look inside, or breathe the air. I was not familiar with these things, and took my first lesson in the beauties of landlordism. As we ascended, we started hare and other game from cover. But steeper grew the mountain, harder the ascent. It was so sharp that we took hold of the long, dry grass, which grew abundantly, and pulled ourselves up the steep incline. At length, utterly fatigued, we threw ourselves on the slope for rest. The day was clear, and the Lough of Belfast glistened in the sunshine, while the town of Bangor and other places were plainly visible. In another direction was an old round tower. At the base of the mountain, some distance away, was the castle of the lord proprietor. Front of this was a man, who watched us with interest.

We pressed on, and when within a few rods of a wall on the summit, the goal of our desires, just at this supreme moment, what should appear before our startled vision but a wild looking man, running upon the opposite side, shaking a long staff, and gesticulating violently. We halted till he came to us. His speech was so incoherent and peculiar that we could not understand him fully; but he ordered us down from the mountain, and desired us to interview the man of contemplative mood in front of the castle. We could have left the game-keeper easily, but concluded to take a look at the castle and converse with the steward. When we reached the latter, I advanced, presented the steward with my card, extended my hand,

and expressed my great pleasure and gratification on making his acquaintance. He hesitated, looked at me sharply, seemed rather nonplussed, and for some unexplained cause he appeared cool in his welcome, and delayed for a moment before clasping my extended hand. He was greatly annoyed that any person should presume to cross the land of his liege lord; and when we left him he expressed the friendly hope that he might never see our sweet faces again!

We visited the Botanic gardens, Queen's college, and other points. It had been a long walk, a long ride, and the experiences and sights were enjoyable. Belfast seems like an American city, and is very nice. The plans of the houses and their surroundings are neat and pretty. There is a great deal of enterprise and wealth, and it is the finest city in Ireland. It might be annexed to Boston, and one could hardly tell where Boston left off and Belfast commenced.

On Palm Sunday I attended St. Malachy's Roman Catholic church, where multitudes gathered. The singing was beautiful, and the sermon was good. Spent a delightful evening at the hospitable home and with the charming family of William E. Armstrong, Esq., solicitor, opposite Belfast academy.

At Castle Rock and Belfast I struck the clue of valuable historical and genealogical information which was developed upon my arrival in Edinburgh.

My sojourn in the country was drawing to a close, and I will give my impressions derived from a visit of a month in the Emerald Isle. The amount of poverty, ignorance, and wretchedness which meets one in many parts is appalling. The people have been badly treated and ground down by the landlords. The system of landlordism, as it now exists, ought to be and will be extirpated, root and branch. The great estates given up to game should be purchased at a fair rate, taken possession of by the government, and sold to the people, to whom they rightfully belong, for human comfort and human habitations.

In the counties of Sligo, Roscommon, and Leitrim the people are poor. The good land is turned into grass farms, while cattle are pastured on the low damp grounds, and sheep upon the dryer portions. The houses of former tenants have been tumbled, wholesale, the stones used for making fences along the highway or through the fields. In Ireland, between 1841 and 1861, two hundred and seventy thousand cabins, the homes of nearly one and a half millions of people, were destroyed, and the people were forced to emigrate or die. Thousands of small farms were made into a large one. There are large districts where for miles and miles a traveller can see only an occasional house for a herdsman or of a local proprietor. How the people make a living is a mystery, for a great part of the land occupied by the small farmers would not pay the cost of cultivation, or improvement, if done with hired labor. Everything seems combined to dwarf the aspirations and energies of the people, rather than to stimulate them into healthy activity.

As formerly stated, there are two classes in Ireland,—the native Celts, who so largely come to America, who are Catholics, and the descendants of the Scotch and English settlers. The descendants of the Scotch in Ireland are the same as those who formed the Scotch settlements in America, and are largely Presbyterians. The descendants of the Scotch and English reside principally in the north of Ireland, and as a class are much more intelligent, more thrifty, and more prosperous than the native Irish, though they live on a less productive soil. Two causes have aided in making this difference. The government has given the residents in the north more privileges, and the influence of their religion has been to make the people intelligent, and to lead them to do their own thinking. The native Irish have been more cruelly oppressed, and the influence of their religion has been directly opposite, and led their religious teachers to do the thinking for the people. The descendants of the English are largely Episcopalians. There is much bad feeling between the people of the different denominations, and little of that liberality and charity exists between them which are found in the United

States. An Episcopal clergyman said to me, in speaking of the different denominations,—" Naturally the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians would work together politically rather than otherwise, but let an Episcopalian be a candidate for any office, and I'll be blowed if the Presbyterians and the Catholics won't unite to defeat him every time." The Presbyterians are stiff, old-fashioned, and conservative. A bitter controversy is going on between the progressive and conservative elements in regard to the use of instrumental music in their churches.

Among all classes in the Emerald Isle,—the rich, the poor, the good, the bad, Catholic and Protestant,—a great amount of intoxicants is used. This custom, and landlordism, are the two great curses of Ireland. In my travels I have never met a finer class of people than the descendants of the Scotch and English settlers in Ireland. They are intelligent, honest, and conscientious.

The native or Celtic Irish are not so well educated, or so intelligent. They are impulsive, kind, warm-hearted, and hospitable. Upon religious matters they do not have intelligent individual opinions, but the most illiterate and the most intelligent are influenced and governed largely by their priests.

America is loved, and Americans are held in high esteem, by all classes. An American with common politeness will be treated with kindness in any part of Ireland. For myself the kindest wishes for Ireland abide with me. I met some of the highest, many of the lowliest, and conversed with hundreds of her middle classes, and by all, Catholics and Protestants, I was treated with great attention, courtesy, and kindness.

The condition of the country is certainly improving. The people are "more and more," and the landlords are becoming "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." Gladstone's land act of 1881 was a savage blow to landlordism. The bill of Mr. Gladstone's before parliament, for buying the land of those landlords who wish to sell, seems to me too easy upon the landlords. I look with distrust upon the bill for Home Rule as it was presented by Mr. Gladstone, and doubt the fitness of the country for it, though a modified bill of that sort might be well. The two classes, Catholic and Protestant, are so distinct, and so bitter are their animosities, that it would be singular if they could affiliate, and work for the common good. But somehow, in some way, the present must be the dawning of a better day for the Irish people. With a broad and liberal policy of the government, with the diffusion of educational privileges, and the enlightening influences of religious liberty, all of which must come in due time, there is a bright future for Ireland.

From Belfast I went to Larne, passing through Carrickfergus. Its old castle, still garrisoned by troops, is covered with ivy, and the white waves of the ocean beat against it.

Larne is a town of from 3,000 to 4,000 people, and the shipping port for Stranraer, Scotland, thirty-nine and a half miles away. As we steamed out of the harbor, I glanced backward upon that retreating land, upon which nature had poured her riches and her charms so lavishly.

Farewell, sweet, beautiful Ireland! Farewell! your high mountains, your green hills, your lovely valleys and swiftly flowing rivers! I bid you all adieu! With a heart full of sympathy for your woes, fondly do I hope that the present is the dawning of the day of your emancipation from the social, religious, and political evils which oppress you. Ardently do I wish that your future, unlike your past, may give your loving sons and daughters something beside "beauty and sorrow"! Thus I took leave of the temporary abode of my ancestors, and passed out of Ireland.

Looking forward: My desires to be in Scotland, the fatherland, were too strong to be longer repressed. I longed to gaze upon her historic mountains, to breathe her bracing air, and to press my feet upon her soil. As the boat speeded on her way, out of the silvery sea rose the outline of the Scottish coast. As the shades of evening fell, bolder and more distinct became the high headlands. When night brooded over the silent mountains, I was in the home of my forefathers. Thus I passed into Scotland.

CHAPTER IV.

SCOTLAND.

"A combination of sea and mountains made Scotland the home of a bold, vigorous, liberty-loving people."

"Two voices are there;—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, each a mighty voice."

IT is a great thing to belong to a nation of which you are proud, to have claims upon a nationality whose memories and traditions have been glorious. This country has wonderful attractions to Scotch-Americans. It is the home of a great and intellectual people. Its associations, historical and political, are exceedingly rich. Martyrs for liberty and religion have died there. Poets and authors of world-wide reputation have made their country famous, and have invested its seas, its rivers, its lakes and mountains, with romantic interest. They have peopled all places with children of their brain.

It is the home of Wallace, Bruce, Knox, Burns, Scott, and Black, and of great and illustrious personages of the past and present in various walks of life. The histories of individuals, of clans, of the Scotch nation, speak from rocky mountains, from the glens of Scotland, and clothe all places with a living, human interest. Her children have been mighty

"By the touch of the mountain sod."

So closely are the blue mountains of Scotland allied with the green fields of the Emerald Isle, that at their nearest points only twenty miles of sea divide them. On a clear day, from the Irish coast can be seen the mountains of Scotland. In the dark days of her history it is not surprising that many of her people, fleeing from persecutions, should cross this narrow belt of sea and find refuge from relentless persecution. Thousands went to better their condition. It is computed that in 1641 there were 20,000 English and 100,000 Scotch in the plantation of Ulster. So the ancestors of the Scotch, who formed settlements in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and several of the Southern states, passed into the Emerald Isle. Then once more this hardy, unconquered, and unconquerable race fled from a country not worthy of them, on account of despotic landlords and an oppressive and bigoted government. They collected their household gods, and the little property they had, which was not much,—for landlords, the Established Church, and the government had robbed them of nearly all their income,—took the voyage of from eight to twelve weeks across the Atlantic, and founded new homes in the wilderness of America, and helped to build and develop the wonderful government of the United States.

The portion of sea which I crossed from Larne to Stranraer occupied two and three fourths hours in the passage. We passed five domains before we entered Stranraer, among them that of Sir William Wallace, who claims kinship to the renowned chieftain and liberator. I was now in a land whose every rod of territory was bristling with history. In the proud heritage of her past I could claim a part. I had loved Scotland and the lives of many of her people. When one who has so loved her and her history treads for the first time her soil, very vividly will important historic events pass before him. They come thronging back upon his soul like the inrushing waters of a mighty flood.

Stranraer is an untidy, disagreeable town, with narrow streets and 6,000 people, and stands at the head of Loch Ryan. I registered at Meikle's hotel. There were wretched, thatch-roofed cottages, occupied by people poorly fed and meanly clad. Poverty was everywhere. One could not but think that Scotland treated her children shabbily. This was only one side of the picture: the other will be exhibited.

Four miles from Stranraer are the ruins of Castle Kennedy, formerly the seat of famous earls. The ruins are upon the estate of the Earl of Stair, which is one of the finest in Scotland. On the morning succeeding my arrival the celebrated place was visited. The grounds are superb, laid out with groves, grand avenues, mounds, and terraces, rich with grass. They are not driven over, and the well kept grounds contain delightful promenades, ornamented with rare and beautiful trees. Among them is one of great beauty, popularly known as the "Devil's puzzle," very green, with long, round, prickly limbs, while the body of the tree is covered with barbed flakes. A lake with its sinuous windings adds to the attractiveness of the place. Castle Kennedy, majestic in its ruins, stands on a narrow neck of land between two lakes. An accidental fire in 1715 reduced it to its present condition. A large portion is covered with ivy. It was a charming spring morning, and the air was melodious with the songs of birds, as hundreds of them live in the ruins, in the broken chimneys, in the covering ivy, and in the crevices of the shattered walls. The present castle of the Earl of Stair, one fourth of a mile distant, is of elegant proportions and stateliness. Like most castles in Great Britain, it is occupied only a portion of the year by the wealthy proprietor. Landlords and nobles spend the rest of the time "in town," which means London, where many of them have elegant mansions, or in Paris and on the continent.

While passing over this estate, a large pack of perhaps thirty hounds were unloosed by the hound-keeper. They were sleek, finely formed, and well kept. They flew across the park with great rapidity, with loud bayings, but were obedient to the call of the keeper. It was a beautiful sight.

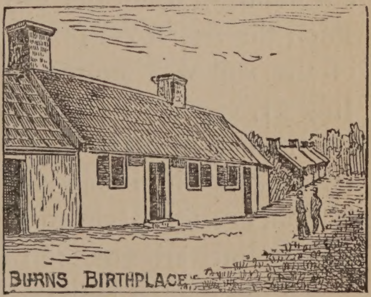
In England alone there are said to be five hundred packs of hounds of eighty each, or forty thousand kept for hunting purposes. There are one hundred and fifteen thousand hunting horses, long-limbed, and fleet as the wind. Hounds and horses and hunting establishments are supported at an annual expense of nearly $50,000,000. When hunting they cross fields, damaging crops, and leap ditches and high fences; and all this for the sake of making Englishmen "manly" by chasing to its death a hare, a fox, or a deer. The tenant had, till recently, no rights which "gentlemen" were bound to respect.

This is the other side of the picture. It matters not to the governing class or nobility that the people suffer; that they work for sixteen or twenty cents per day, board and clothe themselves and their families, and furnish their homes for wife and children. It matters not that the masses are clothed in tattered garments, shoeless, with none of the comforts of life, so long as they fare sumptuously every day on estates stolen from the people and given to their ancestors centuries ago.

But is it any wonder that the people do not like it, that the mutterings of a coming storm are heard, that there is a ferment among the masses in Ireland and the crofters of Scotland? How long would the American people tolerate such insufferable nuisances as exist in Great Britain! They had only the slightest taste of the British system in 1776, when they rose in their might, repudiated the "divine right" of kings and nobles, repudiated caste, landlordism, and the whole blessed arrangement, gathered them together, and sent them across the Atlantic to King George III and his parliament with the compliments of the American people, and the message that Americans did not want these things and would not have them! And they made good their words!

It is refreshing to turn from these things, and visit Ayr, a spot made famous by one who belonged to a higher and nobler aristocracy—that of intellect. It is situated on the river Ayr, with a population of 18,000. The river dividing it is crossed by two bridges. In the city is the Wallace tower, with a niche containing his statue.

But what gives this place its interest is the fact that it is the birthplace of Robert Burns. Around it his life and writings have thrown a fascination which will never die. Thousands of pilgrims from all portions of the globe visit it year by year. From the low thatch-roofed cottage in which he was born has gone forth an influence which deepens and broadens with the


BURNS BIRTHPLACE.

rolling years. His writings have thrilled and stirred the hearts of Scotchmen beyond those of any other man. He is the most deeply loved of any, and is recognized as the greatest genius in Scottish literature. When I visited these historic spots I was filled with delight, and more profoundly stirred than at any other place in my travels.

A wonderful fascination clings to the name of Burns. Without a liberal education or culture, without friends of influence, with nothing to develop him and everything to repress him, this plowman—and a plowman in Scotland is not like a plowman in New England—by the transcendent brilliancy of his genius, forced himself into the front ranks of the noted men of the world. Unappreciated in his day and generation, scorned by many, forsaken by the rich and powerful, untrue himself to the leadings of his better nature, he was left alone to tread the way of poverty and sorrow. Then the sensitive, proud spirit of this kingly son of the soil was soured and broken, and he died July 21, 1796, at the early age of 37 years. While the names of many noted men of his generation have passed into oblivion, his fame increases. No honors are too great to perpetuate his name, and monuments are erected to his memory.

An old Scotch lady once said,—

> "Poor Robbie Burns! when alive he cried for bread,
> And they gave him a stone—when he was dead!"

This shows man's inhumanity to man. In his last years the sympathy and aid of his countrymen were not given him. Then they would have cheered and blest him! When death closed the scene, when he had passed beyond the ken of mortal vision, beyond the reach of human aid, where human sympathy could not cheer and human criticism could not wound, then his genius was recognized, then the love and honors of his countrymen were poured out lavishly to celebrate his fame. Surely

> "They gave him a stone—when he was dead!"

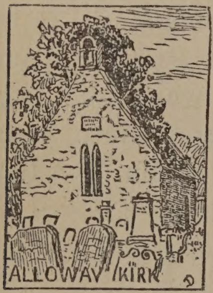
On High street, near the Wallace tower, is a house with a brass plate above the door, with the inscription, "The house in which Tam O'Shanter an' Souter Johnny held their meetings." It is the little two-story house known as the "Tam O'Shanter Inn." The chairs in which the two friends sat are there. On the one which Tam is said to have occupied is an inscription from the poem "Tam O'Shanter" commencing,—

> "No man can tether time or tide;
> The hour approaches, Tam maun ride,
> Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg;
> A better never lifted leg."

There also is Souter Johnny's chair, with the inscription on a brass plate:

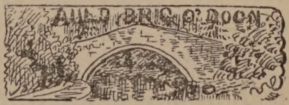
> "Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
> Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,
> And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
> His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony."

I next visited Burns's cottage, two miles from Ayr. There is the lowly thatch-roofed tenement where he was born, and which is guarded with jealous care. Passing through the turnstile, paying two-pence admission, I entered the room in which the poet was born. There was the old-fashioned bedstead in the wall, the clay floor, the dresser with the pewter dishes, the white deal table, the tall eight-day clock, and the old rickety spinning-wheel that belonged to his sweet "Highland Mary." The room is in substantially the same condition it was a century ago. In a room back of this are portraits of Burns, and some of his poems in manuscript. This also serves as a restaurant, where refreshments are sold, with relics of the place. I left the cottage and visited Alloway kirk, which owes its celebrity to the imagery of Burns's poems, and is the scene of the fiends' revelry in "Tam O'Shanter." It is a little church, and in ruins, with the roof entirely fallen in and removed. The stone walls still stand: the baptismal font, partly inside the walls and partly upon the outside, can still be seen. The bell hangs in the old belfry, but it no longer calls people to the house of prayer. A sign hangs upon the front of the kirk, which requests persons not to throw stones at the bell, or to deface the building. Immediate-



ly in front of the kirk is buried the father of Burns. Above him a new stone has been raised, as the former one had been entirely chipped away by relic-hunters. Near by are the "banks and braes of bonny Doon." The Doon is a swiftly flowing, pleasing river. A few hundred yards distant is the "auld brig o' Doon," an arched bridge of stone of ancient date, but famous in song. It was over this bridge that Tam O'Shanter was chased by the witches,—chased so hard, followed so close, that he was only saved from the grasp of the revelling fiends by the fleetness of his horse Maggie, which passed to the keystone of the bridge, where Cutty Sark

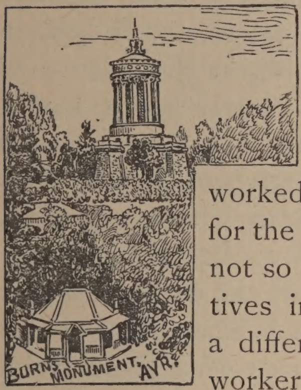
> "Flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
> But little wist she Maggie's mettle:
> Ae spring brought off her master hale,
> But left behind her own gray tail."



Overlooking this place is Burns's monument. The building, which blends the Roman and the Grecian architectural styles, is sixty feet in height, and the foundation stone was laid January 25, 1820. It is finely situated on an acre of land, and is a fitting memorial of a people's affection for their greatest poet. In a circular apartment are different editions of his works, a snuff-box made from the wood of Alloway kirk, the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary, and a copy of a portrait of Burns by Nasmith, the artist. Almost beneath the shadow of the monument, in a grotto, are statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, which portray with great fidelity the characters as described. I visited other places made celebrated in connection with the poet, and like all tourists purchased many relics, and brought them to America.

In a comfortable thatch-roofed cottage in Ayr lived Miss Beggs, a niece of Robert Burns. I called at the house, and sent in my card. In a few minutes I was shown up-stairs into the room where she was, and was received with great cordiality. I said to her that it gave me the greatest pleasure to meet a niece of Robert Burns. She was a bright, sharp, witty lady of seventy-eight years, and spoke with evident pleasure of the fact that many Americans called to see her. "Scotchmen," she remarked, when speaking of her uncle, "would commence by apologizing for his faults: Americans said nothing about them." She spoke of a lovely American lady, who told her that when a child she had been reproved by her parents for reading and committing to memory Tam O'Shanter and other poems. The fair American said it might be foolish—she didn't know but it was; but this she did know, that when she died and went to heaven she wanted to get just as near Robert Burns as she possibly could.

The night was spent at Ayr. The next morning, which was cool and frosty, the bells were rung, and at 5 o'clock the operatives in the different manufactories started for their places of work. Many of the women and girls were barefooted. Some had coverings for their heads, and some did not. Many walked two miles to the factories, without breakfast, where they worked an hour before coming out for the morning meal. They were not so well dressed as the operatives in American mills, and had a different air about them. The workers in any vocation in Great Britain or in Europe are not like the workers in the United States. The tillers of the soil there are greatly unlike the tillers of the soil in the United States. A plowman is not like the self-respecting farmer of America. I could not but note the painful difference between the tillers of the soil and the intelligent farmers of New England, with their comfortable, smiling homes, which they usually own, and the intelligent wives and lovely daughters who brighten the family circle. The same difference exists in other callings. One of the world's workers there is a nobody.


BURNS MONUMENT, AYR.

Going east fourteen miles to Auchenleck, I scanned the public record for 200 years, and found many familiar names, particularly the name of Cochran. Nor is this strange, as this town was in the immediate vicinity of the oldest settlement of this well known family.

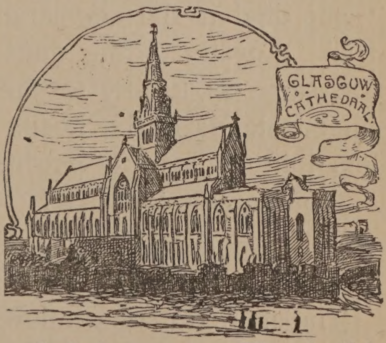
The family of Cochran, or Cochrane, was never so large as to be a sept or clan, like many Scottish families. It is an ancient surname, and is derived from the Barony of Cochrane, in the county of Renfrew, very near Glasgow, and is the family name of the earls of Dundonald. About the earliest known mention of the name was that of Waldenus de Coveran, or Cochran, who was witness to a charter of lands given to Walter Cumming, Earl of Monteith, in Skipness and Cantyre, in the year A. D. 1262. In 1296 William de Cochran was one of the Scotch barons who swore fealty to Edward I of England. Gosiline de Cochran lived in the reign of David II, and was father of William Cochran, from whom was descended the William Cochran who in 1576 obtained of Queen Mary the charter of confirmation of the lands of Cochran, erected the family seat, and adorned it with plantations. He was grandfather of Sir John Cochrane, colonel in the army of Charles I. He was succeeded by his brother, William Cochran of Cowdon, who was made Lord Cochrane of Ochiltree in December, 1647, and Earl of Dundonald in May, 1669. Members of the family have till a late date been prominent in politics and in the military service of Great Britain. It is fair to assume that the Cochrans in the American settlements, as they are of Scotch origin, are descended from some of the numerous and widely separated branches of this family.

The road from Auchenleck to Glasgow is through a fine country filled with coal and iron works, whose huge chimneys belch forth, day after day and month after month, great columns of smoke, which blackens the atmosphere. Quantities of coal are brought to the surface, and vast piles of waste matter from iron lie upon the ground, sometimes thirty feet high, covering an acre of ground. Darker and smokier grew the atmosphere as we approached Glasgow, till, at Paisley, at times it was impossible to see the sun. The houses are begrimed with smoke, like those in Pittsburgh, Penn. We landed at St. Enoch's station in Glasgow late in the afternoon, and I registered at the St. Enoch's hotel. One fascinating feature about travelling in Great Britain is that the railway companies own and manage excellent hotels at all large towns in close connection with the stations, and a person can alight from the train and enter an elegant hotel without exposure to the weather. The St. Enoch's hotel is a large and fine establishment, and well managed. The greatly annoying custom of tipping attendants, which is so exasperating to travellers, is prohibited, and a servant known to receive a fee will be discharged. It was positively refreshing, an unbounded relief, to be free for a short time from the importunities of money-seeking and money-getting attendants.

The stations in Glasgow are large, durable, solid, and costly structures, and, like everything built in Great Britian, they are erected to stand for all time. There is no shoddy about buildings in Great Britain. They are well constructed for the discharge of business, but there are no luxuries, barely comforts, for passengers. The waiting-rooms are inferior to those in America. There are many things in the management of railways which America can afford to copy. Everywhere the roads go either above or beneath the highways. Any one walking upon the track is liable to arrest and fine. At stations persons are not permitted to cross the tracks, but must follow the walk above or below. While these regulations are sometimes quite annoying, still they are right: life and limb are much better cared for than with us. The lanterns which light the carriages are let down from the top, and fitted into the roof. That is the custom in Ireland, and I think in all Great Britain. Ticket offices are called booking offices.

Glasgow is one of the great cities of the world. It is a place of great wealth, of business push, of beautiful parks, of many statues of illustrious people, of massive stone buildings; is full of historic centres; has one of the most famous cathedrals in Great Britain, a noted Necropolis, and a University of high reputation. The river Clyde divides the city, and is spanned by numerous bridges of marvellous strength and costliness, and as solid as the firm mountains. The railway bridges are equally substantial. One of the most wonderful achievements of modern times has been the improvements of the Clyde. Citizens can remember when boys could wade across it, in what is now the heart of the city. Dredging machines have been at work for many years; the channel has been deepened and widened, and there is now an artificial harbor of twelve miles in approach, where the largest ships can come up to the piers. The river is walled in for miles. More than twenty-eight million dollars have been expended in these improvements, and they are an everlasting monument to the persistence of the Scotch character, and to the enterprise, push, and far-seeing sagacity of the citizens of Glasgow.

George's square, in the centre of the city, is full of fountains and statues, walks and beds of flowers, with seats where the weary may rest. The statues and stone buildings soon become blackened by the smoky atmosphere. The cathedral is the most interesting thing in Glasgow, and was founded in 1136. The building is 319 feet in length, 63 feet in breadth, and



90 feet high. The central tower is 225 feet high. Its display of stained glass in its windows surpasses any other building in Great Britain. The external appearance is massive and substantial rather than beautiful. Along the sides and cut in stone are the heads of ghouls, devils, and all manner of hobgoblins. It is said that they were carved in the days of superstition, to drive away the devil and evil spirits. I cannot vouch for this, but they certainly looked frightful enough to answer that purpose. I frequently attended services there. The nave, once used as a church, is Gothic in style, with a high pitched roof, and is 155 feet long, and 30 feet between the aisles. In this cathedral, as in most if not all Episcopal churches in Great Britain, and in many cathedrals on the continent, religion and patriotism, or love of country, go hand in hand. In the sides of the nave are slabs in memory of many a brave warrior "who died in the service of his queen and country." Loyalty to the queen and royal family is the same as loyalty to the government, as the queen stands at the head. Those memorial tablets told the story of patriotism and self-sacrifice, and, generally, for what?

"They told of trophies taken,
Of deeds of valor done."

The stained glass windows are beautiful. Many are memorial windows of some distinguished person or family, and adorned with arms or armorial trappings. The architecture of the choir, where services are holden, is grand indeed. It is 97 feet in length. There are the tall pillars, the high ceiling, the stained windows, the deep-toned organ; and the sweet voices of the singers, when services are held, make it a place of great attraction. There are 147 pillars and 159 windows in the cathedral. The crypt, or burial-place, underlies the choir, and is the basement of the cathedral. It surpasses all other structures of its kind in Great Britain. It is 108 feet long, 72 feet wide, and is supported by 65 pillars each 18 feet in height, and many of them 18 feet in circumference. The piers and groining are very intricate and beautiful in design and execution. The walls are lined with memorial tablets of some wise people, and of many very foolish ones.

The denomination worshipping there is the Presbyterian, the Established Church of Scotland. Their forms of service were much like those of the Episcopal church, but more simple. The preacher was dressed in dark robes, and stationed in a small, high pulpit. This minister read hymns beautifully, for his soul was full of poetry, and responded to the sentiments he uttered. He gave the rising inflection at the end of a sentence—a common practice among Britons, and when well done is quite pleasing. At this church I saw the first Scotch audience, and was interested in looking over it, scanning their faces. They possessed strong, thoughtful, intelligent countenances, but they seemed cold and stoical, lacking that warmth, keenness, vivacity, and variety of expression seen in a distinctively American assembly.

In all of the churches I attended in Great Britain, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and all members of the royal family were prayed for with great force and unction,—and they need it! Then the parliament is remembered, and the army and the navy; and God is asked to grant success to the British arms. It seemed to me that few petitions went up to heaven for that little portion of the world outside of Great Britain, nor many supplications for the temporal or spiritual welfare of the poor fellows in Egypt or the Soudan, whom British soldiers were consigning to hospitable graves, and whose souls they were sending unbidden into the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords. The service in that respect seemed to me selfish, narrow, and unchristian, showing but little of the spirit of the Master.

An ancient cemetery surrounds the cathedral, and probably one half is literally paved with gravestones. The other portion is crowded with tombs hundreds of years old, monuments and memorials of by-gone generations, and one tomb to a number of the covenanters who died martyrs to their faith.

The necropolis, on the east side of the Molindinar ravine, is an eminence 225 feet in height.

It forms a noble background to the cathedral, and was once called the Fir park. It commands an excellent view of the city and the surrounding country, and it is celebrated for its beauty. The day was one of rare brightness when I visited it. Passing through the "Bridge of Sighs," I entered this resting-place of the dead. It was commenced in 1828, and now the entire surface of the rocky eminence is laid out with beautiful walks, beds of flowers, and terraced burying-lots. The entire hill is bristling with rare and costly monuments of various designs and beauty, and engraved upon them were many familiar family names.

Having a letter to Mr. Michael Simons, I was received with much kindness. He is one of the strongest and most successful merchants of the city, and a member of the city council. He is a gentleman of marked ability, fluent of speech, and of great ease of manner. He conducted me into some of the most noted parts of the city; and at his home, at 206 Bath street, he showed me some orders of decorations which King Alphonso of Spain had conferred upon him for opening and developing an extensive business in all kinds of fruits with Spain.

On the north bank of the river Kelvin, on Gilmore hill, is the University of Glasgow. Kelvin grove, or West End park, finely laid out and covering forty-five acres of ground, is in the immediate vicinity. Here is the fountain erected to commemorate the introduction of water into the city from Loch Katrine, forty-five miles away, surmounted by a bronze figure called the "Lady of the Lake."

The Botanic Gardens are an adornment to the place. There are two free public libraries, but they are not so extensive nor so well conducted as the libraries in our largest cities. Considerable time was spent in Mitchell's library, which has many valuable and costly books of reference not generally found in libraries in the United States.

The great markets are interesting to visit, where almost any article of either hemisphere can be bought. Many of the stalls are carried on by girls or women. Some of the best second-hand bookstores in the city are there. In all parts of Great Britain there are such stores, where valuable works can be bought at reasonable rates, which cannot be said of first class stores, where my experience has taught me that the prices are exorbitant for either first or second editions, and are much higher than for books in this country.

On the high grounds near the university are cannon "keeping watch and ward," which were captured from the Russians at Sebastopol. At another point is the Caledonian canal, running over a deep ravine and above the Kelvin river. It is an interesting point, and a triumph of engineering skill.

I made the acquaintance of Rev. Donald Morrison, LL. D., rector of Glasgow academy. The interview was an exceedingly pleasant one. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking man, who wore his robes and the Oxford cap. His family is from the north of Scotland; and much was my surprise to find that he was the brother of Rev. James Morrison, of Urquhart, Elgin, Scotland, with whom I had had an interesting correspondence several years before. Another brother is A. Morrison, LL. D., principal of Scotch college, Melbourne, Australia. It was interesting to learn, on more than one occasion, that the printed history of our common family had found its way across the Atlantic into the possession of clansmen.

The Scotch names known in the American settlements are as thick as autumnal leaves. Prof. John Anderson founded the Anderson University in 1795; a street is named Cochran; and near each other were merchants named Barr, Wallace, and Morrison. In the Londonderry, N. H., settlement, more than 160 years ago, lived John Barr, keeper of a public house and a beer-seller; and here was a sign over a door, "John Barr, ale and beer-seller." What's in a name? The manner of naming streets greatly perplexes a stranger, as different ones are attached to differing sections of the same one. A street which runs parallel with the Clyde in one part is called the "Gallow gate," as criminals were once executed there; another portion is called the Tron gate, another Argyle street. The latter is the great business thoroughfare of Glasgow. Curious wynds, or closes, run off of these old streets, which once displayed many features of taste and opulence, but now are smoky, dingy lanes, often leading to the homes of poverty, wretchedness, and crime. The older part of the city is far from attractive, while the new sections are elegant, with fine streets, circling terraces, imposing blocks, and mansions of the wealthy inhabitants.

There are parks of beauty, magnificent bridges, great blocks, and public buildings, all so strongly constructed that they will last for centuries. The Clyde is one of the finest rivers of Scotland. Lovely villages, with houses of light sandstone, nestle upon its banks, among the encircling hills. At one point a wealthy land-owner had acres of plantations, where the trees were so arranged as to represent the different divisions of the contending armies at Waterloo.

An English gentleman was my companion in walks around Glasgow and vicinity, and who subsequently accompanied me in rambles in and around London, which was familiar ground to him. Visited Paisley, a dark, smoky town, eight miles from Glasgow. The streets are narrow, with houses covered with tile roofs. It is full of great works, whose tall chimneys continually belch forth volumes of smoke. The most interesting building is the abbey, founded in A. D. 1163. A part is in ruins, but a portion in perfect preservation is now used as a place of worship. Ten pillars, seventeen feet high, finely moulded, divide the aisles from the body of the nave.

On the south side of the church there is a small chapel, called St. Mirren's aisle, possessing a remarkable echo, which has given it the name of the "Sounding aisle." This gallery has stained glass windows of costliness and beauty.

Rising 700 feet in height, in plain view of the station, overlooking the city, are the "Braes of Gleniffer." They are a favorite resort, and are rendered famous by the genius of the sweet, sad poet, Robert Tannahill, born in Paisley, June 3, 1774, who in a fit of melancholy drowned himself May 17, 1810. The hills, sharply outlined against the sky, could be plainly seen, and the several places which were favorite resorts of the poet.

"Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld bastle turrets are covered wi' snaw:
How chang'd sin' the time that I met wi' my lover,
Amang the green bushes by Stanley gree shaw."

* * * * * * *

"The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
They chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie:
'T is winter wi' them, an' it 's winter wi' me."

Among those to whom Scotland and the world owe a debt of gratitude, which can never be paid, for what they have done for Scotia, are Robert Burns, Jane Porter, Walter Scott, and Lord Macaulay, of the past, and William Black, of the present. By their writings they have made Scotland's fame secure forever. They have invested places, scenes, and people with wondrous charms. They have thrown around her mountains, her iron coasts, and her tossing seas a marvellous fascination. They have made her heroes and heroines by their prominence seem like the gods and goddesses of ancient mythology. This is from a historical and literary standpoint: from a practical and financial view, the debt is still as great. In consequence of their writings, many thousands of visitors from the four quarters of the globe throng the land every year to visit the hallowed spots—and leave their money. It is safe to assert that no five business men have ever been of so much practical and financial value to Scotland as these rare authors, who have charmed the world with the products of their brain.

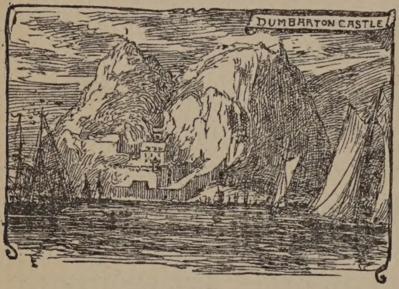
Jane Porter was the gifted author of "The Scottish Chiefs." Many happy hours in my childhood were spent in its perusal, and not till the "floodgates of life are closed in rest" can be effaced from my memory and heart the admiration which it taught me for Sir William Wallace. With power has she drawn the quiet beauty of Elderslie, the attractions of his home, the grace, the loveliness, the charm of manner of Wallace's companion, and the fact that their souls were knit together by the strong, tender ties of deep affection.

My friend and I visited Elderslie. It is a straggling village of some seventy-five houses, inhabited by operatives. The country is still pretty, but not romantic. We passed over the ground once pressed by the feet of the Scottish chieftain, and visited the dwelling which stands upon the spot where his house stood. We saw what is reputed to be the original fireplace of Wallace's house. Over this, a little at one side and three and a half feet from the floor, is an underground passage perhaps twenty rods in length, which emerges in a garden near where Wallace's oak stood. Through this he is said to have escaped from his enemies, and secreted himself in an oak. The spot where the latter stood is still pointed out. A large yew-tree several hundred years of age grows near the house. With the permission of the proprietor I climbed into it and cut some sprigs, which were preserved as a reminder of the home of the Scottish chieftain.

On April 25th my friend and I sailed down the Clyde to Rothesay, in the island of Bute, which is one of the pleasantest excursions on the river. The walls along the banks must be some twenty-five feet in height, as they go deep into the water. A short distance from the city is the large brick factory of an American firm, "The Singer Sewing Machine Co."

The Clyde is lined with ship-yards, as this is the greatest ship-building place in the world.

Ships on the stocks were as numerous as leaves on forest trees, and the workmen on all parts of the vessels were as thick as bees around the mouth of a hive, and the noise they made was deafening. We passed Dumbarton castle, a mile in circumference, and which rises two hundred and forty feet out of the water. "Wallace's peak" is the highest point. It is a place of great antiquity, and anciently one of the important strongholds of Scotland. It is a wild, romantic spot. On the return we visited Greenock. The new cemetery is on a sloping hill, 300 feet above the sea, and its situation is beautiful.



Greenock is naturally interesting. But not its native beauty alone would cause the traveller to prolong his stay. That which gives it its celebrity is the fact that in its old cemetery lies buried one, attractive in herself, whom the love and adoration of one man, with the magic of his pen, have made immortal, whose resting-place is historic, and to which pilgrims come from every clime. It is the grave of Mary Campbell, the dairy-maid, known the world over as Burns's "Highland Mary," one who was to have been his bride. He loved his Highland Mary with a constancy which never faltered in its devotion, which from its nature could know no death. When her footsteps faltered, when her feet touched the cold waters of the river of death, then he "trod the wine-press" of sorrow alone, and from his suffering soul came forth the purest, truest sentiments he ever expressed. The dross was burned away, the pure gold was revealed, the diamond shone with brightest lustre. On the anniversary of the day on which he heard of her death he gave expression to his feelings in an address to "Mary in Heaven."

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.

* * * *

"My Mary, dear departed shade,
  Where is thy blissful place of rest?"

In "David Copperfield" Steerforth said, "Think of me at my best," a custom not always followed "in the corrupted currents of this world." This poem showed Burns at his best. From this deep grief, his great loss, and abiding sorrow, his anguished spirit found expression in one of the sweetest sonnets ever penned. The pathos of no sweeter song ever made responsive chords in human hearts vibrate with livelier sympathy. For him life's grief, life's loss, life's great calamity, brought their compensation; they developed and revealed in him a sympathy, tenderness, and nobility never dreamed of before. Had Mary lived, that poem would never have been written. That evidence of the deep tenderness of his nature, that monument of his genius, would not excite the sympathy and admiration of all time. As a consequence the world forgives much in the life and character of Burns.

In the Old West Kirk cemetery is her grave. Above her rises a marble shaft, with figures representing her last parting from Burns, and below is a poetical quotation.

Erected
over the grave of
Highland Mary,
1842.

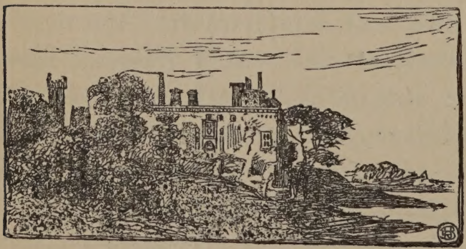
My Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy home of blissful rest?

An iron railing surrounds the lot. With the permission of the guide I cut a few leaves from a shrub which grew above her, and pressing them out carefully I sent them to widely separated friends in the United States as precious mementos of her, the loved of Burns, who was cut down in her beautiful youth!

The kirk is an ancient structure, founded in 1589. James Watt, the utilizer of steam, is there buried. Among the surnames on tombstones familiar to us in America are those of Peter Campbell, John Brown, John Morrison, Malcolm McGregor, James Ramsay, and John Allison. Members of the Jameson family, and others, are among the quiet sleepers.

Twelve miles from the city of Glasgow are two of the early homes of the Nesmith or Naesmith family: one is at Hamilton, and one at Auchingraymont, also in the county of Lanark. The name is said to have originated in this way: Between September 8, 1249, when Alexander III of Scotland was crowned king, and March 16, 1286, when he died, the legend runs that an aide-de-camp of the king, on the eve of a battle, was required by him to mend his armor. Though a man of powerful physique, and a brave warrior, he was unsuccessful as a mechanic. For his prowess, great daring, and heroic achievements in the battle he was knighted by the king with this laconic saying, that "although he was nae smith, he was a brave gentleman." The armorial bearings of the family refer to this remark. A drawn sword between two war hammers or "martels" broken, with the motto in old Scotch dialect, "Not by knaverie [*i. e.*, art or skill] but by braverie." The Naesmiths of Posso, in the county of Peebles, are the head of this family, and descendants of the gallant knight. They have owned land on the Tweed since the 13th century. Hamilton and Auchingraymont are only a short distance from Posso. At the former place the male line became extinct in Arthur Nesmith in 1765. The ancestor of the Nesmith family of New Hampshire and Massachusetts emigrated from Scotland to the shores of the river Bann, in the north of Ireland, in 1690. He had a son Arthur who died in Ireland; another son Arthur who died in Londonderry, N. H.; and the name has been perpetuated in every generation save one to the present. This is strong presumptive evidence that these are branches of the same family. There were John and Thomas Nesmith, of Pennsylvania, in 1730, who left descendants, who are unquestionably of the same family, as the same names appear as among the Nesmiths in Scotland.

On Saturday, April 26, I left Glasgow for Edinburgh, passing through a rich and highly cultivated country. It was a great surprise to me to find such excellent land, and yielding such abundant harvests. The lowlands are a fine country, agriculturally considered, as the rich, well cultivated fields fully attested. Women and children work much in the fields, as they do in all parts of Europe. One of the most important places between Glasgow and Edinburgh was Linlithgow, an old town dating from the 12th century. Linlithgow palace could be seen standing on the margin of a lake. It was once a favorite resort of the royal family of Scotland. It is described by Walter Scott in "Marmion" as follows:



Linlithgow Castle.

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling."

There Queen Mary was born Dec. 7, 1542. In 1745–'46 it was reduced to its present ruinous condition. On the route we passed remains of the Roman wall, built in the early part of the Christian era. Our road ran along for some distance by the side of the "old wall," and intersected it at one point. Huge mounds of earth, resembling the remains of a railway, green with grass, is about all there is to mark the work of the Roman builders. Thus time levels, smooths, and will finally obliterate that great work of the invading yet civilizing conquerors.

CHAPTER V.

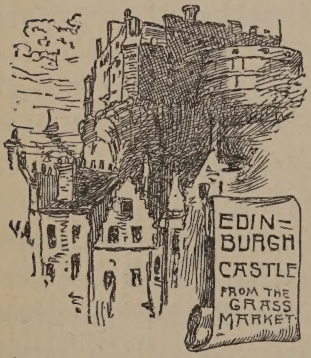
EDINBURGH THE QUEEN CITY.

EDINBURGH at last burst upon our view. We reached the outskirts, passed the city of the dead, and entered the city of the living. The train glided along the valley in which are situated the Princes Street Gardens, where was once a river, at the very base of the grandest old castle in Europe, which looked down frowningly upon us, and entered the Waverly station. Ascending long flights of stone steps, we were on Princes street, the finest in Edinburgh. A drizzling rain was falling, such a rain as is liable to come every fifteen minutes during the brightest, sunniest day that ever dawned on Edinburgh. I secured very comfortable apartments at No. 7 Frederick street, within a stone's throw of Princes street, and in plain view of the castle. From the house one could see the red-coated soldiers, hear the booming gun at sunrise and sunset, the *reveille* call, and listen to the beating drums and the playing of the bagpipes. By securing lodgings one is relieved of the intolerable nuisance of being obliged, after paying an exorbitant hotel bill, of feeing half a score of servants. I enjoyed apartments very much, and secured them in all the cities where my stay was for any considerable time. My room was as cosey and homelike in an hour's time after I secured it as if it had always been my home. When I returned in the evening the door of my room stood invitingly open, and the gas was lighted. An open coal fire burned cheerily on the hearth, the large arm-chair was trundled up before it, and the bedspread thrown back ready for my night's repose. These people have a wonderful faculty of making their guests comfortable.

Persons occupying apartments do not board with the family letting them rooms, but each one orders the kind of food wished, which is cooked, and served in his room. He might live for weeks and months and never meet to speak with the person occupying the next apartment. In Ireland and Scotland, Scotch porridge is the universal dish for breakfast. It is known as oatmeal pudding in the United States. Mutton chop is considered preferable to beef.

Among my fellow-lodgers were Mrs. Patterson and daughter. The former was a widow of Col. Patterson of the British army. They were near relatives of Mrs. Patterson of Baltimore, the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte. There was also a Mr. Smith, a very bright young law student, graduate of Edinburgh University, and a direct descendant of Flora McDonald.

The entrance to houses is often by a spiral stone staircase to reach the different stories or flats.

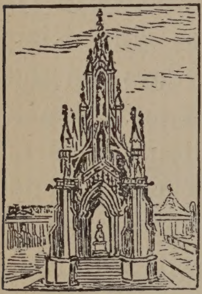


I was now in Edinburgh, the Queen City of Scotland, so beautiful for situation, so romantic in her history, and which is adorned with the strong battlements of the Old Castle as a coronet on her brow. Paris and Brussels surpass her in artificial beauty, but for those charms which come from nature's own lavish hand few cities in the world can equal her. I was delighted with Edinburgh and with her people.

The castle is the most renowned one in Europe. It stands on a precipitous rock 383 feet above the level of the sea, and covers an area of six acres. It consists of barracks for 2,000 soldiers, and an armory for 300,000 stand of arms. Here, keeping watch and guard, and mounted high on the parapet of old Edingburgh's castle,—the king's bastion,—and overlooking the wonderful panorama of city and country and sea, lies Mons Meg, the famous piece of ordnance which is said to have been forged at Mons in Belgium in 1476. James IV employed it at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489. It burst when firing a salute in honor of the duke of York in

1682; was removed to the Tower of London in 1754; and was restored to Scotland through the intervention of Scott in 1829. It is about twenty inches in diameter, and is composed of thick iron bars looped together.

Near where this monster gun is lying is the small chapel of St. Margaret, founded before A.D. 1093. In a room of the castle was born King James I of England. When eight days old the future king was put into a basket, and from a window lowered down the precipitous sides of the cliff, several hundred feet, to the ground below. The Crown Room contains the regalia so precious to all Scotchmen, and guarded with jealous care. There is the crown of pure gold, dating from the time of Robert Bruce, a sword of state, the sceptre, the rod of office of the lord treasurer, the royal jewels, the order of the garter, the badge of the thistle, and the coronation ring of Charles I. All these are of exceeding interest, and carry one's mind backward over the vanished centuries. From the high walls surrounding the castle is obtained an excellent view of the city and the country around. The Princes Street Gardens, at the base of the castle, are a part of a narrow vale extending from the western extremity of Castle Rock to the south-east base of Calton Hill. This valley was once covered by a lake called the North Loch; and on this spot, now so lovely with gravelly walks, and trees and beds of flowers of endless variety, adorned with statues, and where waters sparkle and glisten as they issue from streaming fountains—on this spot, now almost a fairy land, in 1398, then a lake, was held a brilliant tournament under the auspices of the rulers of Scotland. This ravine divides old Edinburgh from the new, and across it are built solid, spanning bridges firm as the earth.



SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

Overlooking this fairy-like vale is the monument to Walter Scott, erected in 1840–'44 at a cost of $78,000. It is 200 feet high, and adorned with thirty-two statuettes of prominent characters mentioned in the novels of Scott, besides a sitting statue of the great novelist. From the summit is a pleasing view of the city. Near by is the royal institution containing the Antiquarian Museum and Statue Gallery. The museum contains the most valuable collection of antiquities in Scotland.

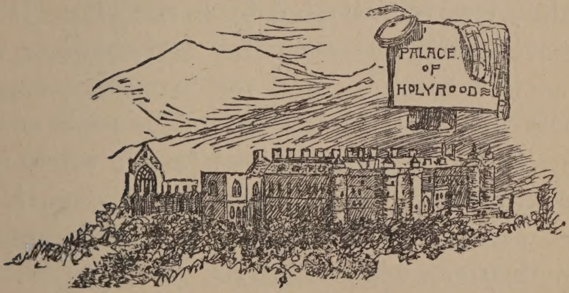
At the eastern portion of the city rises Calton Hill, 344 feet above sea level. Numerous monuments adorn it. I wended my way to the top of Nelson's monument, from which I looked down some 400 feet to see the people and carriages travelling in the streets. The country for miles around was distinctly visible. On the west is Princes street, with its array of monuments and a sea of buildings, with the castle over which floated gaily the flag of Great Britain; on the south are the unattractive portions of old Edinburgh; on the north is the new town; and to the east is the Firth of Forth, with Bass Rock rising from the waters. The National monument, commenced in honor of the soldiers who died at Waterloo, remains in an unfinished condition.

The University of Edinburgh dates from A. D. 1582. Its library exceeds 150,000 volumes, and its students number more than 1800 men.

I attended services the first Sabbath at the celebrated church of St. Giles, of the established Presbyterian denomination. In this building, on the 13th of October, 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant (which gave rise to the term Covenanter) was sworn to and subscribed by the Committee of Estates of Parliament, the commission of the church, and the English commission. By the walls of the building are the tombs of the Regent Murray and Marquis of Montrose. Coming out of the church, my attention was attracted by the figure of a heart in the pavement of the street, which marks the site of the old Tolbooth gaol, commonly called the "Heart of Midlothian," which, in a book of that name, has been immortalized by Scott. At one side of the church is Parliament square. The ground occupied by this and a portion of the old Parliament House of Scotland was originally the cemetery of St. Giles's church. Near the centre of the square, between the church and parliament building, in the pavement, there is a light stone about eighteen inches square, marked I–K, 1572. Here rests in his last long sleep the great Scotch reformer John Knox. Since the union of Scotland and England, the Parliament House is used by the supreme courts. The entire walls of the great hall of parliament are lined with portraits of many of the best sons of Scotland. In another portion is the Advocates' library, of more than 300,000 volumes, and near it the Signet library, of 50,000 volumes, and together they make the most valuable library in Great Britain, with the exception of that in the British Museum, London. The rarest books are elegantly bound. There was a copy of the Bible written by hand in letters as distinct as printed ones. It was executed in the 12th century, and after 600 years they are as clear and black as if printed yesterday.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D., author of many charming religious hymns, is pastor of a church in the city. I went to hear him, but failed, and the same sunny Sabbath afternoon visited the Grange Road cemetery, where some are sleeping whose lives honored Scotland and benefited mankind. There was the grave of Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D. D., and of Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., LL. D., the distinguished and eloquent divine, born March 17, 1780, and died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, May 31, 1847. There, near him, resting peacefully, was the great self-taught Scotch geologist Hugh Miller, who died December 24, 1856. Others known to fame are buried there.

Passing out of the cemetery I entered the Queen's park, with its beautiful hard road, which leads around Salisbury Crag to Arthur's Seat. The drive is ascending, and encircles the mountain. A little lake nestles at the mountain's base. Arthur's Seat is the topmost pinnacle of the mountain, 822 feet high. For a wonder the day was bright and the atmosphere comparatively clear, so that the country for miles around was to be seen. Holyrood palace was in the vale beneath, while in the far beyond, hills and mountains with their dark summits bounded the view. Descending, St. Anthony's chapel, which once belonged to the cell of a hermit, was inspected, while at the foot of a high rock gushed forth a stream of pure water dedicated to him.



One pleasant afternoon I visited Holyrood palace and abbey, which are connected. The latter is said to have been founded about A. D. 1128, when Holyrood became the home of royalty. It was the principal residence of Mary Queen of Scots, the charming and unfortunate queen, and the scene of the most important transactions of her court. In spite of this fact, however, there is hardly an old or ruined castle in Scotland in which the tourist is not told that Queen Mary spent a night in it, which makes the place sacred forever, of course. The palace became the home of Charles X after his expulsion from France in 1830, and of Louis Philippe in 1848. Most interesting are the historic rooms and places connected with the life of the beautiful queen. They remain as when occupied by her. There is the audience chamber, near it her bed-chamber with the ancient furniture and the bed she occupied, with its quilts and the tapestry of the room so old, worn, and frail that the slightest breeze would rend them in tatters. On one side of the room is the secret passage by which the assassins entered when they assassinated Rizzio.

A passage leads from her apartments to the chapel, a part of the ancient abbey, which is in ruins. The tombs of those once powerful, with many members of the royal family and nobility, are there. A portion is literally paved with grave-stones. In the palace is a picture gallery where the walls are lined with good and indifferent pictures of Scottish kings. A portion of the palace is still occupied by Queen Victoria on her visits, which, like angels' visits, are few and far between. My gentlemanly attendant, Mr. Anderson, informed me that the public was not admitted. Not being the "public," but a private American citizen, I could see no possible objection to my inspecting that part of the palace. Tapping with the brass knocker upon the door of the gentleman who had it in charge, I was ushered in, and sent in my card. He made his appearance, when my desires were explained, and he very kindly, and contrary to custom, sent an attendant who showed me over the remaining portion of Holyrood palace. There was the room with the throne at one end, and various other apartments with ancient tapestried furniture, costly mirrors, and elegant ceilings.

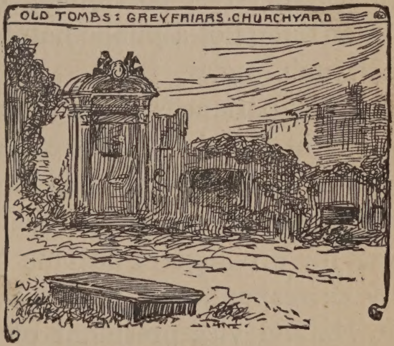
Part of the most repulsive portion of Edinburgh is near the palace—so closely are splendor and squalor, pride and poverty, palace and hut, connected.

Emerging from the palace, I entered at once the Canongate, a street once the abode of the rich,—the learning, wit, fashion, and beauty of Edinburgh. Out of now repulsive tenements bright eyes once looked, of the fairest, sweetest, and most cultured people of Scotland. The houses preserve their ancient appearance. Circular stairways, partially on the exterior, lead to all the stories. Narrow, curious wynds or closes run at right angles from the street, which often lead to ancient gardens of the former dwellers. The wynds are unclean and repulsive, and no one would penetrate them except for their historic interest. Each close has a history: it generally led to the residence of some illustrious man. Old names are there, and the arms of noble families can still be traced above some of the doors of entrance. Houses once the abode of the proudest nobles of Scotland are occupied by poverty-stricken and degraded tenants.

It is marvellously interesting to go up and down Canongate, and muse over the past and the transitions Time has wrought. Through this street the most illustrious men and women passed daily. There went John Knox the great reformer, the iron-willed protector Oliver Cromwell, Robert Burns the poet of the soil, David Hume the historian, and Ben Jonson. It was familiar ground to Walter Scott, who has invested it all with a wonderful interest. Historic places and buildings are now the homes of a drunken, thieving, disorderly population. Such is the difference between the past and the present.

Coming up the Canongate from Holyrood, one sees the Moray house, built in 1618, and occupied by Cromwell before and after the battle of Dunbar, and between 1648–'50. Near by is the Canongate church, in the cemetery of which are interred Adam Smith and the poet Ferguson. The

Canongate Tolbooth, built in 1591, is a sombre-looking structure, with a projecting clock which overhangs the narrow sidewalk. There is the house of John Knox, provided for him in 1559 when he was elected minister of Edinburgh, and where he lived till his death, November 24, 1572. The house consists of three rooms—sitting-room, with study and bed-room.



In another part of the city is the Grey Friars church, which takes its name from an ancient monastery of Grey Friars, established at the Grass Market close at hand. The first was erected in 1612, and it was there the first signatures of the National Covenant were appended in 1638. The present church was built since 1845. The cemetery is ancient, and was once the garden of the monastery. After the stormy events of life, there rest many noted persons. I visited this cemetery early on a morning in spring, and saw the various points of interest. But this place has great celebrity from the fact that here is the Martyrs' monument, marking the place where repose the headless "Martyrs of the Covenant." Against a wall in the lower part of the cemetery the tomb is situated, and on it is an inscription telling the story how some one hundred nobles, ministers, and gentlemen, "noble martyrs for Jesus Christ, were executed at Edinburgh at the time of the Restoration, and interred here." Only a few of the most historic points of Edinburgh have been alluded to. The places of interest in new Edinburgh are many. Their public buildings are on a magnificent scale, built to stand for ages. The museums, churches, hospitals, theatres, post-office, massive bridges, and other things of a public nature, are elegant, solid, and enduring.

My experiences during a stay of nearly a fortnight in Edinburgh were very, very pleasant. I was treated with great kindness by persons whose acquaintance was made. Several years before, it was my privilege to become quite well acquainted by correspondence with Capt. F. W. L. Thomas, R. N., and vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He was author of "Traditions of the Morrisons," rather a remarkable historical pamphlet, which, with his consent, was embodied in the "History of the Morison or Morrison Family." My presence in Edinburgh was made known to him, and I was immediately invited to visit him at his pleasant and hospitable home at Rosepark, Trinity, Edinburgh. There he and his good wife gave me the warmest greeting, and treated me with all the kindness of a life-long friend. At their home I was a frequent caller. To Henry Armour, Esq., whose acquaintance was made at Peebles, I was indebted for many courtesies. He called for me at my temporary home with his team, and drove me over the larger part of the city, introduced me to his relatives and friends, and dined me at his club.

Dr. Anderson, a very intelligent, able man of the antiquarian society and museum, showed me courtesies. I met frequently and became well acquainted with the U. S. consul, Mr. Oscar Malmross, an agreeable gentleman from Minnesota. Other persons it was my privilege to meet whose acquaintance was both pleasant and profitable.

From Dean bridge, 106 feet above the bed of the river Leith, the view is one of the loveliest in the whole vicinity. Among the narrow streets or closes, seven or eight feet in width, is one not far from St. Giles's church, where the buildings on either side rise to a great height. One is surprised at the spiral staircases which go to the topmost story.

The General Register House is near the general post-office, and is a large and fine building, where are deposited most of the public registers and records of all towns or parishes in Scotland. The principal building has more than one hundred apartments, where the public business is transacted. The charge is five dollars for a general search among wills, the same for records of births, deaths, or marriages, or sixty-two cents for every forty years one searches over. But let no American "take the flattering unction to his soul" that he will have an easy time in hunting out and proving a claim to property to which he may be an heir. He will have to pay liberally for every step he takes, and obstacles in his way will certainly not be removed by British officials to aid him in getting what is justly his. They are suspicious of Americans, and will not readily aid in the transfer of British fortunes to America. The records are professedly free for literary or historical purposes, but the rules are vexatious. It was necessary for me to show letters which I bore from different American societies; and after considerable delay the records were consulted without further difficulty, and every attention was subsequently shown me. Our acquaintance ripened fast into the most friendly regard; and before leaving I had an admiration for the sterling qualities and kind hearts underneath such cool, calculating exteriors. But why should one be repelling at the start? Why should it be necessary to break through the outside crust so as to reach a person, and then to thaw out the individual? Life is too short, its affairs are too pressing; and in the great majority of cases the result would not compensate for the trouble.

Among other things found in this office, and among the many surnames familiar in America, was a will of Alexander Park, dated February 6, 1691; one of Margaret Dinsmuir, of Dunlop, dated May 14, 1688; one of Allan Anderson, of Dunlop, dated June 20, 1694.

In closing this, and giving my impressions, I will say that British officials and Britons, as a rule, generally have an arrogant air, a cool exterior, and think themselves as good, certainly, as the rest of created mortals. This is not surprising, considering that they have little to broaden their ways of thinking, and are not travellers and brought in contact with the great world. Their home is in the little islands of Great Britain, where it is dangerous for one to go to walk in the dark for fear of stepping into the ocean! They are slow, conservative, old-fashioned, and narrow in their views. They are a people with a cool exterior, but with good hearts when you get to them. They are solid, substantial, with a large amount of good common-sense. They know so much, I was surprised that in many things they did not know more!

This closes my life in Edinburgh, the beautiful city. I love to dwell upon the pleasant days spent in this charming place, and to review the rambles among her famous localities. A strong fascination clings to them as they pass before my memory.

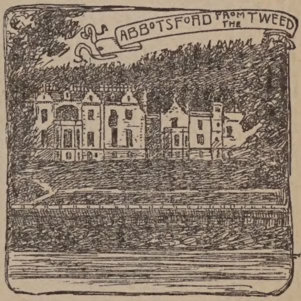
CHAPTER VI.

THE DEBATABLE LAND.

BEFORE leaving the United States, a friend, George W. Armstrong, Esq., President of the Armstrong Transfer Company, Boston, Mass., desired me, if possible, to find the early home upon the border, of his family or clan, and to visit the old haunts. At Castle Rock, Ireland, I struck the trail. This was developed at Edinburgh, and the home was located in the towns of Cannobie, New Castleton, Kershopfoot, and other places in the immediate vicinity, near the English border. On May 5 I left the Waverly station for the "Debatable Land" and the English border, one hundred miles away. The day was delightful. The country south of Edinburgh is a fine agricultural section, the land being rich and well cultivated. The people were at work upon the land, and often six or seven women and boys would be seen following a cart and picking up the rocks from the well laid down fields.

Reaching Melrose, the home of Walter Scott at Abbotsford, three miles away, was my objective point. I shook myself clear of cabmen, and walked to Abbotsford, and enjoyed the novelty.

It is over a hard road, and through a country pleasing to the eye. Scott's home is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, in a romantic spot, with the high hills for a background.



The entrance is at a wicket gate at the right of the highway, and the mansion lies hidden in the vale beneath. The place is still in possession of the relatives of the great poet. A shilling is charged for admission. With other visitors, I was ushered by a lady attendant into the study, a most interesting room. His plain armchair, covered with black leather, still stands in close proximity to a few books and a small writing-table. A private spiral staircase led to his bed-room. The attendant led the way into a large apartment, which was the poet's library. Its roof is of oak, and some of the fine carvings, which I afterwards saw at Roslin chapel, are reproduced here. This literary workshop of Scott's contains 20,000 volumes, and was very different from that of the Ayrshire poet, Robert Burns. The drawing-room has portraits of the poet and of Oliver Cromwell. The dining-room, not always open to visitors, was shown us, with its large number of pictures. Here Scott died, September 21, 1832. Each morning during his last illness he required his attendant to move him near the window, where he gazed with delight upon the gently flowing waters of the Tweed. It was separated from the mansion by a finely laid out and beautifully kept lawn of a few rods in width.

The guide called our attention to the suit of clothes worn by Scott before his last sickness. In a long box is the broad-skirted green coat with its large buttons, the Scotch plaid trousers, the hat with its broad brim, the heavy shoes, and the cane. The armory and hall were most interesting. The walls are hung with many varieties of ancient armor and implements of warfare. There are the richly emblazoned arms of various border families, such as the Kerr, now generally called Carr, the Douglass, the Armstrong, the Scott, the Elliot, the Turnbull, the Maxwell, and the Chisholm. These were of great interest to me, as I was on a pilgrimage to the "Debatable Land," the homes of these rival and oftentimes contending clans. The floor was made of white marble and black marble, brought from the Hebrides. In the garden adjoining the mansion are statues and relics, and the outer walls are heavy with the dense ivy.

While wandering over this place, so interesting to every intelligent person, one could not but think of the mighty influence which had gone forth from this retreat among the hills, and which will endure always. It was the fruit of his genius and facile pen, and spoke of his abounding patriotism and love of the Fatherland. He made famous forever multitudes of Scottish places, to which thousands of tourists yearly go, rendering their meed of praise to Sir Walter Scott. His writings enriched Scotch literature, and benefited mankind; they also enriched and will continue to enrich year by year the purses of Scotchmen by hundreds of thousands of dollars, gathered from the multitude of tourists who throng Scotland. Thus doubly was he the benefactor of his native land.

The poet belonged to the clan of Scott which in its several branches in different localities of Scotland has been so numerous and powerful for many centuries. He was of the Harnden branch, which was from the Buccleuch family, and according to the genealogy prepared by Sir Walter Scott himself, is traced back to Uchtred Fitz-Scott, or Filius Scott, who flourished during the reign of David I, and who witnessed two charters, granted by that monarch in 1128 and 1130. It is supposed that the Barony of Scottstown in the county of Peebles was possessed by the forefathers of Uchtred since the days of Kenneth III. Peebles is only a short distance from Abbotsford. The land possessions of this family have been greater than those of any other Scottish family; its members have also held high rank in worth and titles. The present head of the race is the Duke of Buccleuch, who owns vast tracts of country near the border of England, and who has a palatial summer residence at Bowhill, near the confluence of the Ettrick and Yarrow rivers. The clan of Scott on the border were noted freebooters in their day, and were called the "Saucy Scotts." The family is still numerous. Many representatives of the race are in America. Wherever a person by the name of Scott is met, it is pretty safe to assert that he or his ancestors are an offshoot of the ancient clan. This remark is equally true of the Armstrongs, Chisholms, Johnstons, Kerr or Carr, Douglass, Elliot, Turnbull, and other septs or clans in Scotland.

Leaving the quiet, sequestered retreat of Abbotsford, I returned to Melrose by another route. There were plantations of trees planted by hand, running through or completely around large tracts of land, which added beauty to the landscape. The soil is red, similar to that in parts of New Jersey. Melrose is a neat, solid-looking place of about 2,000 people. Many of its streets are built of light sandstone, slightly tinctured by a reddish color, which is attractive. The village lies in the valley of the Tweed, while the Eildon hills rise 1,385 feet above it. On entering the village, desiring some information, I addressed a fine old gentleman, when he exclaimed, "I don't know you, sir!" He was quickly assured that I was aware of the fact, and that it was probably one of the greatest misfortunes of his life that he hadn't the pleasure of my acquaintance. I explained to him that I was an American, and would like some information on various points. The cold exterior of the Scotchman thawed with my explanation, and we walked into the village in loving converse, like old acquaintances. Britons consider it a breach of good manners to speak without an introduction; Americans do not always stand on formality.

The chief object in Melrose is the famous abbey, now in ruins. It was founded by David I in 1136, completed in 1146, destroyed by Edward II of England in 1322, and rebuilt from funds furnished by King Robert Bruce. The Duke of Buccleuch is proprietor, and protects it from further devastation. It is beautiful even in its ruins. Its architecture is considered by good judges the most nearly perfect of any in existence. The choir of the abbey and its stone roof still exist. Within the abbey rest in dreamless sleep the bodies of venerable priests, brave warriors, and fair dames. The guide pointed out the place where was buried the heart of King Robert Bruce, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry it to the Holy Land. Not many years ago his skeleton was discovered, with the breast bones sawn asunder, which was done when his heart was removed. There King Alexander II is buried. John Morow, who claimed to be the first grand master of the Freemason lodge of Melrose, is there interred. An ancient kneeling-stone is standing upright, with an inscription, "Pray for the soul of brother Peter, the treasurer." No explanation is given. Had he absconded with the funds of the abbey? Walter Scott, in his poem, has made its beauties known to the world:

> "When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
> And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
> Then go, but go alone the while,
> And view St. David's ruined pile."

It takes off somewhat of the romance when one is informed that Sir Walter never visited the abbey by moonlight, but had drawn for his description upon his very vivid imagination.

One characteristic of Britons, which strikes Americans as peculiar, is their unbounded veneration for royalty, their great respect and reverence for those in higher positions than themselves. That man would be very unfair who would dispute their claim to intelligence, good sense, and good abilities. They have them all. In many things great prudence and judgment, harmoniously blended with self-respect, control them. They are so intelligent, it is surprising that they can let their reverence for persons, not one whit better than themselves, and perhaps not half so intelligent or interesting, cloud and warp their own self-respect and good judgment. Witness the changing of a name because Queen Victoria walked through a certain gate. The account refers to Melrose abbey:

"This entrance to the church was in ancient times called the Valley gate. Since our beloved queen, escorted by the noble proprietor of the abbey, His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, came in by this entrance, the flowered bordered walk, leading north from the cloisters, has been called the Queen's walk." Because the queen was driven over a main road to reach Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh, the road is called the Queen's drive. A merchant would rather be defrauded of a bill from a nobleman, than to sell and get his pay from a common man. If a tradesman sells an article to her majesty, the fact is blazoned forth on the sign over his place of business. If a harness-maker should furnish a harness for one of the horses of the queen, on to his sign would go, "Harness-Maker to Her Majesty the Queen." If a clothier should dispose of a necktie to the Prince of Wales, on his sign would be "choker" or necktie maker to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. If a shoe-dealer should sell a pair of boots to the Duke of Edinburgh, the world would know it, for his sign would proclaim him as boot-maker to His Grace the Duke of Edinburgh. If a gentleman of title stops at a certain hotel, the fact will sometimes be painted in glowing letters on the exterior walls of the house, as I saw it in Glasgow, and all the lackeys of the hotel will proclaim it for years to come. It is related of the royal profligate George IV, who was a great spendthrift, that being short of money, he procured a loan of a pawnbroker by pawning various articles. No sooner had he departed than the cunning broker, following the general custom, put upon his sign, "Pawnbroker to His Royal Highness George the IV." This was so mortifying to the royal spendthrift that he paid a good sum to have the obnoxious sign removed.

One of the greatest admirers of royalty and the nobility that ever lived was Sir Walter Scott. Being present at an entertainment, George the IV set down a tumbler from which he drank, when Scott seized it and exclaimed that it was a sacred relic, and should always be kept as a precious memento of the prince. Fortunately the goblet was afterwards broken. Perhaps if Scott had not possessed this great regard for birth and rank, he would never have written some of his charming works, and this fact may compensate for his weakness. The queen also mentions in her "Life in the Highlands" (p. 117), that at Ballachulish she was pressed to drink, and did drink, from a goblet from which Prince Charlie had drank nearly one hundred and fifty years before. Royalty and the nobility are safe so long as this spirit of servile reverence is instilled into the hearts of the people.

From Melrose, my journey was continued to St. Boswell's station and Dryburgh abbey. The latter was founded about 1150, and is now in ruins. The Tweed flows circuitously about this most lovely spot. Here is the tomb of Sir Walter Scott, who was buried September 26, 1832, and rests by the side of his maternal ancestors, the Halliburtons. Here Lockhart, his son-in-law, was buried in 1854.

Dryburgh abbey is in the immediate vicinity of the early home of the great and wide-spread family of Maxwell. The name was originally *Maccuswell*, so called from territory of that name on the Tweed, near Kelso. The Maxwells have the same common ancestors as the Maxtones, who derive their name from territory of that name near Dryburgh abbey. One of this family enlarged his litany by repeating daily,—

> "From the greed of the Campbells,
> From the pride of the Grahams,
> From the ire of the Drummonds,
> And the wind of the Murrays,
> *Good Lord, deliver us*"

—which shows his opinion of his powerful neighbors.

In the county of Roxburgh was the early home of the clan Chisholm, which owned lands in that county and in the County Berwick, between the years 1241 and 1286. The clan of this name in the county of Inverness, and others of the name in Scotland, are offshoots of this ancient family on the border.

Journeying southward and reaching Hassendean, I was in the locality of the old border clan of Turnbull whose possessions were in this county of Roxburgh, and the chief of which lived at Bedrule castle, a short distance away.

In a belt of country in the southern part of Scotland, near the border of England, and now embraced in the counties of Dumfries and Roxburgh, once dwelt some of the most renowned of the Scottish Lowland clans, some already mentioned, but among whom were the clans Johnston, Elliot, Douglass, Maxwell, Chisholm, and Armstrong, which recalls the lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"—

"Ye need not go to Liddesdale,
For when they see the blazing vale,
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail."

The clan Armstrong was one of the most noted, most numerous, and most powerful of the Lowland clans. The section of country the Armstrongs occupied, being near the English border, was called the "Debatable Land." Though in Scotland, it was subject to the claims of England, and was often overrun by the armies of each kingdom, and sometimes stripped and despoiled by both. By the very necessities of their condition, and the troubled circumstances in which they were placed by the lawlessness of the age, they were forced to resort to expedients not justifiable in a more enlightened era. Like the neighboring clans, they followed

> "The simple plan,
> That they should take, who had the power,
> And they should keep, who can."

It is interesting to note the origin and antiquity of the name Armstrong. It was, without doubt, conferred upon some individual of great physical strength, or to keep in perpetual remembrance some act of devotion and bravery. This view of the subject is sustained by the tradition that a Scottish king, having his horse killed under him in battle, was immediately remounted by Fairbairn, his armor-bearer, who took the king by the thigh, and set him on his saddle. For this timely assistance the king rewarded him with lands upon the border, and gave him the appellation of *Armstrong*, and assigned him, for crest, an armed hand and *arm;* in the left hand a leg and foot in armor, couped at the thigh, all proper. This crest is borne at the present day in the arms of some branches of the family.

The name is an ancient one, and is found spelled in forty-four different ways. It was born in the county of Cumberland, England, in 1235, or six hundred and fifty years ago; at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1335. Letters of safe-conduct were granted to William Armstrong in 1362 and 1363.

It is not till 1376 that any of the name can be identified as belonging to Liddesdale, in the "Debatable Country," but they may have been there many years before.

Though members of the family were found at the places before mentioned, yet they were only a few miles distant from the points inhabited by the great mass of the Armstrongs, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were members of the same great family.

Soon after 1376 Alexander and David Armstrong come in view. Robert Armstrong, and Margaret Temple, his wife, were in possession of a portion of a manor in Thorpe, England, in 1377. Mangerton was an important seat of the Armstrongs, and the residence of Thomas Armstrong, the chief of one of its branches, and brother of Johnnie Armstrong, of Gilnockie. The original deed to the family having been lost or destroyed, the town and lands were regranted by Francis, Earl of Bothwell, to Lancelot Armstrong, on the ninth of October, 1586, and remained in the possession of his descendants till about 1730.

Another important seat of the family was at the "Hollows," in Cannobie, and on the bank of, or near, the river Esk. Here dwelt Johnnie Armstrong, sometimes called "Gilnockie," a celebrated border chieftain, who caused both English and Scotch considerable trouble. He was treacherously taken prisoner, with many of his retainers, in 1530, by King James V of Scotland, and he and thirty-five of his men were hanged at Carlenrig. His name is still a familiar one upon the border, and in the border poetry.

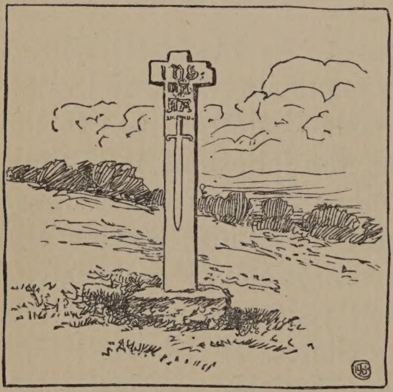
After visiting Abbotsford, Melrose, and the tomb of Sir Walter Scott at Dryburgh abbey, I took the train at St. Boswell's station for New Castleton. Before this town was reached the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and flooding their loftiest summits with his glorious light. In the south-west, black, surging clouds of billowy darkness came rolling up the sky, rendered more dark and vivid by the brightness of the rays of the setting sun. The old cemetery of Castleton, a bleak and lonely spot on the hillside, where repose many of the Armstrongs, was plainly in view.

Night came on apace. As blackness settled down over slumbering mountains, hills, and vales, I reached the "Debatable Country;" was in the old home of the Elliots, the Johnstons, the Scotts, the Armstrongs, and other border families whose conflicts have made these localities historic, and the clashing of whose swords and spears, echoing through the advancing years, has reached this distant age and distant climes.

The old cemetery at Castleton was inspected. There were stones erected to the Rev. Mr. Robert Armstrong, who died April 16, 1732, aged 72, being born in 1660. He was the father of Dr. John Armstrong, a somewhat noted physician and poet of London, whose writings can be found in the Linen Hall library in Belfast, Ireland. There were stones to the Rev. William Armstrong, and to Robert Armstrong, shepherd, thus denoting his avocation, which is common in the old burial-places.

One mile south of New Castleton are the four spanning arches of the railroad bridge which cross the bonnie stream known as the Liddel river. Near this, and on the south-west bank of the stream, can be seen the ruins of Mangerton castle, an ancient Armstrong stronghold. This is twenty miles north-east of Carlisle, England.

A short distance from the Ettleton cemetery, near the road, but in a field, is the old "Millholm cross," erected in memory of some Armstrong as early as 1350. It is of light sandstone, bronzed and seamed by time. Carved upon it are the letters I. H. S. and M. A. A. A., while below is a sword with the point to the earth. The cross has undergone some changes at a late period, but it is an exceedingly interesting relic of the past.



MILLHOLM CROSS.

The Ettleton cemetery lies on the sloping side and near the top of a great swelling hill. The country is in full view for miles around, and the high hills were dark with the brown heather in the clear light of that spring day.

In the centre of the yard, upon a tall marble shaft, is this inscription:

"In this spot, near which rest the ashes of his forefathers, is interred William Armstrong, of Sorbytrees, who, to the great grief of the neighborhood, was shot without challenge or warning by the Rev. Joseph Smith, incumbent of Walton, Cumberland, on the night of Wednesday, the sixteenth day of April, 1851, in the thirty-eighth year of his age."

The minister was slightly deranged, and died soon after his acquittal.

Here are buried Thomas Armstrong, born as early as 1689; also James, born 1705, and Archibald, born 1692, besides Walter and others of the name.

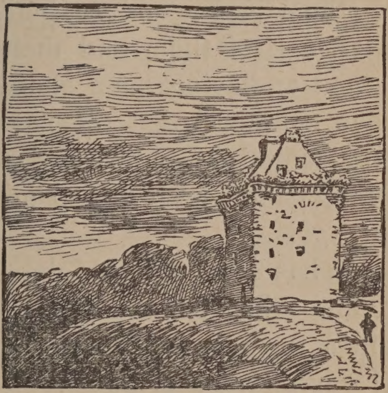
Leaving the cemetery I reached Kershopfoot, three miles away, and took tea at "Kershop house," in England, with William Armstrong, Esq., and his interesting wife, who are the hospitable proprietors. He is a laird, or large landowner, well educated, and about the only representative of the Armstrongs in this locality.

I arrived at Langholm in the evening, which is situated, with its 3,000 inhabitants, among the high hills or mountains,—very lovely for situation, —a quiet retreat from the bustle of the outside world. The streets are narrow, and some of them not particularly pleasant. I made the acquaintance of the post-master, who showed me over their public library, and through their museum, which contains many curious border relics, among them the long, ungainly sword of the border chief, "Gilnockie" Armstrong.

I went by rail to Gilnockie station, and from thence to the spot where his castle or mansion stood, which was pointed out on the east bank of the Esk. Three hundred and fifty-six years "have joined the years beyond the flood" since the grounds were trod by "Gilnockie" Armstrong, and which the border chief shall see "never again." The site is plainly visible at the right of the highway, on a bold, high precipice impending over the river. There is the mound with its rough and uneven surface, with the deep depressions which mark the basement, and the ditches about three sides of his fort. The latter were filled with water to prevent the entrance of his foes, while from the rear of the fort, if hard pressed, he could escape down the steep embankment to the river. The spot is green with ferns, and carpeted with clinging mosses. The tall trees, in which the birds were singing merrily, furnished abundant shade, while the flowing, murmuring waters of the river Esk made sweetest music.

In plain view, but on the opposite side of the river, in an open field, is the Hollows tower.

Its walls of stone are solid and substantial, and of considerable thickness. It was erected previous to 1525, and stone steps lead to its summit. Here Johnnie Armstrong, the redoubtable chief of the Scottish border, gathered wild and adventurous spirits about him, living in sumptuous state, and ready at all times for a raid into England, or against a hostile clan, to rescue friends or to punish enemies. To show "the irony of fate," the castle is no longer used for human habitation, but on the cold, wet ground, by actual count, were forty steel traps, and within ten feet was a pen in which several dogs were confined.



HOLLOWS TOWER.

This clan had many places of strength in these parts, such as Sark, Kinmont, Hollgreen, Hollis, Mumbyhirst, the castle of Harelaw, Irving castle near Langholm, Whitehaugh, Mangerton, Puddington, Hilles, and others; yet Gilnockie hall, or the home at the Hollows just described, was the strongest of all.

It may be stated here that the clan Armstrong in its palmiest days, in 1528, with its adherents, numbered upwards of 3,000 horsemen. The disruption of the clan was in 1530. In 1537, 300 of them were under English protection; and later, 630 of them and their retainers are mentioned as having been similarly situated. It has been supposed that the latter figure very nearly represented the numerical strength of the Armstrongs after the breaking up of the confederation in 1530.

As has been stated, Johnnie Armstrong, called "Gilnockie," was the greatest chief of the clan, and a further notice may not be inappropriate. He had three brothers, Thomas the Larde of Mangerton, Alexander, and George. "Gilnockie" kept twenty-four well horsed and able men about him continually, and though he harassed the English counties as far as Newcastle, and laid them under tribute, yet he molested not his own countrymen.

King James, having heard great complaints of outrages upon the border, went south with a large army, determined to extirpate the marauders. He encamped at the head of the river Ewes, at a place now called Cant, or Camp Knowes. To him there "Gilnockie" with forty-eight of his friends repaired, hoping for the king's clemency. They were treacherously ensnared, and brought before the king. He came, clad with all the pomp and magnificence of the first prince of Europe. His proffers of service and aid were sternly rejected. Seeing that he was entrapped and that his life was to be forfeited, he exclaimed proudly to the king (putting his language into modern English): "I am but a fool to seek grace at your graceless hands. But had I known, sir, that you would have taken my life this day, I would have lived upon the borders in despite of King Harrie and you both, for I know King Harrie would weigh down my best horse with gold to know that I was condemned to die this day."

So he and thirty-five of his men were carried to Carlenrig, and to the branches of trees were hanged, and buried in the church-yard. Till a recent period their graves could be pointed out.

He was the Robin Hood of the border; and after the grasses have for three hundred and fifty-six years grown above him, and waved in the summer breezes, his name is still held in great respect by the peasantry of the locality. They assert that the trees upon which he and his followers were hanged withered away, as a token of the injustice of the deed.

"Where rising Teviot joins the frosty-lee,
Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree;
No verdant woodbine wreaths their age adorn;
Bare are the boughs, the gnarlèd roots uptorn;
Here shone no sunbeam, fell no summer dew,
Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,
Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,
True to his country, as a traitor died.
Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters placed
Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,

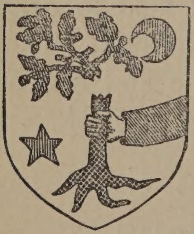
Mark where the gallant warriors lie; but long
Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song,—
The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones
Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,
When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,
The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,
Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain
Swells its bold notes, triumphant o'er the slain."

After leaving the Hollows tower of Gilnockie Armstrong, the church-yard at Cannobie was inspected, where many of this clan are buried, and there the most ancient memorial stones were found, with the following inscriptions:

Here lies Francis Armstrong in Fairlowes, who died Oct. ye 9th, 1735, aged sixty-three years, being born in 1672.

Here lies Francis Armstrong who died in the water on the Lord's day, November 1, 1696, as he went from Kirk after sermon; aged twenty years.

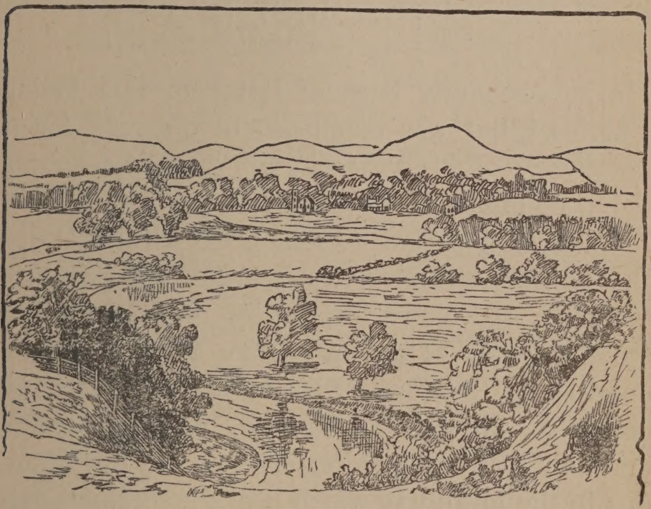
There were also buried Thomas, George, William, and Robert Armstrong, with many others of their race. The arms were carved on some of the stones. The crest—a hand with a dagger. The following describes the early arms of some of the clan Armstrong, which, with variations, were borne by various branches of the family:



ARMSTRONG ARMS.

Arms. An arm ppr. habited gu. issuing out from the side of the escutcheon, and holding the lower part of a broken tree eradicated, vert, the top leading to the dexter angle.

The scenery in and around Cannobie is of rare beauty. The roads, the tall trees, the jubilant waters of the river Esk, the shadowing mountains, and the grassy, rich vales, together with its historic associations and the sweetness of its name, render it of peculiar interest to the antiquarian tourist. Scott has made it famous by the line in "Marmion," under title of "Lochinvar,"—



CANNOBIE.

> "And there was racing and chasing on Cannobie lee."

At Stubholm, near Langholm, was born the great wit of the clan, Archie Armstrong. Having stolen a sheep, he was so closely followed by the enraged shepherd that he had only time to reach his home, and deposit the carcass of the sheep in the cradle, when the shepherd entered and accused him of the theft; but Archie assumed an air of innocence, and, in the character of nurse, deliberately entailed upon himself the curse contained in these lines,—

> "If e'er I did sae fause a feat
> As thin my niebour's faulds,
> May I be doom'd the flesh to eat
> This vera cradle haulds."

He subsequently became jester to His Majesty Charles I, but was dismissed in disgrace for the poignancy of his wit and keen satire, his subjects being members of the nobility.

Though this clan was in great strength upon the border several centuries ago, yet numerous branches or colonies, springing from the parent stock, located at an early date in the northern counties of England. One settled at Corby, Lincolnshire, another at Thorpe, Nottinghamshire, and another in Yorkshire. The race is not numerous in the locality in which it originated, yet many members of it are found in England, great numbers in Ireland, and not a few in the United States and the British Provinces. It is safe to assert that every person of the name of Armstrong who rightfully bears that name, is descended from the powerful clan on the border in the "Debatable Country."

Soon after the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, William Armstrong, of the Mangerton branch, settled in the county of Fermanaugh, Ireland. Afterward, his nephew, Andrew Armstrong, joined him, and they were the founders of a numerous and prominent race. The Armstrongs of Ballycumber, County Clare, are from the Mangerton family. The Armstrongs of Gallen, Kings county, as well as those of Garry castle and of Castle Iver, Kings county, are descended from "Gilnockie" Armstrong. Major A. Armstrong, at whose pleasant home, "Gilnockie," Westcombe Park, Blackheath, S. E. London, reside his mother and sisters, is of the "Gilnockie" branch of the family.

Among the many estimable members of the race in Ireland must not be omitted Thomas Armstrong, J. P., of Portadown, county of Armagh, a solid business man, whose grandfather used annually to make a pilgrimage to the old home of his ancestors upon the Scottish border.

Then there is William E. Armstrong, Esq., solicitor, whose fluent and nimble tongue has won many cases in court, as well as entertained his guests, with the aid of his agreeable family, at his attractive home at No. 12 Clifton street, off Antrim Road, Belfast, Ireland.

Among other descendants of the early emigrants to Ireland, from the border, are the Armstrongs of county Sligo and town of Sligo, on the west coast of Ireland, who have been residents there since 1650, at least. This family is represented by the Rev. James Armstrong, an Episcopal clergyman of pleasing address and winning manners.

From his cheerful manse at Castle Rock, county of Londonderry, a romantic and enchanting place, one can look forth upon the heaving waters of the broad Atlantic, and in the whirlwind of the storm and tempest can hear its wildest music, as the angry waves lash themselves against the precipitous cliffs. I have sketched, in a general way, the history of the clan to its disruption in 1530, of its collateral branches which settled in Ireland and in England, and mentioned a few of its living members in the three kingdoms whom I visited. Among the many prominent men of the name on this side of the blue sea may be mentioned George W. Armstrong, Esq., of Brookline, Mass., and President Armstrong, of the Hampton Institute, Va.

The night was spent at the Commercial hotel, John Scott, proprietor. The following morning he carried me with "his machine" over a road hard and smooth to the "Hermitage," a renowned and ruined castle six miles away. The morning was bright and beautiful, the air was invigorating, and our route lay through woods where were golden pheasants and other birds, and protected game of the duke. Much of the way was bright with flowers, and the multitude of Scotch primroses, laden with dew, which glistened in the morning brightness, added joy to the way. On the route we visited an old cemetery, where were the familiar names of Jackson, Elliot, Waugh, Scott, etc.

Before reaching the "Hermitage" we halted at the house of the gamekeeper at Newlands, and procured the key. The castle, built in 1244, stands on a slight elevation, near the highway. It is in fair preservation. The stone walls are still standing, and also a portion of the roof of arched stone. It is entered by a thick, heavy wooden door. I unlocked the heavy door, which swung upon its hinges and admitted me to an open space of ground, wet and forbidding. A hole eighteen inches square is the entrance to a dungeon twelve feet deep, in which it is said Sir Alexander Ramsay was starved to death by order of Sir William Douglass, owner of the castle, who had taken him prisoner. The entire surface floor of the castle is covered with *débris*, and is unpleasant and gloomy. The surrounding grounds show plainly the site of the ancient deep trenches, which were filled with water, and rendered the approach of an enemy very difficult.

The "Hermitage" once belonged to the Lords Soulis. In 1320 William de Soulis conspired against King Robert Bruce, and this revolt ruined his family. He was cruel and vindictive, harassed his neighbors, and treated his vassals with great cruelty. Bruce had been much annoyed by complaints of de Soulis, and once, when his vassals came to him for a redress of grievances, exclaimed, "Boil him, if you please, but let me hear no more of him." This order is said to have been literally executed, at a declivity on Hermitage Water, not far away, at a place called the Nine-Stane-Rig. This place was pointed out to me, and derives its name from a druidical circle of stones, only five of which are now standing. This castle was later the abode of the Douglasses, Lords of Liddesdale.

Douglass is the name of a very ancient, very powerful, and numerous family in Scotland, once the rival of royalty. The first of the name in history is William of Dufglas, between 1175 and 1199. The family seat was at Douglass, on the river of that name, in the south-westerly section of the county of Lanark. There lived the "Good Sir James Douglass," the companion of King Robert Bruce, and who perished fighting the Moors in Spain, as he was on the mission of bearing the heart of Bruce to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Taking from his neck the silver casket containing the embalmed heart of Bruce, he threw it into the ranks of the enemy and said, "Now pass thou onward before us, gallant heart, as thou wert wont: Douglass will follow thee, or die." He and the most of his followers perished in the charge, but his body was recovered, with the casket. Both were returned to Scotland, when the heart of Bruce was buried at Melrose abbey.

His son, Sir William Douglass, was the owner and occupant of Hermitage castle, and was styled the Knight of Liddesdale. He it was who from envy, because Sir Alexander Ramsay had been more successful than himself in the capture of Roxburgh castle from the English, March 20, 1342, and in consequence had supplanted him as sheriff of Teviotdale, went with an armed force, on the 20th of June, 1342, seized Ramsay at a church in Hawick where he was holding court, took him to Hermitage castle, and starved him to death in the dungeon previously described, protracting his wretched existence for seventeen days. Though pardoned by his king, he was, in August, 1353, killed, while hunting in Ettrick forest, by his cousin, Sir William Douglass, in revenge for the death of Ramsay.

At Kershopfoot I saw a beautiful herd of hornless black cattle, which were of good size, a third larger than the small-horned black cattle of the county of Kerry, Ireland. Another variety are the polled cattle, of lightish brown color. In the Highlands are the Highland cattle, very handsome, with hair so long and thick that they go shelterless in the winter without detriment.

Taking a pedestrian tour of some miles through this section, I was surprised at the absence of farm-houses or human habitations. My eyes swept great tracts of country with only here and there a tenement. Some of the farm-houses seemed in fair condition, but the people live in villages, and the small houses of the tenants cluster near each other on the land of the Laird whose domains they till.

When at Cannobie, the brightness of an early morning gave place to clouds, and heavily the rain fell as with valise and umbrella I walked over a strange road in a strange land to reach the station. The train not being due for some time, and as there was no hotel there, and having had no refreshments, I went to spy out the wealth or "nakedness of the land," and came to a low, thatch-roofed cottage, and was ushered in. The flagstone floor was of scrupulous neatness, and everything in that humble abode was tidy and well kept. Provisions and eatables were not in closets or refrigerators, but in large chests. I soon regaled myself on Scotch scones and milk, as nice as one would find in the best restaurant.

The name of the family was Little, and they were representatives of the numerous clan of that name who occupied anciently the lower part of Upper Eskdale and a portion of Ewesdale in or near this immediate locality.

I was soon across the border at Longtown, in England, near the head of Solway Firth. This was my farthest point south, and I now bade adieu to the Debatable Country, and started for the far north, touching the eastern coast of Scotland, passing through the Highlands to the west coast at Oban, and then went by steamer to the wind-swept Hebrides and the island of Lewis.

CHAPTER VII.

> "From the dim shieling on the misty island
> Mountains divide me, and a world of seas;
> Yet still my heart is true, my heart is Highland,
> And I in dreams behold the Hebrides."

A SHORT journey of three miles brought me to Gretna Junction, that Gretna so famous in the long ago for its runaway marriages. There were no conveyances, and so I started for the station in the falling rain. I was never a successful pedestrian, for it was always against my principles to exercise myself in that manner when it could be avoided by riding or driving. After proceeding a half mile my eyes were gladdened by an approaching team, which proved to be a young man with a load of bread, who was going to Gretna. Yankee like, only a minute passed before a trade was made by which he took me along as part of his cargo. His bread-cart was not like one in New England, a nice four-wheeled carriage with an elegant covered top, but it was a heavy, lumbering, two-wheeled cart, after the approved British fashion. The bread filled the body of the cart, and over it was thrown heavy sail-cloth for covering. It was so loaded that the driver's weight upon the front corner maintained the proper balance upon the axle-tree, so that his horse could travel comfortably. If I joined him, the additional weight would press too heavily upon the horse. So we adjusted matters by my taking his place and acting as driver, and he locating himself upon the rear corner of the cart, to maintain a proper equilibrium of the vehicle; and in this original and laughable manner we reached Gretna.

The cheerful rumble of the train was soon heard, and Edinburgh was my objective point. We passed through an excellent agricultural district. The rain fell in torrents. The air was chilly, and all along the route, in open fields and on the sloping hillsides, great numbers of sheep, with their young and tender lambs, were seen, unprotected from the pelting storm.

Lockerby was reached, and we were in what was once the county of the brave and powerful border family of Johnston or Johnstone. The first whom history records as possessing a baronetcy was Sir John de Johnstone, who swore fealty to Edward I of England in 1296. The home of the Johnstones was at Westerhall in this county of Dumfries. We were in the district of Annandale, where in the upper portions the Johnstons from time immemorial have possessed most extensive estates. Still going north, a few miles from Lockerby the town or parish of Johnston is reached. In the castle of Lockwood, in this place, lived for generations the head or chief's family of one of the branches of this numerous clan. The castle was built in the 14th century, and was a place of great strength, but was burned by the Maxwells in 1593. The Johnstons were numerous, and participated in all the exciting scenes of border and clannish warfare.

After a four-hours ride from Gretna Junction, through a section rich in history and beautiful in scenery, and passing through Moffatt, Symington, and other interesting towns, we entered the finely situated city of Peebles, on the banks of the Tweed, and secluded among the Scottish hills. It is a place of quiet beauty, and the tourist can take many pleasant rambles in its vicinity. In the days of warfare between England and Scotland there was a line of fortresses in the valley of the Tweed, above and below Peebles, which existed as a means of defence against the English marauders. One of the most impregnable, and which is in excellent preservation, is Neidpath castle.

> "The noble Nid-Path Peebles overlooks,
> With its fair bridge, and Tweed's meandering brooks.
> Upon a rock it proud and stately stands,
> And to the fields above gives forth commands."

As stated in the poem, it stands on a projecting rock on the north bank of the river, and is a mile west of the town. The Tweed runs rapidly through a narrow defile, while on the opposite side from the castle the hills rise to a great height, covered heavily with wood. Through this narrow glen the wind sweeps with tremendous force. This was the home of the head of one branch of the Douglasses. A family now lives in the castle, and an attendant answers the calls of visitors, and shows them all parts of the historic place. The walls are of immense thickness. From the giddy height of the summit is a view of romantic interest. Far beneath are the rushing waters of the Tweed. Around are the high, wooded hills, and in another direction are the city of Peebles and the country beyond.

At Peebles I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Henry Armour, of Edinburgh, an accomplished gentleman previously mentioned. He was perfectly familiar with this locality, and very kindly accompanied me to Roslin chapel and Hawthornden. A narrow defile of great beauty connects these places. The ruins of Roslin castle are upon a great ledge of rock overhanging the beautiful valley of the river Esk. It is reached by a high bridge.

This was for a long period the home of the Sinclair or St. Clair family. Sinclair, a surname of Norman origin, was first borne in Great Britain by Walderne, Count de Santo Claro, who came over with William the Conqueror. His son, William de Sancto Claro, settled in Scotland in the reign of David I, between 1124 and 1153, and from him received the grant of the barony of Roslin, Mid Lothian. On account of his fair and correct manner of life he was called the seemly St. Clair.

All portions of the castle were visible, some parts being in a ruined condition, and others in fair preservation. From some dark apartments, through narrow apertures in the wall, one could look out upon the charming scenery in the valley beneath. The garrulous old guide pointed out the kitchen of the castle. The *menu*, and the accommodations for preparing it, could not compare with those of modern establishments.

Roslin chapel, situated upon a higher elevation, is only a short distance from the castle; the admission fee is one shilling. It was founded by William St. Clair, 3d Earl of Orkney, and Lord Roslin, in 1446. It is one of the most remarkable specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland. The carvings on roof and pillar are simply wonderful. The barons of Roslin, clad in armor, lie buried beneath the pavement of the chapel, as Scott has written in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was a superstition that the chapel appeared in flames on the night before the death of one of its lordly owners.

> "Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
> Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
> Each baron for a sable shroud,
> Sheathed in his iron panoply.

* * * * *

"There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold,
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

"And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell,
But the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

Leaving these interesting scenes, we enter the vale of Hawthornden, and how shall its romantic loveliness be described? There are the murmuring Esk, the steep, rugged cliffs, the tall trees with their thick foliage through which the rays of the sun struggle for admittance. All is lovely for several miles. We reached Lasswade, where we were hospitably entertained at the home of an intimate friend of my companion's. Lasswade derives its name from an old custom before the erection of bridges for the lasses to wade across the river bearing passengers on their backs. There Walter Scott passed some happy years. On the way to Edinburgh we saw the ruined castle of Craigmillar, a favorite residence of Queen Mary.

A few miles north-east of Edinburgh is the early home of the family of Pinkerton. The lands of Pinkerton, in the parish of Crail, and in the counly of Fife, gave the name to the family. Twenty-nine miles south-east of Edinburgh, in the county of Haddington, is the village of Pinkerton, near Dunbar. From these ancient family seats the

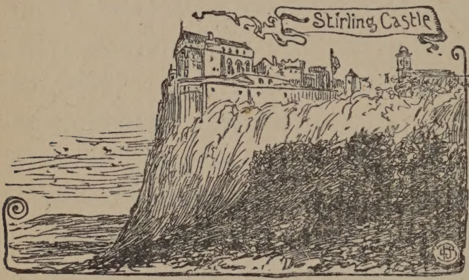
Pinkertons have branched out, and are widely scattered.

Stark or Starke is a Scottish surname, meaning strong, and was first borne by a person by name of Muirhead, for his having rescued King James IV from a bull in the forest of Cumbernauld. For his strength he was called Stark. (Nisbit's Heraldry, vol. 1, p. 340.) This was between the years 1488 and 1513. In the county of Fife were the Starks of Kingdale and the Starks of Teasses. A few miles west, in the county of Kinross, were the Starks of Bridgeland. The name is still a familiar one in Scotland.

These names have been honorably borne in New Hampshire by representatives of this same Scotch race, who first emigrated from Scotland to the north of Ireland, and then to New Hampshire. The Pinkertons have been honored founders and sustainers of public institutions of learning, and Gen. John Stark was a distinguished leader in the Revolutionary war, and won victory at the battle of Bennington.

Making a brief halt in Edinburgh, I left the city for Stirling, which was reached in two hours, and was courteously received by J. Grant McLean, Esq., to whom I bore a letter of introduction. He showed me over the most celebrated places in the city.

Stirling castle is renowned in Scottish history. It stands on the brow of a precipitous rock, on a high elevation, and rivals the lordly Castle of Edinburgh. It has existed for at least eight hundred years, has been the scene of warlike exploits, and some of the most important events in Scottish history have taken place within its walls, or in its immediate vicinity. From the lofty battlements the view is beautiful beyond expression. From a certain corner in the wall, far beneath the Vale of Monteith is spread out before one's vision, level as a floor, rich as a garden, while in the distance the peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, and Ben Ledi meet the embracing sky, and bound the view. In the north are the Orchill hills, while through the fertile plain is the sinuous path of the river Forth, which, glistening in the sunlight, looks like a belt of molten silver. The same glance of the eye will embrace the ruins of Cambuskenneth abbey on the plain, while far above is the Abbey Craig, surmounted by the elegant monument to Sir William Wallace, and to the westward the pleasant homes at the Bridge of Allan. The Campsie hills are lying in a south-westerly direction. From another portion of the wall can be seen the flagstaff on the battlefield of



Bannockburn. Looking down from the walls to the plain beneath, the King's garden unfolds itself, with its turf embankment, fresh and beautifully green, with streets of houses of the laborers upon the land. It was in the latter part of a clear, bright day when I was there, and the sun flooded the land with light, and revealed in its surpassing beauty the Vale of Monteith with its carpet of green, showed the graceful windings of the Forth, and tinged the distant mountain-peaks with glory.

The castle is of great interest. The carvings upon the exterior are horrible, and in a ruinous condition. The once aristocratic streets which lead to it are narrow and unpleasant. Edifices once the abode of the nobility, of wealth and culture, are now the homes of squalor, poverty, and wretchedness; and windows from which, centuries ago, looked forth the bright eyes of the wittiest and fairest of Scotland's dames and belles, look forth to-day faces besotted by drink and degraded by crime.

One evening I took a tram-car and went to the vicinity of the Wallace monument. The old Bridge of Stirling was in view. Near it once stood an older bridge, over which, in less peaceful days, the English troops charged, to dislodge the Scotch forces under William Wallace. The bridge was narrow, and only a few soldiers could cross it at a time. The eye of the Scotch chieftain was upon them. He waited till the enemy were half across, when he and his eager men came plunging out of a narrow defile, over the spot where I was standing, across the open field at my right, now turned over by the plow, engaged the enemy, and drove them from the field with fearful loss. That occurred September 13, 1297. I passed over the battlefield, much of which is under cultivation, and walked back to Stirling in the evening. Halting upon the bridge, I glanced across the historic ground. Gazing up at the clear skies, the cold and pitiless stars shone brightly, twinkling the same as they did 587 years before, when the Scotch and English hosts met in deadly conflict. Looking beneath me, the dark, rolling waters of the Forth reflected the brightness of the heavenly torches as in the olden time. But otherwise, how changed the scene! No marshalling of Scottish clans, no hosts of English invaders, no deadly onset and horrible battle. All was peaceful. The lights from happy homes at the Bridge of Allan sent out their cheering gleams. Looking towards Stirling, there stood the mighty castle, with its high and frowning battlements, as it had stood for centuries; while thousands of blazing lights from houses and streets sent their brightness over the plain below, making a scene beautiful indeed!

Three miles from Stirling is the battle-field of Bannockburn. I took the train at 8 A. M., and on arriving at the station found myself nearly as far from the battle-field as at Stirling. The village of

Bannockburn is small, untidy, and unpleasant, with its straggling houses. There I made some inquiries of one in relation to the battle, which was fought June 24, 1314. Then, with becoming gravity, I asked him if he was in the battle! This was too much for even the gravity of a Scotchman. He frankly admitted that he was not, but would have been in it had he been around at the time.

The battle-ground was reached. There is little in the place itself of particular interest. On a slight eminence, called Brock's brae, is the "Bore stone" where King Robert Bruce, on that battle-day, unfurled his standard. The stone is now covered by an iron grating, to protect it from relic-hunters. Near it is erected a flag-staff, which can be seen for many miles. While standing at the "Bore stone" it was hard to realize that one of the most important battles in Scottish history had there taken place. Everything was quiet, serene, and peaceful. The rain had been succeeded by sunshine, the birds were joyful, and the cattle and sheep were quietly feeding on ground where the contending armies had met.

At that period Bruce was struggling to relieve his country from English thraldom. Stirling castle was in the hands of the English, under Sir Philip Mowbray, and being besieged by Edward Bruce, had proposed a truce, and agreed to surrender unless relieved by a certain day. The time was about to expire, and King Edward hastened forward with a powerful army of 100,000 men for his relief. To prevent this, Bruce collected 40,000 men, and made a stand at this spot. The right wing was commanded by Edward Bruce, the left wing by Douglass and Stuart, and the centre by Thomas Randolph, Earl of Mowbray; while Bruce himself was stationed in the rear with his reserve. In front of the reserve was the "Bore stone," from which was displayed the royal standard. In a valley some distance in the rear, and hidden by a high hill known as Gillie's hill, was Bruce's baggage, with some 15,000 camp-followers. Bruce dug deep pits, filled them with upright, sharpened stakes, slightly covered, to protect himself from the English cavalry, and awaited the approach of the foe.

As one stands at the "Bore stone," nearly in front, but in plain view, though in the distance, is rising ground, where the English army, a mighty host, were swiftly advancing with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The sun shone brightly on their burnished armor. They came with waving plumes and floating banners. The vanguard approached. Bruce rode in front of his advance column, when Henry de Bohun charged upon him in single combat, and perished on the field. The reputed spot is pointed out.

On the following day, after a terrible contest, when the English lines were wavering and the destiny of Scotland was trembling in the balance, at that supreme moment the camp followers of Bruce came trooping over Gillie's hill, when, the English seeing them, and supposing they were reinforcements, fled in dismay, and Scotland was redeemed.

On leaving this spot I walked through other pleasant places to Stirling, then to the Bridge of Allan. The latter is a delightful watering-place of 3,000 people, with a large hydropathic establishment, and noted mineral waters. My pedestrian tour was continued to Abbey Craig, on which is the monument to Sir William Wallace. The craig rises 560 feet above the level of the plain, and to reach the top one goes through charming drives and walks, lined and shaded by forest trees planted by Nature's bountiful hand.

The monument, in the form of a baronial tower, rises to a height of 220 feet; it is on the highest part of the hill. At the top the wind blew like a hurricane. The view of the country is delightful, and six battle-fields can be seen. On the lands of Cambuskenneth abbey, in the reign of Kenneth II, was fought a battle between the Picts and Scots, then between Sir William Wallace and the English, under the Earl of Surry, September 13, 1297. Bannockburn was fought between Robert Bruce and King Edward II, June 24, 1314, and three miles south-west the battle of Sauchie burn, where King James III of Scotland was defeated by his barons led by his own son, and was murdered in Beaton's mill, near Milltown, June 11, 1488, and buried at Cambuskenneth abbey. In the north-west is Sherriff-muir, where the Duke of Argyle with the royal troops fought the Earl of Mar in November, 1715; and again, in 1745, when the adherents of Prince Charlie drew their cannon to the top of the craig, hoping to be able to reduce Stirling castle.

Passing from the monument, along a shady, descending walk, one reaches the plain below, and enters a narrow lane which leads from the highway to Cambuskenneth abbey. It was founded in 1147, and is now in ruins, with the exception of a tower seventy feet in height which remains. The abbey was very extensive, but the foundation stones became completely covered till a portion was unearthed and exposed to view a few years since. The verdant earth had covered, from a foot to a foot and a half, the walls and flat stone pavements. In 1865 Queen Victoria erected a monument to her ancestors,—James III, who died June 11, 1488, and his queen, Margaret of Denmark. There the early parliaments of Scotland were convened.

Passing through the little village of humble cottages, I reached the bank of the Forth, and was ferried across. In Stirling, by appointment, I met my acquaintance, Mr. McLean, who introduced me to Mr. Cook, editor and antiquarian, at whose house we had a delightful call. In his library were many costly and curious works. He very kindly presented me with a rare work of merit, which I had searched for in vain in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

In the county of Fife, a few miles from Stirling, was the district or barony of Abercrombie, from which the scattered members of that family derive their name. It is said to be from *Aber*, meaning beyond, and *crombie*, a crook, alluding to the bend or crook of Fifeness. The parish known long as St. Monance was known as Abercromb*ie* in 1174; it is now called Abercrom*by*.

On the afternoon of May 15 I left Stirling for Oban on the west coast in company with my friend, from whom I parted, at his home at Bridge of Allan, with a grateful appreciation of the courtesies he had shown me. My journey led me through some of the finest scenery of the western Highlands. Soon was reached the village of Dunblane, a mile and a half east of which was fought the battle of Sherriff-muir, in 1745, between the royal forces and those of the Pretender. At this battle each army did fight gloriously, each was victorious, and each did run away, thus justifying the words of the ballad,—

> "Now, if ye speir wha wan the day,
> I've telled ye what I saw, Willie;
> We baith did fight, and baith did beat,
> And baith did rin awa', Willie."

It was at this battle that a Highlander lamented that he had lost his father and his mother, and "a gude buff belt wee worth them both."

The railway turns from the river Allan nearly due west to the border of the river Teith, and at Doune we entered on the scenery of "The Lady of the Lake." Changing the words of Scott,—

> "Along thy banks, swift Teith, I ride,
> And in the race can mock thy tide."

The whole section is richly historic, abounding with ruined castles and romantic scenery. We reached Callander, and Benledi, "The Hill of God," reared its lofty summit 2,875 feet above us. Loch Katrine was a few miles to the south. An hour or two brought us to Lix, when we entered the Glen-Dochart, where on the south Ben More rises to a height of 3,843 feet. On an island in Loch-Dochart is situated Dochart castle, said to be the earliest home of the Campbells of Glenfalloch. This is in the country of the Clan Campbell. Thirty miles distant is Inverary, where resides the head of the clan, the Duke of Argyle, father of the Marquis of Lorne, the husband of Princess Louise.

It is instructive to note the rise of clanships, their growth and power, and sometimes their decay, dissolution, and the dispersion of their members. No country in the world has been so divided into clans as Scotland, and no country has furnished so rich, varied, and wonderful a history. The European nations in olden times were divided into tribes; the Scottish people were divided into clans. When territory was overrun and conquered by a clan, it was common for its chief to divide a portion of the lands among members of his own family. They held their lands from their chief, and as the safety and prosperity of each individual were merged in that of his clan, the members clung together with wonderful tenacity. It was distinguished by some common name, either local or patronymic. This was before the introduction of surnames, or ensigns armorial. When these had become numerous, the relations and descendants of every chieftain assumed his arms and bore his name. His vassals were only too proud to follow the example of relatives. Thus clanships were formed, and persons who bore the same name were not necessarily connected by ties of blood. In a few generations the artificial union became a natural one. The members of these great families followed their chief to battle because they were his vassals, because he was the head of their house, because they loved him. They served him with the devotion of children.

Alexander III was born at Roxburgh castle September 4, 1241, and came to the throne of Scotland July 8, 1249, when eight years of age. It was during his illustrious reign that the Campbells first made their appearance prominently in history.

They were divided into two great families, afterward distinguished by the patronymics of MacArthur and MacCaileanmore. In 1266 Gillespie Campbell, head of the latter branch, became prominent, and there is reason to believe was heritable sheriff of Argyle, which was erected into a sheriffdom by Alexander II in 1221. Not till the reign of Robert Bruce did the Campbells obtain a firm footing in Argyle. They laid the foundations of their future greatness and power between the year 1300 and the date of Bruce's death, June 7, 1329. Many forfeited lands were granted to Sir Niell Campbell, of Loch Awe, by his sovereign, and his subsequent marriage to a sister of the king attached this family still more strongly to the Bruce dynasty. Early in the fifteenth century Sir Duncan Campbell, of Loch Awe, afterward the first Lord Campbell, was one of the wealthiest barons in Scotland. His grandson, Colon Campbell, the first Earl of Argyle, acquired by marriage the extensive Lordship of Lorne, and for a long period held the office of Chancellor of Scotland. He died in 1492, and his son Archibald Campbell succeeded him. The Campbells, aspiring and ambitious, made rapid advancement in power and influence during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Marquis of Argyle, called Gillespie Grumach, aggrandized his family greatly. He obtained vast territories, dispossessed and made vassals of other clans. His son, the ninth Earl of

Argyle, consolidated this power, and about 1750 this was more influential than any other family in Scotland. This influence was supported by the willing coöperation of many powerful families of the same surname. The numerical strength of the Campbells was very great. The force of the clan was four thousand men in 1715, and five thousand in 1745. Their ancient home included the larger part of Argyle, a strip of country one hundred and twelve miles long and forty-two broad. As we passed through a part of the wild, mountainous home of this powerful clan, which once resounded with their warlike cries and echoed with their tread, one could not but recall the old cry,—

"The Campbells are coming!"

Time has wrought magical changes there. The railway before reaching Tyndrum is constructed on the abrupt side of a ravine at a height of from 300 to 400 feet above the lowest point in the valley. There are heavy cuttings in the sides of the mountains, and powerful bridges span the deep ravines. The steep, precipitous mountains rise to dizzy heights above us, while far beneath us were the deep valleys with the flowing river, and villages with the low, thatch-roofed cottages of the humble cotters. After reaching Dalmally we passed along the shore of Loch Awe, within sight of the old castle of Kilchurn, which lies beneath the shadows of the towering mountains which over-look the lake. These were in the possession of the Campbells, and their remote fastnesses gave rise to the slogan of the clan, "It's a far cry to Lochow," signifying the difficulty of overcoming or capturing them in their mountain fastnesses.

Loch Etive soon came into view upon our right; and when the shadows deepened, the lights on the circling shores of Oban greeted us as we entered that town on the coast of the Atlantic. Through the western Highlands a silent gentleman from Glasgow was my travelling companion. He was quite reticent till we reached Oban, when his reserve vanished. We registered at the same hotel, and parted. On the morrow I went to the far North, and was gone some ten days. While on my return journey, many miles from Oban, I was saluted by a gentleman, and, behold! it was my former silent companion.

Oban is romantically situated, being built on the margin of a semi-circular bay, and is a great rendezvous for tourists. Leaving the Imperial hotel on the morning succeeding my arrival, I took passage on the steamer *Claymore* for Stornoway, Isle of Lewis, a journey of thirty-six hours.

Allusion has been made to gifted authors who have by their writings done so much for Scotland. William Black, of the present, by the fascination of his facile pen, has thrown and is throwing such a charm about the western islands that multitudes of tourists annually visit their ocean-beaten shores. I was now to see many islands and places described in "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," and "Sheila: a Princess of Thule." Leaving the pier at Oban, in the brightness of the spring morning, we passed across the blue waters of Loch Linnhe, between the islands of Kerrera on the south and the green shores of Lismore on the north, past Lady Rock on the right, whose form, with its iron beacon, rose darkly from the water, while upon our left, on land projecting into the sea, were the picturesque ruins of Duart castle, once the home of the McLeans. Looking toward the retreating shores, Ben Cruachan, Ben Nevis, and the peaks of Glencoe, stood as lofty sentinels. In front were the mountains of Morven and of Mull, and farther on those of Ardnamurchan. As we passed through the sound of Mull, with the light resting upon the mountains of the island of that name, it was in vain for me to try to catch glimpses of the solitudes of the western coast, or the great range of mountains of Ulva. So real, so vividly has William Black delineated Castle Dare, in Macleod of Dare, that one almost expected to see its high, bold battlements, as it stood on the precipitous, ocean-beaten cliffs.

We halted at Tobermory, in island of Mull. The Ettrick Shepherd, when he settled with his boatmen, gave expression to his feelings in these lines:

"I have sailed round the straits and headland of Mull:
Her vales are uncultured, unhallowed, and weedy;
Her mountains are barren, her haven is dull:
Her sons may be brave, but they are cursedly greedy."

The remark in relation to "her sons" will be most cordially endorsed by all travellers as applicable to most hotel keepers and employés in Europe.

Ruined castles, magnificent estates, and palatial modern residences line the shores of these islands. We rounded Ardnamurchan, the western extremity of the mainland of Scotland, and then successively the islands of Muck, Eig, Rum, Canna, and Skye came in view. The island of Muck is uninhabited save by two herdsmen. The inhabitants once numbered one hundred and forty, but in 1828 they were induced to emigrate to America.

The natives of the western islands love their homes with a passionate devotion, and almost compulsion is necessary to induce them to emigrate even to a better country. A woman in Skye said she would rather starve among its rocks than to leave her home. Somehow, with them life is warmer, closer, than with many peoples, and they cling to each other and to their homes more tenaciously. The fires upon their hearthstones burn more freely, and home lights shine more softly, more brightly, and penetrate farther. The very names of mountains, rocky shores, historic spots, enshrined in verse and music, are in their hearts.

We know the feelings of the people of Muck as they left their homes and the sepulchres of their fathers:

> "They looked to the countless isles that lie
> From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to Skye;
> They looked to heaven, they looked to the main,
> As on places they were not to see again."

Eig island is eight miles in circumference, with a population of 250 persons. We passed near it, and had a fine view of Scuir-eig, a peak which rises in its centre 450 feet. Near the shore is a cave, noted as the scene of a horrible destruction of life some 230 years ago. The inhabitants had fallen under the displeasure of the Macleods of Skye, and they thirsted for vengeance. They repaired to the island in their boats in large numbers. The Eigites, fearing evil, fled *en masse* from their huts to this cave—which is nearly invisible, but when entered is 260 feet long, 27 feet high, and 20 feet broad—for protection. The enemy plundered and burned the abandoned huts, but failed to find the people. As the Macleods were leaving the island, they espied one of the people, who was on the watch. Landing quickly from their boats, they found his tracks in the light snow, and traced him to the cave. Then, with fiendish cruelty, they gathered combustibles, and, placing them at the mouth of the cavern, set them on fire, thus smothering 200 people.

Scott has thus described the tragedy:

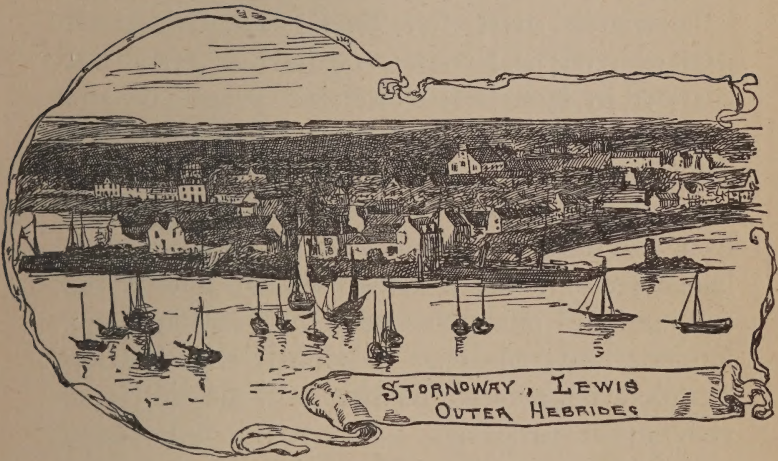
> "The chief, relentless in his wrath,
> With blazing heath blockades the path;
> In dense and stifling volumes rolled,
> The vapor filled the caverned hold!
> The warrior's threat, the infant's plain,
> The mother's screams, were heard in vain!
> The vengeful chief maintains his fires,
> Till in the vault a tribe expires!
> The bones which strew that cavern's gloom
> Too well attest their dismal doom."

Rum island is passed, which is thirty miles in circumference; then Canna comes in view. We entered Sleat sound, passing through Kyle Rhea. All along the way now in full view was the magnificent scenery of Skye. There was Annandale castle, the seat of Lord Macdonald. It is near the shore, on a gentle slope, surrounded by plantations of trees planted by human hands. At a certain point Lord Macdonald's factor, a very officious, overbearing man, came on board the steamer. We passed Scalpa and Raasay, and reached Portree, in Skye, in the night. Skirting the shores of these islands, plainly in sight, were the low, thatch-roofed cottages of the crofters, very near each other, with a strip of land, perhaps six rods wide and fifteen rods in length, which constituted the farm of the occupant. As we neared many towns where there were no piers, the people would come out and meet us in their small boats, bringing passengers and merchandise for the ship, and carrying away stores for themselves. They usually spoke the Gaelic tongue.

On the morning of the second day of our voyage we reached Gairloch, on the main coast. The passage had given us some magnificent views of scenery. The Minch is a belt of sea between the main-land and the western islands. It is rough, choppy, and often dangerous. It was rough with us. The rain fell rapidly, and a thick mist enveloped the sea. We had steamed toward the north for thirty-six hours. A novelty was about the trip, and to be in that out-of-the-way part of the world had a wonderful fascination to me. Toward evening, on the second day of our voyage, the rough, bare, jagged, rocky hills of the island of Lewis broke upon our sight as we entered the harbor of Stornoway.

So I was in Stornoway at last, and this fact afforded me the liveliest satisfaction. The city had great attractions for me. Barely had my feet touched the soil when I was accosted: "Is this the Rev. Mr. Fogan?" My questioner was assured to the contrary, but informed that he would find that gentleman and his wife on the steamer. After registering at the hotel, a messenger was despatched for my mail, which soon reached me. The post-master of the city was Norman Morison, Esq., a clansman, and a fine, intelligent gentleman. We had once corresponded. Hardly had my mail reached me before he was announced, and greeted me heartily, and gave me the kindest welcome to Stornoway. A delightful evening was spent in that far-away city of the north, while the warring elements rattled the hotel windows, and the beating rain fell heavily on the ground. Subsequently, at his "ain fireside," surrounded by his agreeable family, I was given the warm welcome of a clansman. Truly, Scottish hearts are warm and very kind.

CHAPTER VIII.



THE island of Lewis and Harris is known as Long Island, and comprises 561,200 square acres, with some 30,000 people. The part called Harris is owned by the Earl Dunmore, while the larger part of the whole island of Lewis belongs to the heirs of the late Sir James Matheson. Sir James bought this a few years since for $950,000, and then built a magnificent castle at Stornoway, situated on a commanding eminence, having a prospect of the city, the harbor, the outlying districts, and the distant hills across the Minch, in the counties of Ross and Sutherland, on the mainland of Scotland. The late owner made things very attractive on his demense about the castle. He constructed ten miles of carriage drives and five miles of foot paths through it, and planted it with various kinds of shrubs and trees. The castle is unoccupied most of the time, as Lady Matheson prefers living in London. The whole island was spanned by fine roads by the late proprietor, and he did much for the betterment of the condition of the people.

This island is some sixty miles in length, and from five to thirty miles in breadth. Innumerable lakelets are in the northern section, and in the southern part mountains raise their mighty forms into the sky from 3000 to 4000 feet, all bearing Scandinavian names given them by the old Norse residents centuries ago. The coast is full of bays and inlets abounding with fish. The western section has much productive land, but the eastern part is not valuable for agriculture.

Stornoway, with its 3000 people, is the chief town, and finely situated with the open bay in front. As one approaches it from the sea, it has an attractive look. It is one of those places to which "distance lends enchantment to the view." The city is treeless, with few signs of shrubbery, and the houses are of light stone. There was not a tree on the island till Sir James Matheson made his plantation. There is a strong flavor of fish about the town, for it is one of the most noted points for the herring fishery in the world. The principal business of the people is fishing, besides cultivating a little plot of ground.

One Sabbath was spent in Stornoway. Four thousand fishermen were in the city to spend that day, and the number of their boats in the harbor was estimated at one thousand. Many of the men and women were from England, and as perfect specimens of human beings in robust and perfect health as one ever saw. The wives and daughters of these fishermen remain in the city to cure the fish.

Attended service on the Sabbath at the English-speaking Free church, Rev. Mr. Martin, pastor; and in the afternoon at Gaelic church, where the preaching was in that tongue. The churches are plain in all respects. Monday morning was bright and fair, and the city was early astir, as the multitude of fishermen were thronging into their boats and spreading their sails. The harbor was black with their black wings as they put out to sea, and finally faded from our view beneath the distant silvery waters. It was an extraordinary spectacle, one which perhaps could be seen in no other place on the globe.

Stornoway is as far north as the central portion of Hudson's bay. Pleasant memories of the place linger with me. Norman Morison and I took many attractive rambles there. We saw all sections; crossed to the high eminence, by the great castle; went through the magnificent plantations on hill and in dale, where each tree and shrub were planted by human hands; passed over high bridges where the views seemed like fairy land, as we beheld the waters rush over ragged ledges, and heard their rippling music; went to the highest point where, in the shadows of departing day, were fine views of the shipping, of the harbor, and of Stornoway—quiet, peaceful city of Stornoway; not beautiful in itself, but very lovely from that shady height when the sun is sinking, when the twilight is deepening, and the glory of declining day falls upon the sea, the distant landscape, and the nearer city spires. Strange seemed the length of days, even in May, in that far-away island, in the far-away north, where it was twilight at two in the morning, where one could see to read at three, and where the evening shadows only deepened into darkness after ten at night.

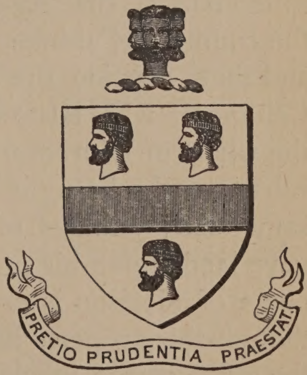
Lewis is the early home of the sept or clan Morison. In the district of Ness, near the Butt of Lewis, the very northernmost point, the Morisons have for many centuries had their home.

> "Like the water-fowl, they built their nests among the ocean's waves."

In a "Description of Lewis, by John Morisone, Indweller There," written before 1688, he says,—

"All the Morisons of Scotland may challenge their descent from this man," Mores, the son of Kennanus, whom the Gaelic historians call Makurich, son to one of the kings of Norway, "some of whose posteritie remain in the island to this day." The chief of the clan Morison lived at Habost, Ness, and was hereditary judge, or brieve (breitheamh), of Lewis. "On assuming office he swore he would administer justice as evenly as the backbone of the herring lies between the two sides of the fish."

It is asserted that Kenneth More or Mhoir, an ancestor of the Morisons, accompanied the "Good Sir James Douglass" into Spain with the heart of King Robert Bruce, and in a charge against the Moors to rescue Sir William St. Clair, of Roslin, in which Douglass was killed (see page 168), Kenneth More slew three Moors, and cut off their heads, when one of the Scottish host exclaimed, "One Scottish Christian More can kill three pagan Moors!"


PRETIO PRUDENTIA PRAESTAT.

MORISON.

COAT OF ARMS.

The arms of different branches vary but little.

Arms Morison (Preston Grange, Scotland), New Register. Argent (silver or white); three Moors' heads couped, sable, two, and one banded of the first. Crest, three Saracen heads; motto, *Pretio prudentia praestat*,—rendered, "Prudence precedes the prize."

An heiress of the Morisons having declared she would wed only a Morison, Cain Macdonald, of the island of Ardnamurchan, passed himself off for a Morison, became her husband, and also brieve. This marriage took place previous to 1346.

Besides the district of Ness and the island of Harris the Morisons were dominant in Diurness, in Lord Reay's country. The tradition of the settlement is, that Ay Morison went to Thurso in the county of Caithness on a business enterprise, and there married the daughter of the Bishop of Caithness, who bestowed on the young couple the whole of Diurness, with Ashir. This Morison subsequently brought from Lewis a colony of some sixty families of Morisons, "to whom he gave lands upon his property; hence it is that the name of Morison is prevalent in these parts, for though the property has fallen into other hands, the stock of the inhabitants remains." In Lewis there were continued feuds between the Morisons, Macleods, and Macaulays.

The Morisons are very numerous in Lewis, and in 1861 numbered 1,402 persons, or one fifteenth of the population. In Harris there were 530, or one seventh of the inhabitants. They have been numerous there for centuries. They emigrated to the main-land by scores of families centuries ago. They have multiplied and branched out till now they are scattered over Scotland, England, Ireland, and are in all parts of America, Australia, and other countries. The Macaulays and the Morisons have intermarried, and it was a pleasure to meet an elderly lady, Miss A. Stuart Morison, who was a cousin of Lord Macaulay the historian. One day, while riding, I asked the driver his name, and was surprised when he said, "Morison." The Morisons are so numerous in Scotland that it ceased to be a curiosity to meet one of the name.

The Morisons, like the Campbells, the Armstrongs, the Macdonalds, the Johnstons, the Mackenzies, the Macaulays, the Elliots, the Scotts, the Macleods, and other distinctly Scotch families, are scattered over the earth. Wherever one is found of the names mentioned, if he comes rightfully by it and his pedigree can be fully traced, it will lead back to Scotland.

The Macaulays were another ancient and powerful rival family in Lewis. They were settled at Uig, and there were many bitter feuds between them and the rival clans of Morison and Macleod. It was from the Lewis clan that Thomas Babbington Macaulay, the celebrated essayist, historian, and statesman, sprang. His celebrity has thrown great honor on the family, and made the name familiar in all parts of the world.

The Macleods were a considerable clan also in Lewis and in Harris, and the history of the families of Morison, Macaulay, and Macleod is inseparably connected, as they were rival clans, and frequently at war, and foraging on each others' property.

On the morning of May 20th I took the mail car from Stornoway for Garra-na-hina in the interior, fourteen miles away. It was a chill, clear morning as we whirled out of the city, past the castle and the plantations, past a camp of Gypsies, into the open country, where one of the first sights that greeted us was a gray crow taking his breakfast of cold lamb. These crows are large and handsome, and more pugnacious, persistent, and troublesome than their cousins, the black crows of America.

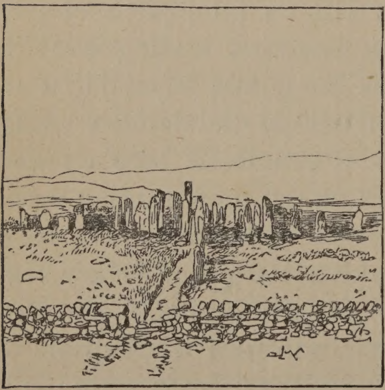
We were travelling toward the sunset. There were endless miles of dreary moorland, unrelieved by the beauties of vegetation save the reddish brown heather. In the far beyond were the high swelling mountains. Between us and them were winding streams and the sparkling waters of numberless lakes, which reflected in their bosoms the great depths of blue above as they glistened and glimmered in the brightness of the morning sunlight. But no trees, no shrubs, no blooming flowers were there. Beautiful it was, but not the beauty of abounding life, for over those solitary stretches of moor were few tokens of joyful existence. Over it all was the beauty of sadness, deep melancholy, and death.

"O land of red heather!
O land of wild weather!
And the cry of the waves,
And the sigh of the breeze."

We travelled in the untenanted part of Lewis. We neared the point of destination. We reached the brow of the hill overlooking Garra-na-hina, which cannot be better described than in the glowing language of William Black, in his "Princess of Thule," for I was in the very locality described by him in his charming work: "At length they came upon the brow of the hill overlooking Garra-na-hina, and the panorama of the western lochs and mountains. Down there on the side of the hill was the small inn, with its little patch of garden; then a few moist meadows leading over to the estuary of the Black River, and beyond that an illimitable prospect of heathy undulations rising into the mighty peaks of Cracabhal, Mealasabhal, and Suainabhal. Then on the right, leading away out to the as yet invisible Atlantic, lay the blue plain of Loch Roag, with a margin of yellow seaweed along its shores, where the rocks revealed themselves at low water, and with a multitude of large, variegated, and verdant islands, which hid from sight the still greater Borva beyond."

I stopped at the inn where the distinguished novelist has often been a guest, and which, justly or not, has been claimed as the original of the home of "Sheila" and the "King of Borva." I met the aunt of the fair Scottish maiden, who some assert was the person who originated in William Black's mind the lovely character of the Princess of Thule. Though this claim has been denied by the gifted author, yet the parties themselves are not averse to the notoriety it has given them, and the photographs of this Scottish lady have been sold to tourists from all sections of the world. The inn is built of stone, and is attractive and homelike. The remains of a Pictist tower, which antedates veritable history, stand in their loneliness on a high elevation.

Two miles from the hotel, and distinctly to be seen, is Callernish, sixteen miles from Stornoway, with its distinguished feature, the druidical stones, or cruciform sun temple, said to be the most perfect remains of the kind in Great Britain. I walked to this interesting place, called by the natives Turusachan, "The house of mourning," which is situated near Loch Roag, on the west coast of Lewis. It is aptly described as follows: "The stones are forty-eight in number, and are arranged



DRUIDICAL STONES AT CALLERNISH.

in a cruciform manner, with a circle at the intersection. The long leg of the cross extends from south to north 392 feet, and the transverse line approximating to right angles measures 141 feet, while the circle is 42 feet in diameter. The stones are not hewn, but are rough, undressed blocks of gneiss standing upright. By many these stones are supposed to mark a worshipping-place of the druids, and in antiquity to greatly antedate the Christian era.

The stones are from 10 to 12 feet above the surface, and stand like weird sentinels of a former age, of a worship which has passed away, of a people whose history has forever disappeared. During many centuries they have endured the blazing sun, the buffetings of storm and tempest, and have been unmolested by the many generations of men who have passed away since their erection. A peat-bed more than five feet in thickness has been removed from about them, having grown since the ancient worshippers gathered there. Two other places similar to this, though not so extensive, are in the same locality.

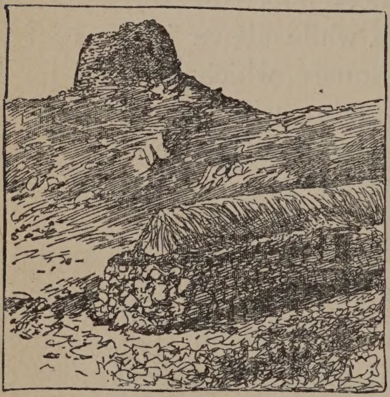
Leaving this interesting spot, it was my determination to see and investigate somewhat the houses and home-life of the people in this densely populated district, as there were evidences on every hand of a kind of life not familiar to me. At a short distance from the druidical stones, in plain view, was a dusky line of huts, and others were thickly scattered over the descending ground to the dark waters in the lowlands beneath. The blue, dingy peat smoke rose slowly from the roofs, and gave a peculiar look to the habitations of the crofters and fishermen combined. Picking my way along by stepping from stone to stone,—for stones cropped out thickly in the wet, cold, spongy ground,—I reached one of the huts, which are different somewhat from those in the lowlands of Scotland.

They are built of large rough stones, at least five feet in height, and some three feet in thickness. Any wood of sufficient length and strength answers the purpose of making the frame-work of the roof, which is covered thickly with long grass. Many strong grass ropes pass from side to side of the roof, at intervals of about a foot, to which stones are attached to prevent the heavy winds from destroying the coverings of their dwellings. The huts are perhaps five rods in length, and twelve to fifteen feet in width. About fifteen feet from one end is the front door and entrance. This also serves as the back door and as the end door, and, to carry out the utility of the scheme, it also answers as the stable door, for it is the only entrance for the family and stock. All are housed beneath the same roof. Two thirds of the space is appropriated for the cows and other domestic animals, which comprises that portion of the mansion at which is the entrance. Passing in the rear of the animals, some thirty feet, one enters the living-room of the family, the kitchen, bed-room, and parlor, all in one, with only a subdivision of light stone wall.

This apartment is separated from the stock by a rude partition of unmatched boards. In the centre of the room, whose floor is usually the solid ground, is a peat fire, while above in the roof is a hole eight inches square, which answers for a chimney. The apartment will be dense with smoke, and so purposely, for it is intended that the smoke shall penetrate and soak the thatched roof, which is frequently removed and used as a fertilizer to the soil. In a dark night one viewing these cabins, with the pale peat smoke issuing from all parts of the roof, would suppose they were on fire. This is an accurate description of such homes as I have seen and visited.

I called at one of these houses and rapped at the door, when from the interior came the response, "Come in." I stepped inside the door, and went down a foot and a half before my feet struck solid ground. This was the spring-time, and the stable had been thoroughly cleared. The place was dark and full of smoke. Groping my way along, I saw mine host at last, who was nailing a board to the partition between his parlor and the stable. He greeted me with self-respectful courtesy and cordiality, though with evident surprise, and gave me the best seat the room afforded, which was a backless chair. Beside this there was only a rough wooden bench. On the ground in the centre of the room a peat fire was slowly smouldering.

Toward the end a stone wall, three feet high, was built across the room, leaving a walk between that and the side of the cottage. This was evidently a sleeping apartment. The rooms are dimly lighted by small windows. The crofters speak Gaelic, and many can also speak English. The family consisted of the husband and wife, a daughter fifteen years of age, and a young child. This man, like his neighbors, had a small plot of ground, which he cultivated, and the remainder of his time was spent in fishing. He was intelligent, and well informed in Scotch history, and was a tall, fine-looking man. He spoke of the condition of the crofters, and knew their wrongs, but they were in the clutches of their landlords, who had the law and wealth and power upon their side. What could they do? If they built better houses, had better furniture, or improved their lands, their rents would be increased



COTTAGE AND PICTISH TOWER.

accordingly. All would be for the benefit of the landlords. He then accompanied me for an hour or two among his neighbors, and over their lands. When we parted, his manner exhibited as much politeness as that of any gentleman. Other cottages were visited, but they are alike. The inhabitants are a self-respecting, moral, kind people, and with a fair chance in life would make as intelligent and fine a race as we have in America.

Often upon the "Queen's highway" we met men, women, girls, and boys, many of them barefooted, with great bundles upon their backs, going to Stornoway. Their shoes were in their packs, but before entering the city they would put them upon their feet. They were good-natured, with frank, open countenances, and had none of that servile appearance which one sees in the people in many parts of Europe.

Many read a few months ago of the little rebellion among the crofters in Skye, who did not know the causes, which were not clearly understood. But it is not difficult to account for the discontent among the poor crofters of Skye and the adjacent islands. Much of the land is unfit for cultivation. The results of labor are uncertain, and the climate is unfavorable. The land system is nearly as bad as it can be. The greater part of Skye belongs to one proprietor, as Lewis does to another. The curse of great estates, intended for the support of a double or triple set of dependents upon the soil, is felt in these islands. Many of the lands are held by middlemen,—men between the owner and the cultivator, men who hold the land by lease and sublet it at higher rates to others, thus levying a second rent, which is almost unendurable in the Hebrides.

The crofters are small renters who hold little fields or gardens, such as have been described, upon the most uncertain of tenures, that of tenants at will, and at exorbitant rents. They live largely by fishing, and serving summer tourists, and their lives are one long, hard battle with destitution and with fearful obstacles. Into their lives flows no sunshine of prosperity, as Americans understand that word, but into them pours an almost overwhelming flood of trouble and adversity.

That there should be trouble among an excessive population thus situated is not surprising, but it is wonderful that there is not more. A people who at best have only the barest possibility for subsistence, and exposed to the loss of that by common circumstances or the arbitrary will of their oppressors, are not apt to be particular as to legal forms in their efforts to preserve themselves, their wives, and their little ones from starvation and destruction.

The land troubles in Ireland have been agitated for years, and are being settled. The murmuring of the people is heard in Scotland; and there is a dark day for Britain coming unless the wrongs under which her common people live are redressed speedily. The mutterings of a coming storm are distinctly heard; and unless the rulers of Britain are wise enough to allay the discontent of her people by simple *justice*, the storm will burst upon the land with cyclonic power, and sweep away the whole nefarious system of landlordship and land-ownership, as at present existing. It ought to be wiped out, and the sooner the better. My sympathies are wholly with the people, and it is my sincere hope and desire that a strong agitation will be kept up by proper means in Scotland till the whole land system is changed, and the land comes into the possession of the people. It is said that seventy men own one half of Scotland. Britons are very free in criticizing the United States government and Americans, but are rather restive when the great wrongs under which so many of their people live are pointed out. It was with peculiar delight that upon more than one occasion it was my privilege to suggest to some of them the propriety of rectifying some of the great wrongs which exist there, before accusing the United States government of being "the most corrupt one on the face of the earth."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM INVERNESS TO THE ENGLISH BORDER.

ON the morning of May 21 I left the wind-swept shores of Lewis by steamer for Ullapool, *en route* to Inverness, 113 miles distant. We were soon upon the tossing waters of the Minch; and the white houses of Stornoway, looking like chalky cliffs, sank lower and lower into the blue sea and disappeared. Lewis, with its music of the sea and mountains, passed from my vision. Mentally I still behold it, and its memories will only be swept away by death. The Minch was rough, and the chilly air added to the discomfort of the sea voyage. In four hours we landed at Ullapool, fifty miles distant. As we neared the main coast of Scotland, the high, glorious mountains loomed up before us. The peak of Ben More was upon our left, and Ben Goleach upon our right.

Ullapool, lying upon Loch Broom, is a decayed looking town of little interest. The stage runs to Garve, thirty-two miles away. Pleasant travelling companions bore me company. Among them were Rev. Mr. Martin, of Stornoway, and his friend, a bright, witty ministerial brother.

The latter told an anecdote of a friend who was a physician in Leith. A clerical gentleman was visiting him, when the physician requested him to converse and pray with his patients. After visiting several, the physician led the way up a flight of rickety stairs, and said,—"This is a peculiarly sad case. The patient inside is the last of his family. Two sisters have died, and he is at the point of death with the same disease, small-pox. Come in and pray with him." The clergyman no sooner heard these words than he bolted down stairs like a bullet. The physician urged him to do his duty, and see his patient, saying, "Where is your faith, brother—where is your faith?" But the clergyman, as he shot into the street, exclaimed, "Faith or no faith, I'll get out of this;" and he did. There was no patient there: it was a practical joke.

The way from Ullapool to Garve is through varied and fine scenery. The first eight miles skirts Loch Broom, a narrow arm of the sea. Passing over a flat, cultivated country, we came to a steep gorge in the hills by the side of which the road ascended for more than a mile, where there was a broad belt of flat country 500 feet above the sea. The steep slope and the sides of the gorge have been beautified by being covered with trees of various kinds by the proprietor. Through the narrow ravine runs a little river. Here is a very lovely waterfall called Corry Halloch, one of the most attractive in northern Scotland. For a mile the steep walls of rock at its sides rise from the water's edge 150 to 200 feet. The owner has thrown a bridge across the deepest cut, which commands a view of the falls.

From this elevation the ride to Garve was through a comparatively wild and barren country. The rugged mountains rose abruptly around us, bare and treeless, save where the opulent owners had planted the Scotch larch, which in some localities they had covered to their summits. The wet, spongy, boggy moorlands were cut up with ditches to drain them, and they too were covered with trees. The moors and the mountains are thus arranged for game, and the division fences of wire are plainly visible running up mountain sides so steep that it seems almost impossible for man to climb them. There are opens where not a tree is allowed to grow. They extend up the mountain, and there the sportsman stands and shoots the game when driven from cover across this unprotected place by the gamekeepers. Many thousands of acres of once bleak mountains and barren moors have been planted with trees, and are used as game forests. There the gentry of England and Scotland gather for their holidays. Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, owns or leases great tracts, and there spends his summer months.

On the journey we reached Loch Druim, or Ridge Loch, and for some distance the road runs along its bank and then touches a point 950 feet above sea level. This is the water-shed. Here the waters divide, one portion flowing east through Loch Garve into the German ocean, the other flowing westward into Loch Broom and the Atlantic. In that land of storms one is never secure against their coming. The remainder of the journey was made in a cold, drizzling rain, which chilled us to the marrow. Ben Wyvis, "The mountain of storms," was before us, with the heavy, misty clouds hanging and drifting about its summit, with the rain beating against its steep, rocky sides.

As we entered Garve at 4 P. M., though each passenger had paid for his passage, the driver turned around with the words "Driver's fees!" and levied his tribute on each passenger. We caught the evening train for Inverness. As far as Dingwall the road led through a romantic locality, but the rest of the distance was in a rich and finely cultivated country. At 6 the train whirled into Inverness, the queen of the Highlands. I registered at the Station hotel.

There is an excellent public library, managed with much tact and ability. The librarian, Mr. White, is a most genial, interesting, and courteous gentleman, with whom I was acquainted by correspondence. I called upon him, and received a most hearty welcome. He showed me every attention at the library, and introduced me to other gentlemen. I also met Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, editor and publisher of the "Celtic Magazine," with whom I had previously had communication. Mr. Mackenzie was a member of the city government, and conducted me over their new and elegant city hall, and to other places of interest.

The Scotch people walk much more than Americans, and think nothing of a pedestrian tour of ten or fifteen miles. On the sunny afternoon of May 25th Mr. White and I started for a walk, the battle-field of Culloden, six miles distant, being the objective point. Our route lay over a pleasant road, through a lovely, fertile country. Shade-trees, tall and stately, lined much of the way. Ayrshire cattle and fine specimens of South Down sheep were feeding in the fields, which were high with grass of the greenest tint. Our way overlooked the Firth of Moray, and the lofty, snow-capped mountain of Ben Wyvis was in the distance. In the vicinity of "Culloden's dread moor" are the houses in which the government troops stabled their horses the night before the battle. They are situated in a pasture which was completely covered with luxuriant whins. These are prickly shrubs or plants three feet high, and are indigenous to Ireland and Scotland. They were in full bloom, the whole plot of ground was brilliant with their golden colors, and they were as sweet and beautiful as the choicest garden of flowers.

The battle was fought April 16, 1746, and on this field was decided the fate of the House of Stuart: it forever expelled them from the throne of Britain. Prince Charlie and his Highland clans were defeated by the government troops. This was the last battle fought on Scotch soil. The Highlanders were marshalled by clans, they fought by clans, they were swept down bodily and died by clans, and on the bleak, sterile land of Culloden moor they are buried by clans. Strange as it may seem, one can distinctly see as clearly as if drawn out on paper the exact spots where the different clans stood, and fell, and died, and where they lie buried. One hundred and thirty-eight years of sunshine and storms had come and gone since that terrible day. For one hundred and thirty-eight years the grass had stirred in the breezes above them; and yet on that spring day their last resting-place was green, while all about them was the dark brown heather. Half a mile beyond is a boulder, rising six feet above the ground and some sixteen feet across. On this rock stood the Duke of Cumberland, and directed the movements of the government forces. There are headstones showing where the members of each clan are buried. One is marked Clan Cameron, another Clan Mackintosh, another Clan Mackenzie, and one is marked Mixed Clans. The battle was badly managed on the part of the Highlanders, and the lives of hundreds of brave

Scots were thrown away on account of the imbecility of Prince Charlie. A hugh cairn of stones some twenty feet high stands on another part of the field.

> "Oh! loud and long heard shall their coronach be,
> And high o'er the heather their cairn we shall see."

One can find in no other city in Scotland so perfect a representation of the ancient clans as he will see in Inverness. In the city directory there are several pages of a single clan name, like the Macdonalds, the Mackintoshes, and the Mackenzies. It was at one of their weekly market days that I saw the typical Celt, with red hair, red beard, high cheek bones, and freckled face. They are far from being amiable looking men. Their looks and manners show them to be sharp, fiery, and quick-tempered. As one goes among the crowds he will be greatly amused and edified at what he sees and hears, and can select by the score Celts of the type described. All manner of merchandise is bought and sold, and the native bard sells his mental productions.

Inverness is a jewel of the far north, and contains 20,000 people. It lies at the mouth of and on the river Ness, which flows placidly over a smooth, pebbly bottom, through the centre of the city, and is spanned by fine bridges. The city has its castle, its cathedral, and many other attractive places. My stay was made delightful by the great kindness shown me by the persons previously mentioned, and others.

A lady said to me,—"Don't fail to go through the Caledonian canal. When you have passed its entire length and seen its beauties, you will be thankful that you have lived." It connects Inverness Firth with Loch Dochfour, the latter with Loch Ness (Lake of the Cataract), this with Loch Oichy, the latter with Loch Lochy, and this with Locheil or Loch Linnhe, which in conjunction with the Crinan canal, eight miles in length, which unites Loch Crinan or Sound of Jura with Loch Fyne, furnishes an uninterrupted water communication between Inverness and Glasgow, and cuts Scotland in two.

On May 26th, at 7 o'clock A. M., at Muirtown, an outskirt of Inverness, I went on board the steamer to make this journey, which occupied two days. There can be but few routes on the planet of equal distance which exhibit so many lovely places as this. The scenery was most charming, which one must see in order to appreciate. The lakes, the graceful windings of the canal through green fields or through groves of Scotch firs, the high mountains, the remains of old castles which nestled at the base of the steep declivities or near the waters of lakes, combined to make the journey of wonderful interest. We were two hours passing through the seven locks, which are remarkable. We halted at Foyers, which gave the passengers an opportunity to see the Falls of Foyers, which have a perpendicular descent of two hundred feet, and are very noted. Passing Ben Nevis, we reached Ballachulish at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

I registered at the nearest hotel, and secured a horse and "machine" with driver to take me through the noted Pass of Glencoe. The horse engaged was to be a good driver, and the guide was to be intelligent, and capable of speaking good English. The horse furnished me by this high-toned Scotch hotel proprietor was poor and lame; the "machine," a two-wheeled vehicle, was uncomfortable; and the driver was ignorant, and spoke such broken English that his speech was hardly intelligible. Thus the journey was made. I was now in the celebrated Pass of Glencoe, which means in the Gaelic tongue "Glen of weeping." Well is it termed the "Glen of weeping," for it was a vale of sorrow, and a melancholy interest will ever linger around this wild and gloomy pass in the district of Lorne in the county of Argyle. Here occurred the fearful massacre of the Macdonalds, February 13, 1692, by which it was intended to exterminate this portion of the clan.

King James II had been driven from the throne of England by his son-in-law, William Prince of Orange. The contest had stirred England, Ireland, and Scotland to their deepest depths. At this date peacefulness rested not upon the political waters. The billows of the surging, seething political sea were still breaking angrily upon the shore. The heroic defence of Londonderry, Ireland, in 1688–'89, had been successful, but certain Highland clans had not given in their adherence to the new government.

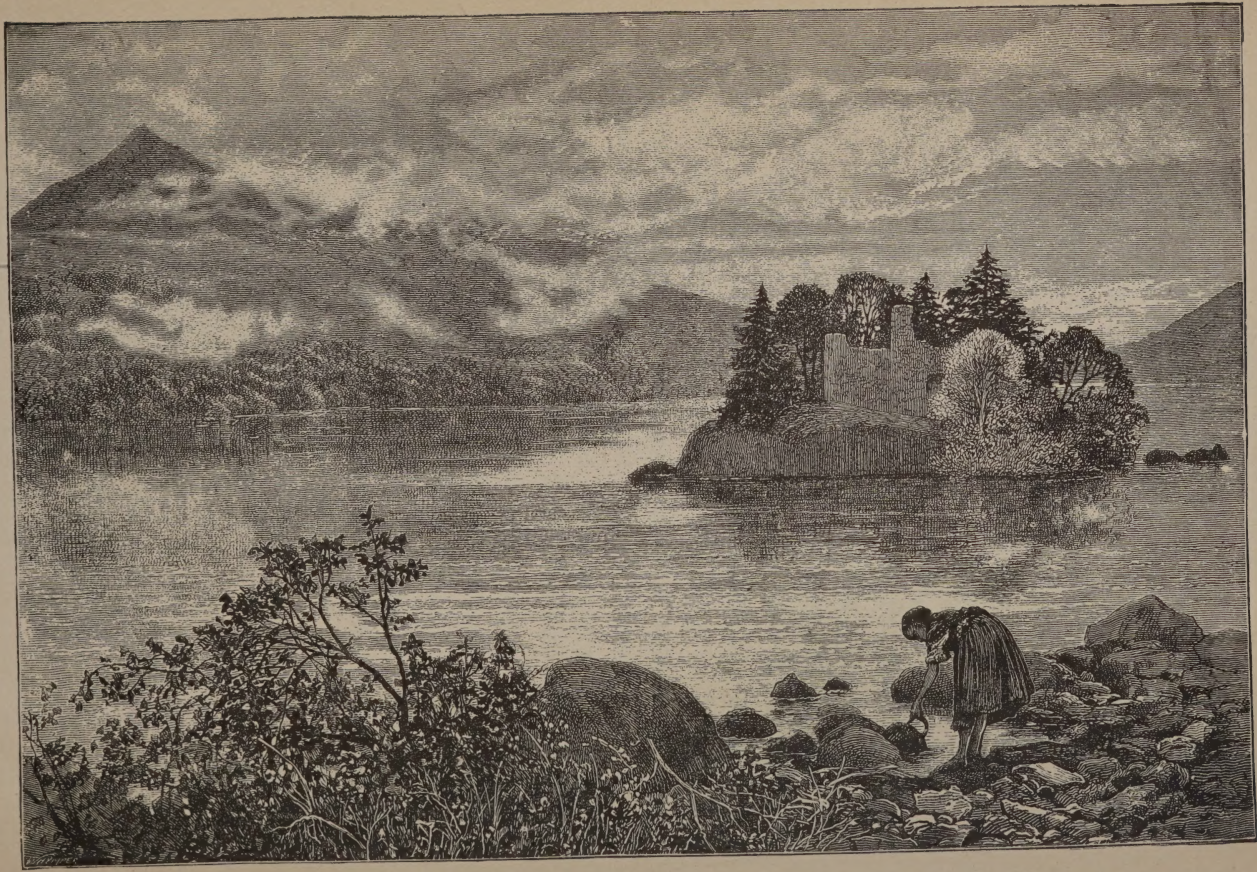
On the 27th of August, 1691, a proclamation was issued offering indemnity to all who were then or who had been in arms against William of Orange, provided they would take the oath of allegiance before January 1, 1692, subject to the pain of death after that date. The various chiefs took the oath, but the Glencoe chieftain delayed, not so much out of hatred to King William as on account of a quarrel with the Earl of Breadalbane, who was a personal foe. Repenting of his obstinacy, on December 31 he appeared at Ft. William for that purpose, but the officer declined to administer it, claiming no authority. Then the sorrowing chief hastened across the almost impassable mountains, covered as they were with snow, to the sheriff of Argyle at Inverary, who administered the oath to him and his attendants, January 6, 1692. As the time for receiving the oath of allegiance had expired before his was taken, by the misrepresentations of Breadalbane, as it is claimed, to King William, he signed the order for the government troops to wipe out and extirpate the clan., They came in the guise of friendship, and were treated with hospitality. On the morning of February 13, 1692, they stealthily massacred as many of their entertainers as they could reach. Many were slain, some fled to the hills. Their houses were burned down, their stock driven away, and the women and children, who escaped the sword as they fled to the mountains for safety, were overcome with fatigue and hunger and cold, and perished pitifully in the deep snows on the mountain sides. Such is a brief history of this event. The place had a wonderful interest to me, as some persons in New Hampshire are descendants of people who perished that fateful day.

We entered Ballachulish, where are the slate quarries which have been worked for a century or more. The village is inhabited by miners, on a long, continuous, winding street. The habitations were cheap, but cleanly. Going through this, we entered the Pass of Glencoe. The opening was beautifully green with trees. The cottages were scattered about the valley, and the cattle and sheep grazed through it and up the steep mountain sides as far as vegetation reached. The Cona, a little, shallow stream, was flowing along over its pebbly bed through the ravine, chanting the sweet song of running waters. We entered the wildest part of this glorious valley. There were the stern, precipitous mountains which on either side reared their mighty forms from two to three thousand feet. Their peaks were of a crimson hue, lighted up, as they were, by the afternoon sun. No living beings moved about those solitary hills. No signs of present habitation were there. Half way along the pass are trees and heaps of stones, which mark the walls of houses once the homes of the murdered Macdonalds. They tell the story of man's inhumanity to man. They give evidence to every passer by of that morn of lamentation, and cry into living ears the bloody tale of treachery, murder, and woe.

More than a thousand feet above us on the mountain side is Ossian's Cave, where, they tell us, the poet lived. All along the valley the violence of the torrents rushing down the sides of the mountains have made huge gullies, and brought down great quantities of stones, sweeping across the highway, making the travelling anything but pleasant. We went eight miles up through this romantic vale. On our return to Ballachulish, as we emerged from the pass, the sun had sunk behind the hills, the shades of night were falling rapidly over the silent mountains, while the deep recesses in that "Glen of weeping" were wrapped in a mantle of deeper darkness. From the hotel there was a view of the waters of Loch Leven.

On the morrow the journey was resumed by boat to Glasgow. At Crinan, on the Sound of Jura, we entered a small boat, whose sides almost grazed the rocky shores as it went through the Crinan canal. The latter is nine miles in length, with fifteen locks, and was built to avoid a circuitous voyage of seventy miles around the mull of Cantyre; commenced in 1793, and opened in 1801. Its rocky sides attest the enormous labor and cost of its construction. The terminus is at Andrishaig on Loch Fyne. Taking a large steamer, we passed through Loch Fyne, near the Island of Bute, and north of Arran, entering the Firth of Clyde, and steaming over its placid waters, amid fine scenery we entered the river Clyde. From Andrishaig to Glasgow we stopped at Tarbet, Rothesay, Inellan, Dunoon, and Greenock, and before sunset had reached the pier amidst the shipping of the great city of Glasgow. I was once more on familiar ground, and again found comfortable quarters in St. Enoch's hotel, after a month's absence. On the hotel register was the name of an acquaintance from Buffalo, who had left the day previous. It was more than two weeks since I left Edinburgh, and during that time had received no mail from home. It missed me at Inverness, at Oban, and it was impossible for me to get it till I reached London. I was hungry for American news, as British papers give only the most meagre accounts.

It would be a crime to be in Scotland and not visit the Scottish lakes. On the morning of Wednesday, May 28, I started from Queen's station for Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, and to return to Glasgow *via* Callander. Passing



BEN LOMOND AND LOCH LOMOND.

out of Glasgow through Dumbarton, we took the steamer at Balloch to cross Loch Lomond. The sun broke through the heavy morning mists, and the day became clear. The scenery around this lake is wild and grand. Its length is twenty-three miles, and it is studded with numerous islands. Rowardennan lies at the base of Ben Lomond. The mountain loomed up before us most invitingly and majestically, and I determined to visit the summit. Two gentlemen from London were to accompany me, and we started for the peak seven miles away.

Mountain distances are deceptive. It looked but a short distance to the top. Mountain peak lapped on mountain peak and hid the intervening distances, which must be passed before the last great summit was gained. It would have been well had we then known and heeded the advice contained in the following lines:

> "Trust not at first a quick adventurous pace;
> Seven miles its top points gradual from its base.
> Up the high rise with panting haste I passed,
> And gained the long, laborious steep at last."

We intended to return in time to take the succeeding boat, but found this impossible. When two thirds of the distance had been accomplished, my comrades left me and returned to the landing. My journey was continued alone. Having started for the summit, the summit I was determined to reach "if it took all summer." At last I stood on the topmost peak, 3,192 feet high. The day was clear, the sun shone brightly, and the prospect in all directions was very beautiful. Mountains reared their peaks beneath me. I could look down upon their tops; and in one place a lovely little lake nestled between their summits. In the west were the Argyleshire hills and the Grampian mountains, and in the great distance beneath me, south and east, were the fine Lowland country and its lesser elevations. Most beautiful was Loch Lomond, as it wound among the hills, its waters as blue as the sky, and its surface studded with islands. Steamers could be seen as they ploughed across it. Gathering some specimens of quartz, and procuring some snow from a cool, sequestered nook, I returned to the hotel. The descent was fatiguing, and the journey made quickly was calculated to greatly test one's powers of endurance.

There are cosey resorts on the shores of the lake, where the water breaks gently over the sands and stones of the beach. I wandered along the bank till darkness was upon Ben Lomond, when I sought my room. With memories of the past in my mind, with the sound of the gentle splash of the waves in my ears, and the twinkling stars looking in at my chamber windows, I fell asleep.

The following day took the boat to Inversnaid. Before reaching Tarbet we saw Rob Roy's cave, situated in the cliff some distance above the water.

Inversnaid was reached, when I took the coach for Loch Katrine, eight miles away. The road led me through the old home of the MacGregors, and places were pointed out as the home of Rob Roy and the birth-place of Helen MacGregor, his wife. This locality was the scene of many of the exploits of the noted chief.

MacGregor is the name of a clan considered one of the purest of all the Celtic tribes, "and there can be no doubt of their unmixed and direct descent from the Albanich or Alpinian stock, which formed the aboriginal inhabitants of Scotland." They claimed a kingly origin, and their ancient motto was, "My race is royal." Glen Orchy is claimed as their original home. They were also numerous in Monteith and in Balquhidder. The latter place is north-east of Loch Lomond. An air of romance clings to this clan, mostly because of their relentless persecution by the government. The clan was proscribed. They were compelled by an act of the privy council, April 3, 1693, on pain of death, to adopt another surname, and portions of the clan were prohibited from carrying any weapons save a knife without a point.

Rob Roy was of the Glenfyle branch of the family. This place is situated a few miles north of Inversnaid. We rode through this mountainous country, their former home, and once densely populated by the MacGregors, where the chief could, by the blast of his horn or the music of his bagpipes, rally a hundred brave men about him on short notice. All is changed. Nothing can now be heard save the bleating of sheep, and the only habitations visible are the gamekeepers' lodges, or the homes of those who tend the flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. Silence reigns there, so far as human beings are concerned, and the numerous tumble-down cottages of ancient cottagers tell the story of the oppression of the landlords, who depopulated the district, clearing off the people *en masse*, compelling them to emigrate to America or to the cities, and converted their lands into game forests or sheep farms. This recalls the couplet of John Bright:

> "In Highland glens 't is far too oft observed
> That man is chased away and game preserved."

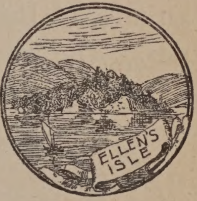
We neared another lake made famous by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake." From a high hill, in the slightly changed words of the poem,—

> "Where, gleaming with the shining sun,
> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay, beneath us rolled."

Our eyes feasted upon the lovely lake, which is more romantic than Loch Lomond, and surpassing any that I saw in Scotland. At Stronachlachar we passed from the fine hotel on to the tiny steamer which bore us across the lake, which makes several tours each day. The lake is narrow, and most lovely in its surroundings. We passed the entire length and close to "Ellen's Isle,"—

> "Where for retreat in dangerous hour
> Some chief had framed a rustic bower."

It is a small, rocky island, but picturesque, and covered with shrubbery. Mountains were about us. Ben Venue in the south towered 2,393 feet into the sky. Alighting at the romantic rustic pier and covered walk, we took the four-horse coach in waiting to carry us through the Trossachs. This word means bristled territory, and is a wild, mountainous section of great beauty. The high hills kept their sentinel guard above and around us, till we reached and dined at the elegant Trossachs hotel, which commands a fine view of that region. The Trossachs are very pleasing, but there is not that extreme ruggedness and grandeur, and the towering precipitous mountains, which are seen in some localities. Passing out of the bristled territory, we went along the shores of Loch Achray, a peaceful lake, and soon rode over the old and famous Brigg of Turk, spoken of in the lines,—



> "And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
> The headmost horseman rode alone."

There is Loch Vennachar, five miles in length, and then the river Firth, which flows from it. To the south was pointed out the locality of Coilantangle Ford, where Roderick Dhu challenged Fitz-James to combat.

> "See, here all vantageless I stand,
> Armed like thyself with single brand;
> For this is Coilantangle Ford,
> And thou must keep thee by thy sword."

On a height near the road are the remains of an ancient British fort. Then we entered Callander. The whole route had been all that could be desired. The scenery was fine, the territory was historic. American scenery may be as beautiful, but it lacks *history*. It lacks the great binding power of thrilling associations. On reaching St. Enoch's hotel at Glasgow, I had the pleasure of meeting with Ex-Governor P. C. Cheney and family, of New Hampshire.

THE
TROSACHS

On May 30th I left Glasgow for England. Kilmarnock was the first important town reached. Here it was that the bright Scotch girl said she could n't "see what it was that made her brother think so much of the lassies." For her part, she "would rather have one good man than all the lassies in Kilmarnock!"

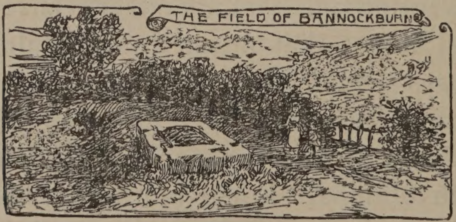
It was the earliest mentioned home of the Boyd family, now so numerous in Scotland, Ireland, and America. Robert Boyd, of Kilmarnock, who died before 1240, is the ancestor of the various families of that name. King Robert Bruce granted the lands of Kilmarnock, Bodington, and others, to his firm adherent, Sir Robert Boyd, ancestor of the Earls of Kilmarnock. The Boyds of Pinkhill, of Trochrig, were descended from Adam, son of Alexander, and son of Lord Robert Boyd, chamberlain of Scotland in the minority of James III. Near the city of Kilmarnock is an ancient ivy-covered castle of the Boyds, which is of much interest.

Farther south is Dumfries, where died and is buried Robert Burns. Then the "Debatable Land" was reached, then the green fields of England.

Among the saddest things in life are thwarted plans, sweet dreams that are never realized, fondly cherished hopes that never attain fulfilment. It had always been my desire to visit Scotland. This dream came true, the hope was realized, the expectation of enjoyment and intellectual profit had been fulfilled. I had journeyed many hundred miles from the south to the north, from the west to the east, from the east to the west, and from the surf-beaten shores of the Hebrides to the

English border again; had crossed her lovely lakes, sailed about her ocean-beaten coasts, roamed among her mountains, and mused on lofty summits; had trod her battle-fields, visited places sacred forever as the homes of many of her noblest and truest children, and stood by the places where their bodies repose in dreamless sleep. The hour was at hand which would bring this journey to a close; the moment drew nigh when the visit would belong to memory alone. When the afternoon sun sank in the west, her historic places and mountain peaks faded from my view, and I ceased to breathe the bracing air of the land of my ancestors.

The Scotch are a noble people. Life is deep and rich with them. It has a meaning and a reality. Would that it were broader! They have faults and foibles, but in spite of them and with them all, I love the Scotch people still—and dear old Scotland! May the choicest, richest blessings rest upon her and them!



[See page 181.]

CHAPTER X.

ENGLAND.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea."

"All the fields
Are tied up fast with hedges, * *
The hills are crumpled plains, the plains pastures,
And if you seek for any wilderness,
You find at best a park."

LAND of lands, how beautiful is England! In the "Land of the Angles" has been a rich and varied life. In spite of errors and grave defects of its governments, its people have for centuries been rising to a nobler plane of life and thought, and to a truer liberty. There originated the English constitution, upon which all other free ones are founded. There rulers were compelled to hear the voice of the people, and grant their reluctant consent to the demand for greater rights and broader privileges. Its literature is rich with the eloquence of her sons, the songs of her poets, and the glowing pages of her historians.

To the tourist England seems greatly unlike Scotland. Its annals are different. It is not a locality of clans, and different associations cling to her cities and towns. The change from the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood"

to the green verdure of England was pleasing. The farther south I travelled the more apparent became the approach of spring. The grass bore a greener tint and the trees a denser foliage. The great mountain ranges had vanished, and lesser ones were near. There were peace and quietness, and in close proximity were the greenness of a beautiful country and the loveliness of the English lakes.

The unattractive, seedy city of Carlisle, with its old castle, or the remains of one, was the first place of importance visited. Then I reached Penrith, eight miles farther south. It is an ancient place of eight thousand people, and is in the southern portion of the county of Cumberland. A castle, beautiful in its ruins, overlooks the town, and adds to its interest. Brougham hall, the seat of the late Lord Brougham, is a mile and a half away. In the vicinity is Eden hall, on the river Eden, the seat of the border family of Musgraves, who came to England with William the Conqueror.

Keswick, on the river Greta, is an interesting town. The Skiddaw mountain keeps guard about it. On an eminence is Greta hall, noted as being the home of Robert Southey, the poet laureate. He was born at Bedminster, near Bristol, Aug. 12, 1774, was appointed poet laureate in 1813, and died at Keswick March 21, 1843. This whole region abounds with lovely scenery, and perhaps in all England there is no locality, of so small a space, which has been honored by being the home of such a galaxy of persons of genius. Here lived Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the great prodigal of the richest gifts. He was born at Ottery, St. Mary, county of Devon, Oct. 21, 1772, and removed to Keswick about 1800. In 1808 or 1809 he left his family to be cared for by his friend Southey, and went to live with Wordsworth at Grasmere. In 1810 he left the Lake Country forever, and died at the house of his friend, Mr. Gilman, at Highgate, London, July 25, 1834.

> "He flung away
> Those keys that might have open set
> The golden sluices of the day,
> But clutched the keys of darkness yet."

From Keswick I took the grand coach drive over Dunmail Raise Pass to Windermere, a distance of twenty-two miles. It is one of the finest drives in northern England, and was the most enjoyable one to me. The day was perfect: no lovelier one ever dawned upon the earth. The whole way was filled with scenes of beauty and associations of the past. My travelling companions were all that could be desired. They consisted of a gentleman and his wife from Leeds, who occupied the forward seat with the driver, and four highly intelligent young ladies, two from

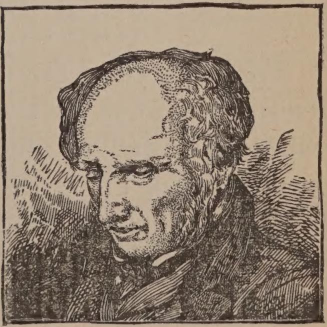
London and two from Glasgow. It may with propriety be added that the presence of these latter did not detract at all from my pleasure in the ride. The remainder of the coach was filled with transient passengers and baggage.

We left Keswick, with coach and four horses, in the early morning, and as we were driven rapidly through the narrow streets, from hotel to hotel, the driver merrily sounded his horn. How odd were the names of inns! There were "The Fish," "Dog and Duck," "Fighting Cocks," "Deerhound," "Pig and Whistle," "Red Lion," "Black Lion," "Elephant and Castle," "Lamb and Lark," and I know not how many more.

We drove through narrow streets, and through the market-place,—which even at that early hour was filled with the people from the country, with their produce, who were chaffering with the buyers,—out of the village, over a road as perfect as could be made, to the top of a hill overlooking Keswick lake, or Derwentwater, as it is oftener called. This lake is three and a half miles long and perhaps half as broad. It is beautifully situated, being surrounded by high hills.

The gentleman from Leeds was a travelled man and very intelligent. Unlike many Britons, he was thoroughly informed on matters outside of his own affairs, city or country, and was familiar with our system of government, with politics in the United States, and with our public men. He was more like an American than like an Englishman. He was a jolly man, and a wit withal, and we owed it to him that our ride was so enjoyable. He talked to all of us, and his mirth was so contagious that many a merry laugh did we have during the famous ride. All were in the best of humor, and there was the freedom of old acquaintanceship.

The route lay by the valley of St. John and Thirlemere lake, over Dunmail Raise Pass, at a height of 720 feet. From the hill the village of Grasmere, with all its varied beauties, was spread out beneath us. At a point noted for its echoes, the driver gave a few blasts upon his bugle-horn, which awoke answering responses in the slumbering mountains. From this place was an easy descent to the village. Thirlemere lake is only a mile and a third in length, and a third of a mile in breadth, with an island in its centre.



William Wordsworth.

Grasmere won my heart. Such greenness, quietness, and beauty surround the village, lake, and encircling hills! Sweet memories cling to the locality.

> "O vale and lake, within your mountain well,
> Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep!"

It has been immortalized by genius.

Late in the year 1799, William Wordsworth, with his sister, took up his residence—which was to be lifelong—among the mountains and lakes of his native district, and settled at Grasmere, in a small cottage which overlooked the lake. This was his happy home for eight years, when he removed to Allan Bank, at the head of the lake, which was his abode for three years. In the spring of 1813 he moved to Rydal Mount, two miles away, where he resided till his death, thirty-seven years later.

From that little cottage at Grasmere many of his poems went forth to the world. To it, in October, 1802, he brought, as his bride, from Penrith, the bright companion of his early life, Mary Hutchinson,—

> "A perfect woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

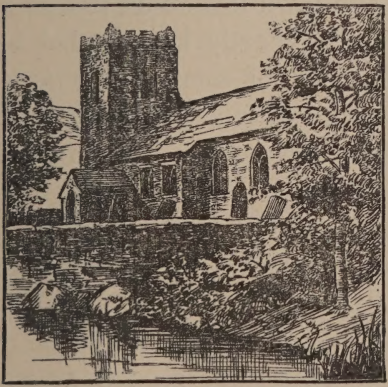
For many years the most endearing relationship existed between him and his sister Dorothy, to whom he owed so much. His allusion to her is very touching:

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

He was born at Cockermouth, county of Cumberland, April 7, 1770; was made poet laureate on the death of his friend Robert Southey, in 1843; and died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850, in his eighty-first year.

Near the rude stone wall in the little churchyard at Grasmere, beneath the green sod and the shadowing trees, in close proximity to the murmuring waters of a beautiful stream, with the lofty mountains about him in which he delighted, the poet laureate quietly sleeps.

The cold, dark slate-colored stone above him is modest and unpretending. It is inscribed, "William Wordsworth, 1850," and underneath, "Mary Wordsworth, 1859." All the Wordsworth family lie in this yard,—his brother, his sister, his wife and children, and his sister-in-law, dear as a sister to him.



Grasmere Church.

In close proximity was the rude but dignified little church, dating back nearly, if not quite, to the time of the Conquest, and which had no floor, save the cold ground, till 1840. Here the poet worshipped, and the pew he occupied is an object of interest. The grave of Hartley Coleridge is in this same yard.

Grasmere is continually thronged with tourists, most of whom visit the ancient church and sacred yard. Leaving this attractive place, we passed

Rydal lake, less than a mile in length and a fourth in breadth, and the heights of Knab Scar on the left and Loughrigfell on the right, near Rydal Mount, which was Wordsworth's later home. The house is a modest mansion, of two stories, about which cling the ivy, the roses, and the Virginia creeper. It stands on the sloping side of a rocky hill, overlooking Lake Windermere and the Vale of Rothay. This house is not considered so pleasing as the poet's cottage at Grasmere, but both are visited by travellers almost innumerable.

Ambleside is an irregular town of some 2,000 people, situated on steeply inclined land. Here were offered for sale many views of the localities of the lake region. The town lies about one mile from Lake Windermere, is mostly surrounded by mountains, and is a place of many attractions. The home of the rare, gifted, strong-minded Harriet Martineau was shown to us. There was the "Dove's Nest" among the trees and ivy, the abode of the sweet and sad poet, Mrs. Hemans. Her life was a poem. She was one of "God's nightingales," and sang,—

> "Pressing her bosom upon a secret thorn."

The whole route is infested with homes of literary celebrities, and this fact gives the localities as much interest as their natural beauties, though they are very great. Passing along by the shore of Lake Windermere, its clear blue waters plainly in view, we reached Windermere. On the route we had seen the smallest cathedral in England, where the congregation numbers at most only twenty-two persons, and usually not over eight. Of course it is of the Established Church, and the manse is a very nice, comfortable stone house, where the clergyman resides. The value of his "living," besides the manse, was £120 or $576—a very comfortable income for doing little. This is an illustration of one of the abuses in Great Britain,—and there are many.

Lake Windermere is eleven miles in length and one in breadth. A small steamer goes from point to point daily, and many skiffs are seen upon its blue waters. This closed my tour in the Lake Country, which was a continual pleasure, and retrospectively will be a source of gratification forever. The scenic beauties and historic attractions were a revelation to me, and are stamped upon my soul. In none of my ramblings have I had keener enjoyment. The houses covered with clinging ivy and surrounded with hedges, the green shade-trees, the large fields, the high hills, the singing brooks, and the quiet waters of the lakes, which reflect the great heaven of blue, hint but dimly of the charms of this fairest part of "dear old England." When the skies *are* fair, nowhere in the wide world are they bluer or brighter than in these retreats about the English lakes. Nowhere are the trees clothed with a denser foliage, or the grass greener, or the songs of birds sweeter, than amid these scenes of quietness, of peace, of beauty. At the railway station at Windermere, with expressions of mutual regrets, we mourned the departure of our Glasgow and London friends, previously mentioned, who had thrown such a halo of brightness around this portion of my journey, not to mention a like pleasure given to my aged friend from Leeds. May joy attend them!

We reached Kendall, and at Oxenholme, two miles distant, where the Kendall & Windermere Railway forms a junction with the Lancaster & Carlisle road, we changed coaches for Leeds.

An amusing episode occurred on the way to Leeds, which will be noted. Englishmen have an extravagant view of the badness of American politics, and do not hesitate to express the opinion that they are utterly corrupt. They do not understand the manners of the American press, which are extravagant, and blazon to the world the most trivial events for business or partisan purposes. It is not so in England. Corruption and venality in government circles are covered up or hardly mentioned, save on special occasions, when some paper like the *Pall Mall Gazette* lifts the veil, and shows to the world the iniquity which exists among all classes of their people. Then the papers are obliged to notice these things, either by flat denial, or by acknowledgment of their truth. I deny that politics are any more corrupt here than there, or that their government is any purer than ours. Having grown restive from hearing my country criticized severely and repeatedly, an opportunity occurred when I might have a little quiet enjoyment at the expense of my English friends. In the daily *Times* was a notice of a Baptist clergyman who for some misdemeanor had been arrested and taken into "durance vile." Turning to my friend from Leeds, I sportively called his attention to this item, and remarked that I was surprised and pained at the evidences of corruption everywhere apparent in the British body politic, as shown in their daily press; and that this was so extensive, infesting all classes, that even their *clergymen* could not always be trusted! It so happened that a young clergyman of the Established Church was an occupant of the car, and heard the remark. He broke in by saying,—"I beg pawdon, but he was not a clergyman; he was nothing but a Baptist preacher." "Do you not recognize any as clergymen, except those of the Established Church?" "Not any." "Do you not recognize Spurgeon, Dr. Parker, and others who are among the brightest lights in the church, as co-laborers with you in proclaiming the truth?" "No, I recognize them only as members of a political clique; and Mr. Spurgeon was not an Oxford graduate,—not a man of *culture*. He [Spurgeon] himself did not claim to be. I can readily see how this will appear to you as an American." The gentleman from Leeds, who was a Wesleyan, and did not love the Established Church, said,—"Is it not possible that a man may have ability and culture even though he be not a graduate of Oxford? I have known four of your men of culture, of your Oxford graduates, ministers of the Established Church, in my own parish: two of them were nothing but dog-fanciers, and four bigger donkeys I never met." Quietly withdrawing from the discussion, I listened with much amusement to the two Englishmen. Each was sharp, combative, and intelligent. The gentleman from Leeds had a broad mind, with broad views, and expressed himself with great force, fluency, and keenness. The clergyman was finely educated, very keen, very narrow, and a bigot. When the wordy discussion died away,—

> "—— silence, like a poultice, came
> To heal the blows of sound."

After the departure of the clergyman, the gentleman from Leeds said,—"I have no love for the Established Church, but, as an Englishman and a friend of justice, I do not wish you, an American, to think for a moment that this clergyman was a fair representative of the order. He is not; for in truth a more bigoted member of the Church I never met." My acquaintances now had subjects to reflect upon in their own localities, and grievances for them to redress nearer home than America. A few hours' ride through a rich and well cultivated country brought us to Leeds, where my friend left me, but whom I subsequently met by chance in Liverpool several weeks later, on the eve of my departure for America.

Leeds, with a population of less than 300,000, is the largest city in the county of York, and is the fifth town in England in point of business and commercial activity. A few hours only were spent in the place. Its new town hall is one of great elegance and solidity, and well repays a visit. From Leeds I went to the old city of York, where I spent the Sabbath. This visit was greatly enjoyed, for the city is a very ancient one, and has much to interest and instruct the visitor. Founded, according to some, nearly a thousand years before the Christian era, yet little is known of its history until the advent of the Romans. It was a great Roman station, and many Roman ruins are still extant. It is a walled town, and the greater part still stands, and is kept in good order. It is an enjoyable walk of some three miles to follow the walls about the city, and many pleasant views of the city and the outside country can be obtained from them. Like Londonderry and Chester, the city has extended greatly beyond the walls.

The river Ouse flows through the city. At 10 A. M. the chimes of York cathedral, which is one of the most beautiful churches in England, sent forth their glad notes, calling worshippers to its sacred precincts. The cathedral is 524 feet in length, 222 feet wide, and 99 feet high, and was founded in the year 626. It is a wonderful building, externally and internally. Being built of light sandstone, exposure to the weather causes thin flakes to peel off continually, which destroys much of its external beauty. The number of ghouls, devils, and men's heads stuck in every conceivable cornice, is enormous. Many have been defaced by time,—a nose gone, or a part of the head itself destroyed,—but the general effect when not closely examined is not much injured. The open grounds about it add greatly to its attractiveness. The services were those of the Established Episcopal Church, which were interesting.

"The music, too—dear music, that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much,"

I have never heard surpassed. It was furnished by a choir of boys in robes, who marched as they sang. Now the chant was sweet and strong, then soft and low as they receded in the distance and filed through the different parts of the great building, and the tones of exceeding sweetness were those of a far-off song. As they came nearer, that refrain echoed through the high arches, and louder were the notes of praise. As they came in view, and marched into the worshipping hall, the chant burst into a grand, triumphant song, making the cathedral ring with the sweetest, strongest, most joyful strains of praise!

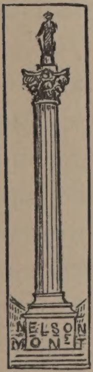
I visited the old Abbey of St. Mary, now in ruins, and the Museum of Antiquities. There were numerous coffins of stone, some with their stone covers removed, and some with the lids still covering them. These were remnants of the Roman period, and in them had been interred the bodies of distinguished Romans. There were the walls of an old tower built by the Romans, where the masonry was as perfect as when completed, some 1,800 years ago. The thin, wide bricks of Roman manufacture were distinctly visible. I wandered over the quaint old city, through some of its very, very narrow streets, which seemed so peculiar. The whole town has a strange, foreign look, with its houses with red tile roofs.

The following morning I called upon a relative who was living in York, to whom my advent was a great surprise and a mutual pleasure. Being impatient for American news, which awaited me in London, I took the 10 o'clock A. M. train for that city, one hundred and ninety miles away. The day was perfect: the country was never greener, nor the trees lovelier. The ride was enjoyable. In the afternoon I arrived at King's Cross, and taking a cab was driven across the city to Whitfield's hotel, 7 Beaufort buildings, Strand, W. C., which was my London home. The large mail which awaited me gave me the greatest pleasure, for I was famishing for American news. My life in the metropolis of the world now commenced, and the time spent there is an oasis in my busy life.

CHAPTER XI.

IN LONDON.

LONDON is the largest city in the world. Four millions of human beings dwell there. It is the place of which all have read, and which all desire to see,—the place of power, wealth, influence. All peoples flock to it as the rivers flow to the sea. It is solid, substantial; it is, as a whole, beautiful. I love London, for it seems homelike,—one can find his way about so easily. Each street is historic;—and when an American rambles through the Strand to Trafalgar square, through Pall Mall with its famous clubs, through Piccadilly, and through other noted streets of this famous city; or when at the Parliament Houses, Westminster abbey, and the Tower, on the Embankment, or sailing the Thames in whose waters a thousand twinkling lamps are reflected,—it does not seem like a foreign country, far from the land of his nativity, but rather like going up to the ancient home, where he can see and commune with the great personages of history, and look over places of which all the world has read. There is so much to see, so much to admire, that one could spend months in roaming. This city, with its fifteen hundred miles of streets, with sewers two thousand miles in extent, with four hundred and eighteen thousand inhabited houses which belch forth smoke continually, I have heard stigmatized as smoky, dark, foggy, and generally disagreeable. It did not seem so to me, save on one very rainy day. London had bright skies for me, was a kind hostess, and I will speak well of her.



My location during my two visits to the city was at a comfortable family hotel just off the Strand, a few rods from Exeter Hall, and directly opposite the Savoy theatre. One of my first adventures was a visit to Charing Cross, a central locality, and a point from which it is easy to start in many directions. This locality derives its name from the fact that here Edward I erected a cross (1291–'94) in memory of his wife. At this point in Trafalgar square, named in honor of Lord Nelson's great victory at Trafalgar, is a monument one hundred and forty-five feet in height, surmounted by a statue of the distinguished admiral. Going toward the Parliament Houses, one passes Scotland Yard, now the head-quarters of the Metropolitan police. The poet Milton lodged in apartments here when secretary for Cromwell. Here it was that the dynamiters made the place famous through all the world by exploding dynamite, and causing great damage, doing it beneath the very gaze, almost, of the police, and going undetected. On visiting the spot, I observed that a corner wall of a building was torn out, windows were broken, and all things were shattered in every conceivable manner. Opposite is the Admiralty, and one passes through Whitehall to Parliament street and Parliament buildings.

It was at Whitehall that the weak, bigoted, treacherous King Charles I suffered the penalty of the law for his crimes against the British people. That act had the effect of awakening a little common-sense in the minds of the royal family, and it has had a wholesome influence ever since. Cromwell, he of the fearless heart and iron hand, was at the head of the Commonwealth. It was refreshing to have a man of brains, resolute and brave, at the helm of government after the weakness and vacillation of Charles I.

Thought was busy when I approached the Parliament buildings. England has no reason to love the Stuarts. After the Restoration, and when Charles II was secure upon his throne, the head of Cromwell was nailed up over the entrance to Westminster Hall. A member of parliament pointed out the spot to me. Westminster abbey, the grandest burial-place in all history, was at hand. Then there was the Embankment on the Thames, which extends to Blackfriar's bridge. This is land reclaimed from the river, varying from 200 to 450 feet in width, and makes about thirty acres. A solid granite wall, very thick and high, runs along the river's edge. On the Embankment is a road more than six rods wide, while shade-trees line all the way; and at sections there are small parks, with trees and lawns and beds of rare flowers. This is one of the most delightful promenades in London. Charming it was in moonlit evenings to wander over it, and look at the waters of the Thames, which reflected the torches of the sky and streets, and, when the evening was dark, to see the glittering lights of London town from either side reproduce themselves in the flowing stream. Very attractive are

"Those gleaming, flashing lights that grace the city's crown.
What fortunes lie within you, O lights of London town!"

Beneath the Embankment is an underground railway, besides a tunnel which is a great sewer, and another which contains gas pipes, telegraph wires, and water pipes. When one has ridden on the underground railways from one side of the city to the other, and beneath the Thames, it seems as though the great city was completely honeycombed with one thing or another. There was the Egyptian obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle, overlooking the Thames. It is seventy feet in height, and was removed from the sand at Alexandria, Egypt, to London in 1878. It is a much finer monument than the one in Central

Park, New York, but not so elegant as the one in Paris. It is a rare and imposing memento of a former age, and of a civilization differing from ours. It was distinctly in view, and only a short distance from the windows of my hotel. This was my first ramble about London. The hotel at Beaufort buildings occupies the site of the Worcester House, owned by the Marquis of Worcester. Here, in September, 1662, was married the Duke of York, afterwards James II, to Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. Exeter Hall was only a few rods distant, where is the Young Men's Christian Association. Here, also, is something very rare in Great Britain, and which deserves proclaiming throughout the length and breadth of the earth: it is a restaurant where the attendants are strictly prohibited from taking "tips," and every American visiting London should patronize it.

It was my privilege, when in Edinburgh, to see and hear that remarkable American woman as well as actress, Mary Anderson. Her face is beautiful, as pure and spirituelle as could be wrought in marble. It was a continual delight to listen to her. At Glasgow I listened to the distinguished Italian, Salvini. It is rank heresy, and shows a lack of culture, not to admire him and his acting; still, neither pleased me. His face, "the mirror of the soul," did not attract, and his manner was too florid, too intense, and much overdone. In London, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were listened to with delight, in "Much Ado About Nothing." Attending the Savoy theatre was not an unpleasant recreation. A gentleman from Alabama was my companion at the Drury Lane theatre, which is the oldest in London. The first theatre on this spot was opened in 1633. The most celebrated English actors of the last two and a half centuries have appeared here, and the most noted persons have been auditors. Here, in 1666, was Nell Gwynne. Later came Booth, Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean; and here, in 1851, Macready bade adieu to the stage. The entertainment, at the time of my visit, was not interesting to me. A colored troupe—in appearance—was the attraction, but I do not think English Africans a success! Only the historic associations connected with the locality afforded me pleasure.

Within easy distance was Covent Garden, which I visited many times. No tourist has seen London who has not visited this place. It is of great interest and celebrity. The derivation of the name is from the Convent Garden of Westminster, that once occupied this site and the adjacent locality. Covent Garden market-house was erected in 1830, and supplies half of London with vegetables and flowers. The choicest and rarest are there for sale. It is a unique sight to pass through this place and see the donkey carts and the little carts of small traders filled with produce, or waiting to be filled. All is bustle and confusion. But this spot, celebrated as it is, in itself is no more attractive than markets in Boston and New York.

The American in London will always visit the American Exchange, where most of our countrymen go and register their names, meet other Americans, and read the American papers, with which the reading-room is filled. There I had the pleasure of meeting ex-Gov. Noyes of Ohio, formerly minister to France, and ex-Sec. Windom of Minnesota, member of President Garfield's cabinet. I also met Mr. Henry F. Waters of Salem, Mass., who is doing such valuable work, in a historical line, for New England. He is the agent of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; and at Somerset House, among the wills of two centuries or so ago, he is gleaning a rich harvest of historical and genealogical matters relating to the early settlers of New England, and to their early homes, and relatives whom they left in England. This work is above money value, and Mr. Waters, from his long study of the history and names of the families who first settled in New England, is admirably adapted for this special work. The wills and records are written in the old "court hand," with contractions, in English and Latin, and are very elegant, but an amateur can do but little in deciphering them. One must make a study of it, and learn to read this writing, before success will crown his efforts in getting information. Mr. Waters is doing his work so well that he should be kept at his post by the society.

Somerset House, on the Strand, stands on the site of an old palace built by the Lord Protector Somerset. There dwelt the wives of Kings James I, Charles I, and his son Charles II. The present building was finished in 1786, except one wing which was completed in 1852. An archway is the entrance from the Strand. Fronting the Thames, the building is elegant, having a facing of 800 feet in length, and ornamented with numerous columns, making it one of the finest buildings in London. It is in the form of a quadrangle, and is filled with government offices. Among them is the office of wills and probate. The Calendars can be searched for one shilling (twenty-five cents). The originals can be seen for one shilling. Immense books, with heavy clasps, are made by putting great numbers of these old documents together. It is a curiosity to look over these old records so long after the busy brain which directed them has become quiet, and the hand which wrote them has gone back to dust.

James A. D. Camp, Esq., of London, a legal gentleman, attended me at Somerset House in some investigations, and showed me many courtesies.

One of my most delightful rambles in London was to Kew Gardens and Richmond Hill. My companion was an English gentleman, whose acquaintance was made in Glasgow. We took boat on the Thames, and passed on the river some ten miles to Kew Gardens. The ride on the river was exhilarating and grand. The Thames flowed like a belt of silver beneath the bright skies of that day, through fertile lands: great trees with dense foliage are upon its banks. It was a relief, a delight, to get out of London, with its hurrying crowds and blackened walls of great buildings, on to the shimmering water, and into the sweet breezes and pure air of the country. The river was covered with different kinds of crafts, and as we receded from the dense part of London, we came upon multitudes of sporting boats, long, slender, light shells with a single rower, and others with a full boat's crew. It was a beautiful sight to watch them, as with the vigorous strokes of the oarsmen, given with the precision of machinery, the boat skimmed over the unresisting waters, and was skilfully guided by the cockswain through the multitude of boats on the river. We were at Kew Gardens at last, and what a place of luxuriant beauty! They comprise 270 acres, laid out with artistic taste, and cultivated with all the skill which science can bring. The hot-houses are marvels of excellence, and contain the most perfect collections in the world of tropical trees and rare and beautiful plants, all of which grow luxuriantly. Palm-trees are there which grow to the glass roof, sixty-four feet in height; also the banana, the cocoanut, the clove, and other rare trees of the tropics. The grounds are all that could be desired in way of beauty. It is with unalloyed pleasure that one wanders over them, drinking in their many charms. The distance to Richmond Hill is not quite two miles. Thither we went. It was named by Henry VII, after himself, who was once Earl of Richmond. It is situated on the Thames. Here died Queen Elizabeth. I was wholly unprepared for the scene of loveliness which greeted my eyes. The view from Richmond Hill is divinely fair. One's eyes sweep over forests, meadows, fields; the winding Thames, flowing along through verdant lowlands, reflecting in its lovely bosom the deep blue of the arching sky; the trees, so heavily foliaged, so grand, so beautiful, as one stands on a higher elevation than they, and looks down upon their luxuriant forms beneath; and in the distance,—

"O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!"

Richmond is not a really commercial city, but is rather a city of homes. Many of the proprietors of its elegant establishments do business in London, but live here. Its population is 100,000. In earlier days the place was called West Sheen, but the old palace of royalty has almost entirely disappeared. "The Star and Garter," where, in other centuries the members of the royal family banqueted, is still there. This famous hotel commands the view already described, which is one of the finest in England. Richmond Park, the nearest, is large and beautiful. Richmond Hill will be a bright place in my memory. The sun was sinking to rest when we departed, casting a mellow light over the winding river, the leafy trees, the verdant meadows, and the distant hills, bathing all, crowning all, with the glory of departing day. The scene, so quiet, so peaceful, so lovely, is ineffaceably stamped upon my mind.

Returning by rail, we were ushered into London in the evening, and soon were upon the Strand, amidst its motley, hurrying crowds, and in the roar and rush of the great city. The famous National Gallery of pictures was often visited. One can spend hours, days, or weeks in their pleasant inspection. In passing through Pall Mall, one sees magnificent edifices which line the street. Here are the most noted clubs in the world, in one of the best known streets in christendom.

St. James's park covers over ninety acres of ground. I entered "The Mall," with its lovely walks and groves, which extends a half mile to Buckingham palace. This was the play-ground of Charles II and his friends. At the left was a little lake with its spanning bridge which connects the Mall with Westminster. This was all historic ground. I passed in the rear of Marlborough

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

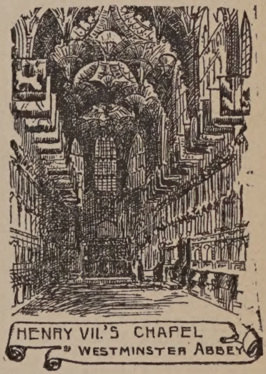
House, the home of the Prince of Wales; then St. James's palace, where Charles II was born, and where Charles I lived, and where he slept the night before his execution. On January 30, 1649, he walked over this very ground, between a file of soldiers, to his execution at Whitehall. Like any other criminal, he was tried before a high tribunal, found guilty, and executed. Passing out of the groves, one comes to the front entrance of the court-yard of Buckingham palace. When the sentinel informed me that "none but royalty were permitted to enter" there, I sought for a ticket of admission to the queen's stables. The directions request visitors not to give fees to the servants, which were obeyed by me to the very letter; but the disappointed look of the man in charge really awakened my sympathy.

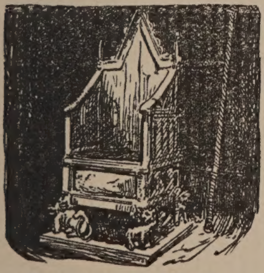
I visited Westminster abbey, which stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo. In 610 King Sebert founded the first Christian church, still known as the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. The abbey is 416 feet in length, 200 feet in width, and 101 feet in height, and the height of the towers is 225 feet. After running the gauntlet of guide-book sellers, and having the usual sixpence abstracted from me, the same as has been the experience of all other travellers before me, and will be to all after me till the nuisance is abated, I entered the main entrance of the abbey. This is managed on business principles, and one pays as he goes. A very red-faced man, who looks and acts like a man grown old as a bar-tender and patron, acts as escort. He is called a verger. At the gate of a chapel a sixpence more is demanded, when his brother verger admits you and your companions, and locks the gate. Visitors usually go in crowds of from twenty to thirty, and he acts as guide,—passes from point to point, from tomb to tomb, and explains who is buried in them or beneath them.

A wonderful place is this abbey, for here sleep the mighty dead of Great Britain. Here rest together more illustrious ones than in any other place upon the planet. One writer aptly says that it is singular that no bad men were ever buried here, for, judging by the inscriptions on the memorial stones, they were "very good." As one moves about among the tombs of the illustrious dead, the influence of the long ago comes powerfully over him. He is in the silent presence of those who made centuries of British history. He communes with the long gone past—a past where was much of wrong, but also much of good. Sad, sweet, tender, loving memories flood one's soul as he moves from spot to spot in this grandest burial-place on earth!

Wandering about, at last one becomes wearied and bewildered with the innumerable tablets, busts, statues recumbent, erect, or kneeling, found in all parts of Westminster abbey, in transept, in nave, in aisle. In very many cases they were erected to persons whose notoriety is no more lasting than these monuments, their reputation was local only, and to others whose fame is wide as the world and as lasting as time.

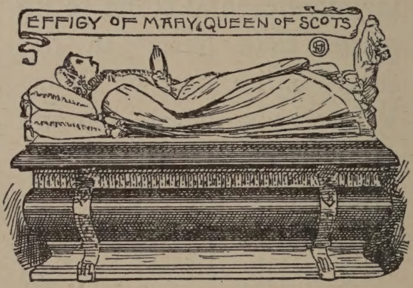
We passed into the magnificent chapel of Henry VII, erected 1502, and called, from its wondrous beauty, "the miracle of the world." Its decorations are wonderful, and nowhere in England is there a choicer spot for monumental stone to be placed than here. In the centre is the tomb of Henry VII and his queen. On one side is that of the haughty Elizabeth, with her recumbent statue, with the nose very much softened down from the sharp and high proportions of the original, as shown in the usual engravings. On the opposite side is buried her cousin and victim, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, with her recumbent statue of white marble a beautiful representation of her personal charms. Many other monarchs are here. The coronation chair, always used when a sover-



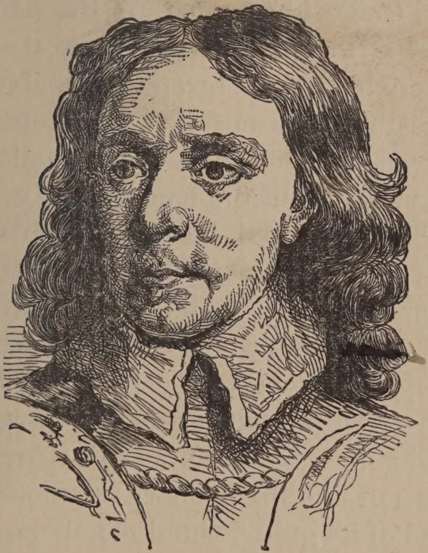

Coronation Chair.

eign is crowned, contains the famous stone of Scone, on which the kings of Scotland were crowned. It is 11 inches thick, 26 inches long, and 16¾ inches broad, and is of red white sandstone. It was once in the Abbey of Scone, Scotland, and was carried to England by Edward I when he claimed to have subdued the kingdom. I saw the resting-place of that great man, Dean Stanley. They keep his memory green, and the pavement above him was ornamented with a wreath of fresh, beautiful flowers.

Here slept Cromwell the Protector, and England's greatest man. The place is at the eastern end, and a bare, half circular space is to be seen, and an inscription on the pavement informs the visitor that he was buried there. After Cromwell's death his body was embalmed, laid in state for a time, and was subsequently interred with the most distinguished honors in this grandest place in the abbey, where for some three years it rested in peace. Twelve months after Charles II had returned to the throne, by a vote of the House of Commons the body of The Protector was taken from its resting-place, carted to the Red Lion inn, in Holborn, where it remained a night.


EFFIGY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

The following day it was taken to Tyburn gallows, where criminals were executed; and on the 12th anniversary of the execution of Charles I the dead body of Cromwell was hanged, and remained from sunrise to sunset, then taken down and beheaded, the body buried beneath the gallows, and his head, with a spike driven through it and affixed to a handle of oak, was fastened upon the exterior of Westminster Hall, beneath whose gorgeous roof he had sat in judgment upon Charles I. The fierce winds and beating storms for twenty years smote the dead face of Cromwell, while the "merry monarch" and his corrupt court revelled beneath it. During a tempestuous night the



Oliver Cromwell.

oaken shaft was broken, and the head fell to the ground. In the morning the sentry found it, who retained it till his death. It passed through several hands, and was, in 1884, in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, some twenty miles from London. Hair is upon the head and face, with the mark of the wart over the right eye. The spike is rusted into the skull.

England has never recognized publicly Cromwell's greatness, because he was a plebeian. Statues of royal poltroons and royal simpletons meet one everywhere, but the name of her greatest son has not been honored, his virtues have not been recognized. His great abilities, his marvellous achievements, the influential position he gave England before the world, and the fear which his name inspired among the rulers of mankind, have not been given prominence by the government of Great Britain. The reason is easily found. Royalty does not like the memory of a man who executed one of its guilty, sinful members.

To show the change in public opinion, and the liberalizing influence operating upon the English government, the plan is now agitated of erecting a monument to him in the open yard fronting Westminster Hall, which will sometime be done. It is a singular fact, that probably in all Great Britain there is not a monument erected to his memory. One cannot love the memory of many of the rulers buried there.

It was a very great pleasure to turn from this portion of the abbey to the "Poet's Corner," and to be surrounded by memorials of those who are greatest in the world of letters and in the affections of the race. There was the place where the illustrious dramatist was buried, in a standing position, with his head, it is said, less than a foot beneath the pavement, while above is the laconic inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson." Among memorials of the greatest men who ever lived a statue had just been placed of our own classic and beloved Longfellow, for whom Britons have unbounded regard, greater than for Tennyson. Probably more copies of his poems will be found in British homes than of any other poet. It may be well that his statue is there; but is there not great danger that one half of the English people, with their ignorance of America and Americans, will think that Longfellow was an Englishman?

In the south aisle of the nave are memorials of Sir Isaac Newton, the Wesleys, Isaac Watts, Wordsworth, Canon Kingsley, and Major André. Going to the tomb of the latter, around which were many visitors, presumably Americans, I copied the inscription:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ,

"Who, raised by merit at an early period of Life to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British Forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous Enterprise, fell a Sacrifice to his Zeal for his

> King and Country on the 2d of October, A. D. 1780, Aged 29, universally Beloved and esteemed by the Army in which he served, and lamented even by his Foes. His gracious Sovereign, King George the Third, has caused this monument to be erected.
>
> "The remains of Major John André were on the 10th of August, 1821, removed from Tappan, New York, by James Buchanan, Esq., His Majesty's Consul at New York, under instructions of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and with the permission of the Dean and Chapter finally deposited in a grave contiguous to this monument, on the 28th of November, 1821."

Such is the inscription on the tablet to the gallant but unfortunate young officer whose unhappy fate Americans commiserate, but whose success in that "important but hazardous enterprise" might have prevented the achievement of American independence, and doomed to death as rebels those whom Americans now greatly honor as Revolutionary heroes, and the fathers and founders of our liberties and of the United States government.

I attended religious services twice in the abbey. Once upon a clear, sunny Sabbath, when the place was filled to its utmost capacity with its rich and titled worshippers, the *élite* of London, and with strangers. The hours spent there were hours of profit. England prizes above value Westminster abbey, and well she may. As descendants of those who helped make British history and Britain what they are, Americans can claim a share in this glorious inheritance. They who sleep their last sleep there are of our own race as well as theirs, and we can share all these honors with our cousins across the sea.

Upon a clear Sabbath morning I went along the Strand and crossed the Thames by Waterloo bridge and along Waterloo road to Newington, to see and hear Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The Metropolitan Tabernacle, where he preaches, is a large, fine building, and will seat from seven to ten thousand people. Arriving early, many people were waiting for the door to be opened, when the waiting throngs quickly entered, and quickly filled the Tabernacle. By good fortune I was shown to a seat very near Mr. Spurgeon, where there was an admirable opportunity to scan his face, note his manners, and study the man, as well as to hear his sermon. He entered the church in a bustling, business-like way, like one who had important affairs to attend to. The prayer he offered was short and earnest. He then read, and joined the immense congregation in singing a hymn, the music being led by the conductor, who stood at his side. No instrumental music is used. Very inspiring was the great volume of song as it came, now low, then loud and strong, from the blended voices of the great company.

His elders sat near him, and the whole organization of the church seemed not at all for show or pretence, but for solid, hard, substantial work; and this is one secret of his success. His every action shows him to be a good manager, and he has about him an able corps of assistants, in full harmony with him. In his earnestness and zeal he reminded me of Moody. His manner of speaking was very vigorous and positive, not smooth, polished, or cultivated. When hearing him one would not think of a strong river, flowing smoothly through rich meadows, but rather of the river rushing and tumbling down over rocky mountain-sides. He accepts the Bible as the inspired word of God in all particulars, even to the punctuation points. He believes fully, heartily, and utterly all he preaches, and earnestly strives to make others believe the same. His manners are not so pleasing as those of many preachers. It is difficult to detect any superiority in his sermons to those of many less noted preachers in England or the United States. He is doing a great work, and every true-hearted person wishes him long life and great success.

It was my privilege to listen to Rev. Dr. Parker, of London. One of his peculiarities is, that at the conclusion of a prayer he waits quite a noticeable length of time before saying "Amen." He is an able preacher. His sermon was not remarkable, and he did not impress me as being brilliant.

The iron-clad rules and inflexible regulations of everything of a governmental nature are fitly illustrated by this incident: Having made an engagement to visit a family a few miles away, I was to take the train at Charing Cross. I arrived in abundance of time, and upon reaching the gate through which passengers pass to the train it was closed by the policeman in charge, and though the train did not leave for several minutes, and he knew I was very desirous to go then, he would not permit me to pass, and compelled me to wait for another train. Everything is on this principle. Law is law, and it must be obeyed; there is no elasticity to anything British. Sometimes an American almost wishes for some great awakening which would introduce some pliability and common-sense into their government officers.

Passing by the stalls upon the street one day, I saw a large tub nearly full of curious creatures, red, like lobsters, but which looked like grasshoppers. The aged market-woman thought it was an imposition upon her when, in my ignorance, I inquired what they were. Being invited one evening to a private dinner party at the Euston hotel, among the curious dishes in one of the courses offered for my entertainment were these peculiar creatures just mentioned; but I found that shrimps were very crisp and very palatable.

Among the brightest and most enjoyable days in London were those spent in the British Museum. Upon the presentation of a letter from the New Hampshire Historical Society, I was shown all desired courtesies, and had a pleasant interview with the chief librarian. Received a reader's ticket, which gave me access to the reading-room for six months. The British Museum is a magnificent collection of innumerable curiosities and valuable articles. Its library is the second in size in the world, and only surpassed by the one in Paris. It contains 1,500,000 books, and 50,000 MSS. The catalogue, as it exists in MSS. volumes, is awkward, cumbersome, and badly arranged. A printed one is being prepared, and will be invaluable. Seventy volumes and more are in print. In a decade the work will be completed, as thirty volumes a year are finished.

The use of the reading-room is restricted to persons for study and research. In order to have a ticket, one must apply to the librarian and bring good testimonials. I was in this room several days, and was interested to see the great number making use of the library. One of my pleasant surprises there was in meeting a lady of my own name from Boston, with whose family I was acquainted. Our countrymen, Henry Stevens* & Son, furnish the library usually with American publications. It afforded me pleasure to meet Mr. Stevens at his place of business, 115 St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

One could spend his life in study in the museum. The sculptures from Nineveh, found in the Assyrian galleries, engage one's attention closely. Carvings of battle scenes of the Ninevites, the dogs with collars, the deer feeding, the dejected appearance of captives taken, and the spoils of war, are all delineated with graphic power. These figures are covered with historical carvings in strange characters.

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* Mr. Stevens died recently.

From Babylon were the title-deeds to property, not written upon paper or parchment, but elegantly carved in stone of various lengths, from four inches in length by two in breadth to those of considerable size. In the Egyptian department were colossal sculptures from Egypt of many kinds, and well preserved. There is the huge stone statue of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of Israelitish times. Stone coffins were there. On the walls of one staircase were the written documents of the Egyptians, which are on rolls made of the papyrus. In another room was pointed out a blue box in which were the reputed bones of one of the Pharaohs. Other rooms were filled with rare old books and old bindings; while in still another were many artists, ladies and gentlemen, making models in clay of nude figures, and copying from celebrated statues.

Time was flying; other places must be seen, and among them was St. Paul's cathedral. Going from the Strand, with its hustling crowds, through Fleet street, we soon reached the church. Though it is one of the most prominent features of London, this edifice is the third church upon the site dedicated to St. Paul. In 610 the first was erected, and was burned in 1087. The second was destroyed in the great London fire, 1666, and the first stone of this building was laid June 21, 1675, and completed in 1710. On the tomb of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, were these words: "Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around."

The building is too great to be described here in detail. It fronts Ludgate Hill. Its length is 550 feet, width 125 and 180 feet, and height to the top of the cross 370 feet. There are two towers 222 feet high. All portions of the building were visited. From the top is an excellent view of London, or what one can see of it. For many miles little can be seen except the roofs of buildings, with an occasional glimpse of a green court-yard and its shady trees, with the winding Thames and its numerous bridges. Many of England's heroes are sleeping here. A monument to Major General Robert Ross, who burned the capitol city of Washington, with many of the public archives, in the War of 1812–'15, is here. It was an act of vandalism unworthy of any civilized commander, the same as it would be if by the chances of war London should fall into the hands of an enemy which should burn the houses of parliament, Westminster abbey, and St. Paul's cathedral, with their priceless treasures. To the credit of the British nation, this act was never approved by them, though the following inscription would seem to indicate the contrary:

> "Erected at the public expense to the memory of
> MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT ROSS,
> Who having undertaken and executed an enterprise
> against the city of Washington, the capital of
> the United States of America,
> which was crowned with complete success,
> he was killed shortly afterwards while directing a successful attack upon a superior force, near the city of
> Baltimore, on the 12th day of September, 1814."

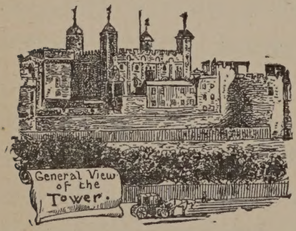
There is a monument to Lord Cornwallis, while near it is one to Lord Nelson, the peerless naval commander; and not far distant, sculptured in full uniform, are Generals Packenham and Gibbs, who fell in the attack upon the American works at New Orleans, January 8, 1815. Another is to Sir Isaac Brock, who died October 13, 1812, in resisting an attack of American troops on Queenstown, Upper Canada. Sir John Moore, who, the poet says, was "buried at dead of night," but who was not, is also remembered fittingly here. Wellington, as well as Nelson, rests here, and has a magnificent memorial. His body was placed in a pine coffin, this in a lead one of unusual thickness and strength, and the latter encased in a handsomely finished one of English oak. The case is of solid Spanish mahogany.

Not only are the illustrious ones who contributed to England's glory in the field or on the wave inurned or remembered, but also her brilliant sons who have won fame in more honored fields.

Here is a monument to John Howard, the philanthropist, whom the world honors, and which pays him a debt of admiration and gratitude. Dr. Samuel Johnson is remembered by a statue. Here is a monument to the historian Henry Hallam, who died January 21, 1849.

The whispering gallery is reached by 260 steps. Standing at one side, one can hear distinctly whispering upon the opposite side. The great clock, and bell, and library, and many other things, are objects of great interest.

My visit to the Tower of London was not on a pleasant day. It had been dark, gloomy, and foreboded rain; and after the place was reached the rain fell copiously and without intermission. The tower itself, with what lies within it, is a history of the past. It is in the heart of the city, and its record is one of strangeness, of sadness, and reaches backward into the dim past. William the Conqueror in 1078 built the White Tower, and the remainder has been added by different monarchs. Entering this gloomy, forbidding, yet fascinating building, one of the first objects to engage the attention was the dingy, unattractive room called the Jewel Tower, where are kept the regalia or crown jewels. An iron fence with upright bars surrounds


General View of the Tower.

the spot, and they are carefully preserved in glass cases. It is a fine show. The amount of gold, diamonds, pearls, and shining rubies is delightful for the eyes to see. Victoria's crown is there,—a cap of purple velvet enclosed with loops of silver, while rising above it, and brilliant with diamonds, are a ball and cross. The centre of the latter is a wonderful sapphire; and a heart-shaped ruby in front is said to have been worn by the Black Prince.

St. Edward's crown, made for Charles II, and always used at a coronation, the crown of the Prince of Wales, of pure gold without jewels, the ancient queen's crown, worn at coronations by the queen consort, are there. Then there was the queen's diadem, adorned with costly pearls and diamonds, made for the queen of James II, the royal sceptre, St. Edward's staff, four feet seven inches long, of pure gold, the small sceptre, the rod or sceptre with the dove, the ivory sceptre, the golden sceptre, the cutana or pointless sword of mercy, the swords of justice, the coronation bracelets, the coronation spurs, the anointing vessel and spoon, golden salt-cellar, and the dishes, plates, and spoons used when any member of the royal family is christened, and numerous other evidences of the costliness of royalty. It makes a fine appearance; and if the whole could be sold, and the proceeds, used as a fund, given to the poor people of Ireland who starve periodically, it would be an act of mercy. The value of the jewels is estimated at nine million dollars.

The Horse Armory is filled with equestrian figures clad in complete armor, such as was used through several centuries. Horses and men are heavily protected. Down the length of the long room are the equestrian figures clad with the very armor worn by the men whose names they bear. Arms of all ages and of every country are in this and other halls, and one million rifles ready for use are said to stand there.

It takes many buildings collectively to make the Tower, which is, and always has been, a fortress. In one of the courts is the place where Anne Boleyn, the Earl of Essex, and Lady Jane Grey were executed. A railing and stone mark the place, with the words, "Site of the ancient scaffold." On this spot Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded May 19, 1536.

Instruments of torture are shown the visitor. There is the headsman's block, and the very axe he used, and the identical mask he wore when engaged in his horrible work. The thumb screw as applied was not a pleasant experience, and the rack with the person laid in a box, with ropes tied to ankles and wrists, and the windlasses turned till the subject's joints were dislocated, was not a thing to be greatly desired.

In the Beauchamp Tower, where Philip, Earl of Arundel, was confined for ten years on suspicion of trying to aid Mary Queen of Scots, is still to be seen his inscription on the wall: "Even as it is an infamy to be imprisoned on account of crime, so, on the contrary, it is the greatest glory to endure prison chains for Christ's sake." In the chapel of St. Peter's ad Vincula are buried many famous persons who fell under royal displeasure.

Traitor's Gate was an entrance to the Tower for those prisoners brought from the water. The Bloody Tower was where the infant princes, sons of Edward IV, were murdered by Richard III. So the record might go on of what is to be seen there, of the scenes of peril, agony, and woe enacted there, but which are all of the past. It seems that the progress and elevation of mankind have been through suffering, sacrifice, and blood. Such has been the case of the Mother Country; and through that fiery ordeal, extending through long centuries, the England of to-day, in its proud position and with its many privileges, has been developed from the England of the past.

Longing for more sights than I had seen, like Don Quixote I again sallied forth in quest of adventure. Quitting Piccadilly, Hyde Park was entered, with its 388 acres of beauty. Any pleasant afternoon can there be seen the most magnificent turnouts in the kingdom, with the nobility and people of the highest rank. At Prince's Gate, near the spot where the exhibition of 1851 was held, is the Albert Memorial, one of the most magnificent monuments in the world, the spire reaching to the height of 175 feet. Under the canopy is a gilt statue of Prince Albert fifteen feet high. Four flights of steps lead to it, 130 feet wide. Each of the four angles is represented by a group of statues representing one of the four grand divisions of the earth, while the base is surrounded by 200 life-size figures of noted men of different times. The expense of this splendid work of art was $720,000. When one sees this, the questions arise, Why this expense? What did Prince Albert ever do to merit it? He was a pleasant, agreeable, accomplished gentleman, and was the husband of the queen. These are his claims. The money to pay for this monumental folly eventually comes out of the overtaxed people. England has many men vastly superior to him, not of royal blood, who have done more for their country, who merit a monument more than he, but to whom none will ever be erected.

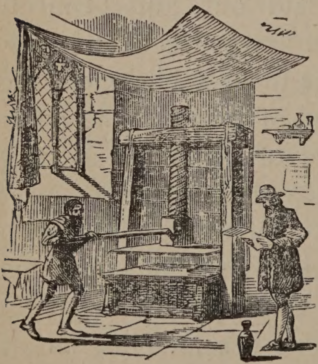
Royal Albert Hall, in the vicinity, is as beautiful as it is immense; will hold, when crowded, 11,000 people, and will seat comfortably 8,000. It has the largest organ in the world. The hall is circular in form, and is covered with a glass dome. Its cost was nearly a million dollars, and it is used for concerts, balls, and exhibitions.

The gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society are near, and there I attended the International Health Exhibition. Of the South Kensington Museum, with its picture galleries, library, collections of antiques and curiosities, and numberless other treasures, I will not attempt to speak. They were examined with profit. The Kensington gardens, of 210 acres, are finely cared for, and are worthy of many visits. Music is discoursed by an excellent band, and great numbers of people frequent the place daily.

The Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, was another place visited. The grounds upon which it is situated are extensive, very elevated, and very beautiful. From the loftiest towers about this palace of glass, which are 282 feet high, there are magnificent views of the country for miles. The grounds are elaborately laid out, and beautiful with beds of flowers, green lawns, trees, and flowing fountains. In 1853–'54 this establishment was erected, and it is composed of many of the materials of the Crystal Palace of 1851. It is 1,608 feet in length, with aisles and transepts of great length, width, and height. In this building is a wonderful collection of things to delight the eye and to gratify the taste. Like the leaves of the forest, they are so numerous it seems like an impossible task to attempt a description.

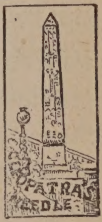
One afternoon a London friend took me to Hampstead heath, which contains 240 acres of land. We were on a half-day's stroll, and wandered through many old streets and quaint thoroughfares.

In all business parts of London, and in all those portions "where anybody that is anybody" does not reside, the liquor-shops are alarmingly numerous, which vast throngs of men and women frequent. What surprised me was the *nonchalant* air with which they enter them, it being with as much freedom as they would pass into a grocery or bake-shop. Women and girls stand at the bar and drink liquors; and girls, young and handsome, are almost universally the bar-tenders. The government derives a great income from the tax upon liquors; and there must be a marvellous reform in the habits of all classes of the people before the English or British people become a temperate nation. This is a place for the temperance reformers, and the fields are white for the harvest.


Caxton's Press.

England owes a debt of gratitude to William Caxton. He was born in Weald, County Kent, about 1422, and died in 1491 or 1492. He introduced the art of printing into England, having established himself as a printer at Westminster previous to 1477. His office was in the Almonry.

While in London I met Hon. Thomas Bigger, M. P., one of the Irish members, and a Nationalist, and also made the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. Kinnear, M. P., from the north of Ireland, an agreeable, fine gentleman. Parliament was then in session, and he seldom returned to the hotel till 3 o'clock in the morning, having been in attendance upon legislative duties all night. By his kind invitation we left our hotel, and when near the Egyptian obelisk, mentioned on page 253, took a boat upon the Thames, and when opposite the parliament buildings disembarked and entered from the water a private passage-way for the members. He showed me every part of the noble edifice, occupying three hours. Was in the chapel under the parliament buildings where monks worshipped many hundred years ago; was in the room where Cromwell signed the death-warrant of Charles I; stood on the pavement directly beneath which Guy Fawkes had arranged to blow up the parliament; was in the various committee-rooms, in some of which the destiny of empires has been decided; in the commons, and saw the marks upon a table made by the ring on Gladstone's finger, for, as he speaks, he strikes his hand heavily upon the desk,—and came away greatly gratified, and with samples of stationery used by the lords and commons bearing the seal of Great Britain. My facilities for seeing and



hearing were exceptional, and were profitably and pleasantly improved.

I was frequently at Westminster. Westminster Hall is 290 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 90 feet high. It is considered the grandest in the world, and visitors universally admire the lofty oaken roof. There parliament assembled as early as the year 1248, and the high courts of justice were held here for 750 years. There Sir William Wallace and Charles I, in different centuries, were tried and condemned to death. There Cromwell was inaugurated Protector, and Charles II was proclaimed king May 8, 1660. Warren Hastings there underwent his famous and eventful trial of seven years. In the glowing words of Macaulay, it is "the great hall of William Rufus; the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inaugurations of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Stratford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame." An immense window of stained glass, which is a picture of beauty when the sun shines upon it, is opposite the entrance. The private entrance of the members to the House of Commons is half way up the hall, upon the left side. The long, narrow passage leads to the inner lobby of the commons. Ascending a flight of stone steps at the termination of the hall, one is admitted to the archway entrance to the House of Commons upon the left, and the House of Lords upon the right. The visitors' entrance to both houses is through a long marble hall or gallery, which is very beautiful, and lined with rare and costly paintings. It is strange that in British art galleries one sees hardly an object to commemorate any event important to America, or which in any way alludes to Briton's proud daughter across the seas. She has not been generous in this respect to her relatives in this hemisphere, as such paintings would gladden the heart of every American when he visited the old home, the country from which came his ancestors, and where they lived. There is, however, upon this wall one painting of this description,—about the only one I saw in England,—the Embarking of the Pilgrim Fathers for New England. It is a fitting memento of that heroic group who

> "Shook the depths of the desert gloom
> With their hymns of lofty cheer.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Amidst the storm they sang,
> And the stars heard, and the sea;
> And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
> To the anthem of the free."

Policemen are everywhere. They are at the members' private entrance, and gracefully salute each member as he passes in, on the flight of steps at the door formerly spoken of, and two stand at a large door which admits those who have tickets from the members into a waiting-room, where they remain till there is room for them in the strangers' gallery.

Marble statues of eminent statesmen line the walls, which visitors can look upon as they sit on leather-covered seats which extend the length of the hall impatiently waiting to see Britain's living statesmen. There is great difficulty in getting into the House of Commons, but there are two ways of doing it. One is to bribe a policeman, which can usually be done. But commonly a stranger must be invited by a member, and must show his ticket to the police, who line the doorways and corridors, before he can enter. In the strangers' gallery there is room for two hundred persons, and often there are many hundreds of applicants. Therefore visitors' names must be balloted for several days before the proposed visit. The ladies' gallery is at the end opposite the one for strangers, and is small, and the faces of the fair auditors are partially hidden by a screen or glass. Our congress commences its sessions at midday; parliament does not commence its public business till 4:30 P. M., so the sessions are prolonged far into the night, and oftentimes till near morning. The members of each house can sit with their hats on, but all do not do so.

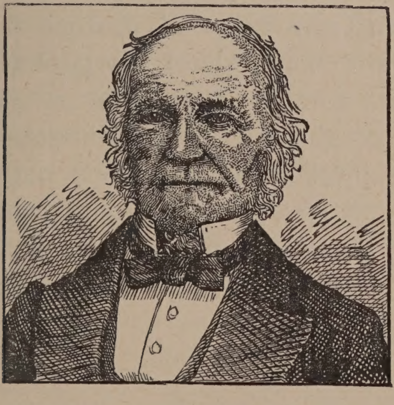
While waiting in Westminster one day, a gentleman passed a policeman, when the latter politely asked him to open his satchel which he carried. He did so, with some annoyance. "Why is this?" "Oh! we have to look out for dynamite," said the policeman. Every possible method was adopted to prevent it from being carried into the building. Another time, when standing in the long line to send in my card to a member, a gentleman touched me upon the shoulder. It was Rev. Mr. Graham, a Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia, a fellow-passenger on the City of Chicago. We had parted at Queenstown months before. He had been to Palestine, and was on his return. The meeting was very pleasant.

I was shown into the gallery of the House of Lords. At one end was an elegant chair, which was the throne, reached by two or three steps. There the queen sits upon state occasions. In front, on a sort of table called the woolsack, sat the presiding officer, the high lord chancellor, in his robes of office. At his right were the white-robed lord bishops of the Established Church. The remainder of the lords were dressed in plain black suits. One hundred and twenty members were present. The lords were discussing a bird bill. Neither the subject nor the discussion was interesting. From the personal appearance of the lords, and their manner of elucidating the subject under discussion, they did not impress me as being at all superior to any body of intelligent men. It is doubtful if they are equal in ability to the United States senate. The hall where the lords meet is a most costly and magnificent room. The gilding and carved work, and the twelve windows of stained glass, are all of great beauty. Elegant frescoes decorate the walls. I was peculiarly fortunate in securing admission to the House of Commons. Having a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas McClure, M. P., from Belfast, Ireland, he very kindly showed me to a front seat in the speaker's gallery, a few feet at the right of the seat of the Prince of Wales. The whole gallery was packed with visitors. Looking about to see who were my companions, I noticed at my side four copper-colored gentlemen. The face of one was completely tattooed. His ears were so large that they might have been pinned back to the sides of his head. There was a great hole in one ear, with a stupendous ear-ring with a little red flag appended. This was the Maori king, from New Zealand, who was on a visit to England with his suite. They were not bad looking men, and were watching with deep attention the proceedings in the commons. The question under discussion was "woman suffrage." Mr. Gladstone, the premier, sat at the right of the speaker, and interjected a remark occasionally, but made no set speech. Many members spoke, but I have heard much better speaking in our state legislatures.

The franchise bill was to come before the house on a certain day, and I was anxious to be present. It was a pet measure of Mr. Gladstone's, and one of very great importance, for by its provisions, if carried, the right of suffrage would be given to more than three millions of men. An English friend had considerately given me a letter of introduction to Hon. Herbert Gladstone, son of the premier. At the appointed time this, with my card, was sent to him, when he came out and greeted me most kindly, and secured me a seat near my former one in the speaker's gallery.

This Mr. Gladstone is a young man not much over thirty, apparently, modest, free, and gentlemanly, pleasing in his address and un-English in his manners. Some twelve members spoke during the discussion. They are not orators; they are not good speakers, as a whole. They have not the fire, vigor, and fluency of Americans. The most of them hesitate, and have a hitch at the end of a sentence similar to some Freewill Baptist preachers, which is not agreeable to hear. When a speaker gave utterance to thoughts not believed in by his fellow-members, the cries of "Oh! oh! oh!" or "Hear! hear! hear!" or "Ah! ah! ah!" each cry quickly repeated with greater volume of voice and with a rising inflection, was very laughable to a looker on, but not so to one member who was speaking, who was nearly silenced by them. The speaker sat motionless, like a stick in the mud, careless, and made not the slightest effort to preserve order. There was no revelation in his countenance. He wears a full bottomed wig, and was in his robes of office. Three clerks in short wigs sat in front of him. Sir Stafford Northcote, a strong man, and leader of the opposition, sat opposite Mr. Gladstone, and spoke. He is a thorough Englishman in his manner, looks, and speech. His hair was gray, he wore long, gray whiskers, and was slow and labored in his style of speaking. Stolid and cold, phlegmatic in manner, he would not awaken any bursts of enthusiasm, or lead captive the hearts of men. Members whose names were unknown to me discussed the question, and one made allusion to woman suffrage in Wyoming territory.

But there was one man, nearly eighty years of age, of great eloquence and wonderful vitality, whose face I had studied closely, and whom I hoped to hear; a man who makes politics the business of his life, and for recreation delves in the highest departments of literature; who is a hard student; who has all the good things of life, and yet lives temperately; who is a good churchman, attends services in the abbey, and attends theatres and the race-course; one who mingles freely with his fellow-men, who loves them, and is loved by them; who can walk daily many miles, and swing an axe as vigorously on his own estate for exercise as our railsplitting president did in his youth. At last he arose to speak. It was Gladstone, the premier. He spoke with the readiness, the acuteness, and the clearness of an American. He seems like an American in his looks, speech, and appearance, and does not appear like an Englishman. He is apparently better adapted to letters than to the contentions of political life. The sentences fell from his lips with fluency, yet finished and complete. Mr. Gladstone, physically, has nothing of that ponderousness which is attributed to Webster. He has light complexion, and features, in his old age, which are rather sharp, with a face so cultivated, so sensitive, and so refined as to be capable of expressing in a manner the most forcible the widest and most varying shades of human feeling. His eyes are wonderfully captivating, and



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

when lighted up his whole soul is in them. It seems utterly impossible for any human being to possess such features, face, and eyes as Gladstone has, and not be capable of the most exquisite enjoyment or the keenest mental suffering. Of an infinitely higher nature than Bismarck's, with a loftier manhood and a more elevated statesmanship, he has led Britain by the transcendent powers of his intellect, while the great Prussian rules Germany by the iron hand of force. In all of Gladstone's looks, bearing, and appearance there is not even an insinuation of grossness. He is a polished gentleman, whom any person can meet with perfect freedom, and who is guided and controlled by the highest sentiments and feelings of his intellectual and moral nature. Such he appears to be: such his friends claim that he is. One of the most remarkable men of this age, Gladstone is preëminently the greatest living statesman.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE CONTINENT.

IMPATIENT to be upon the Continent, while loath to leave London, tickets were secured for a tour through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France, and back to London. At 8 o'clock P. M., on June 17, I left the Liverpool Street station for Harwich, Antwerp, and the Rhine. A run of seventy miles brought us to Harwich, where at 10 P. M. we took a steamer across the choppy English Channel to Antwerp. In the brightness of the early morning we passed, for several hours, through a flat, not uninteresting country, where were the new-mown hay, and lines of trees regularly and neatly pruned of limbs for some fifteen feet from the ground, which stood between the fields. Rain had fallen during the night, and everything was clear and fresh and beautiful when we reached Antwerp, a city of 200,000 inhabitants, and one of the most interesting cities in Belgium. The city has been illustrious in its day. There is a claim that it was founded before the eighth century by a Saxon people. The main provisions of the *Habeas Corpus Act* of England, declaring the right of every man to be tried by his peers, to have a voice in the raising of taxes, and claiming the inviolability of the dwelling of a citizen, were engrafted in the law of the city in 1290. At one time it was of great commercial importance. Five hundred ships have in a day entered its port, and 2,500 been anchored upon the river Scheldt at a time. The ancient fortifications were demolished in 1860, and beautiful boulevards, streets, and avenues have since been laid out. Many of its streets look old, and are quite narrow. Broad avenues, with rows of trees and walks, run through the centre of the boulevards, and add greatly to the attractiveness of the city.

Antwerp has been one of the head-centres in art for several hundred years. Its picture galleries, and its churches and cathedrals, are thronged with admiring visitors. One of the first objects of my visit was the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which dates back to the middle of the fourteenth century. One of its towers rises 403 feet, while the other has never been completed. Not attractive in its exterior, it is full of beauty within, for it is illumined and glorified with paintings from the hands of the old masters, which will endure for centuries. A painting, Rubens's "Immaculate Conception," is at the top of the cathedral dome. There are his "Elevation of the Cross" and the "Descent from the Cross." The latter is considered by artists one of his master-pieces. Others, like "In the Garden of Olives," attract great attention and admiration from those qualified to judge of works of art.

On the sides of the cathedral were figures in wood, nearly life size, of twenty-four of the principal angels; and between them, at regular intervals, were the confessionals,—sort of boxed-up chairs,—with the name of the officiating priest upon each. This is common in the Roman Catholic cathedrals upon the continent.

The museum is an important one, in which is a fine picture gallery of over 700 paintings from noted artists. In the department of curiosities are printing-presses of 1555–1600. The walls are covered with leather paper, upon which are elaborate figures. There are also a great number of relics of untold value.

Peter Paul Rubens, the distinguished Flemist painter, who was born at Siegen, Germany, June 29, 1577, was a resident of Antwerp the last years of his life, and died there May 30, 1640. His house still exists, is pointed out to visitors, and excites much attention.

Leaving the place so full of history, the swift cars soon took me to Brussels, the captivating capital of Belgium, a city of 400,000 people. It has its parks, and its boulevard on the site of the old fortifications encircles the place. Three or four rows of trees extend through it, and between them are walks and streets for driving, and also tracks for the tramway cars. The mansions of the wealthy are here. Brussels has magnificent and stately buildings, and is well termed Paris in miniature, for it is truly very fascinating with its long, wide, straight, clean, and well paved streets. The Hotel de Ville is an elegant structure, with a lofty spire 370 feet high. The city council chamber is brilliant with its walls of paintings. There are the lottery chambers, with the lottery wheels looking like immense coffee-mills. These are turned, and by chance is told the bondholder who shall pay in full for redeeming the debt of the city. Tapestry is exhibited which is 400 years old. Visited the hall where, it is said by some and denied by others, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball the night before the battle of Waterloo, and which has been immortalized by Byron:

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
> The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

The hall surprised me by its smallness and lack of elegance, and I could hardly realize that just sixty-nine years before, on the night previous to the battle, the brilliant assemblage gathered there of "fair women and brave men," and how the sounds of war broke in upon their ears, and brave men, with blanched faces, spoke the parting words and took tender farewells of tearful women, and hurried forward to the terrible field of Waterloo.

The Bourse is worthy of this substantial city. From the gallery, as one looked down upon the floor, there was a perfect Babel of voices, which arose from the multitude of jostling, excited men below. Very interesting was my visit to a lace manufactory. I saw the pattern of a bridal veil of a princess, daughter of one of the royal families in Europe, which took four hundred work people three months to make. As wages are low there, it then only cost seven thousand dollars. Collars such as ladies usually wear are sold at from three to seven dollars each. These are all manufactured by hand; and it was instructive to watch the trained fingers of the fair young workers.

The King's Park is a place of great attractions, with its trees, walks, and statues of noted men.

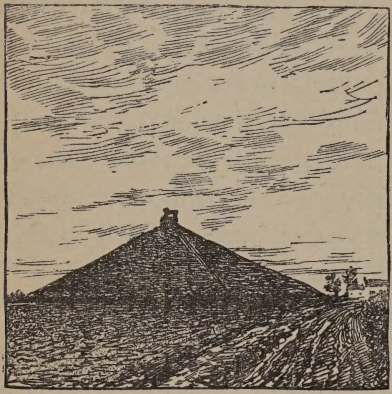
The chief museum is evidently one of the finest on the continent. There was exhibited the skeleton of the largest whale found for several centuries. Its ribs seemed like the sides of a ship, and the mouth would admit a small boat. The picture gallery was magnificent. One could wander from room to room and look upon the rarest pictures of the best artists of the past. One room was filled with Rubens's paintings (1577–1640). He must have been a wonderfully prolific artist, as his reputed pictures are in many celebrated galleries. His subjects did not always show a great refinement of taste in their selection. In one a priest had his tongue cut out, which was thrown to a dog. It was a horrible thing. From the museum was a good view of the city, with its houses with tile roofs.

The Palace of Justice is a magnificent building, on a high elevation, erected at a cost of about ten million dollars. Built of creamy, light stone, it is a building worthy of a great nation, and too extravagant for a nationality like Belgium. It is one of the most ambitious and magnificent buildings erected in modern times. There are in the interior twenty-seven large court-rooms, eight open courts, and two hundred and forty-five apartments. Four hundred feet above the pavement is the gilded cross which surmounts the building.

One is amazed at the exceeding smallness of the soldiers, and of the people generally in Belgium. The tourist is surprised at the amount of recreation and out-of-door life seen all about him. In Brussels the sidewalks are wide, with protecting awnings. Front of the cafés were chairs and tables filled with people day and evening, talking, laughing, and drinking their beer. Whole families were there,—men with their sisters and sweethearts, men with their wives and children, grouped about a table. They sipped their beer as we would tea, and did not swallow two or three glasses as an American would, and go away to other business. Throughout Germany the people enjoy this public domestic life, and it is inexpensive. The cigars which the German smokes and the beer which he drinks are not costly. Then there are the open-air concerts, where trained and accomplished bands discourse sweet music to them. The latter has an elevating and refining influence. It is no wonder that the Germans are musicians and lovers of melody, for there is probably not a city in Germany, or hardly a beer garden, where the people are not entertained by music publicly given, either free or at an expense of a few pence. There they sit in the cool of the evening beneath the trees, with the space lit up by many lamps, or walk about and chat with friends, and seem contented and happy. Dull care is driven away, and recreation is the duty of the hour. These are simple pleasures, comparatively harmless, but would be hardly satisfying to persons of ambitious tendencies, like the active, nervous Americans. All the peasantry, old and young, wear wooden shoes, which go clamp, clamp, clamp as they wander over the stony street. Maps of the country are painted upon the walls of the railway stations, giving towns and distances, which greatly aid the traveller. This custom is being adopted in American stations.

Brussels has more artificial beauties and more costly edifices than Edinburgh, but its situation and natural beauty are not so great; and its people —they are so different from the Scotch!

Waterloo, eight miles away, was visited. The battle-field is a mile and a half from the station, to which tourists are carried by carriages in waiting. A huge mound, circular in form, has been raised upon the field. It is 200 feet high, 2,100 feet in circumference, and is surmounted with a pillar and the Belgian lion. By a singular coincidence, I visited the place on the sixty-ninth anniversary of the fight. Quite a number of tourists were there. On portions of the field the bright red-clover was in full bloom, almost as red as the blood of the brave men which drenched the land. I have never seen this variety of clover in America. Other portions of the field were under the plow, or luxuriant with vegetables, growing grain, or the waving grass. Different portions of the ground were visited. A fine view is had from the summit of the mound, where the movements of the armies were fully and intelligently explained by the guide. The place was shown where, in the decisive hour, while victory was trembling in the balance, Ney, the "bravest of the brave," at the head of the "Old Guard," tried to stem the tide of battle, and struck the last blow for Napo-


MOUND AT WATERLOO.

leon and the empire. But it was not in human power to withstand the terrible battle-tempest; and this favorite portion of the army, which never reeled in the shock of battle before, was decimated. It wavered, it broke, it was borne back, and its bleeding, suffering columns sullenly yielded the field. Then the fearful cry swept along the quivering lines of the French, "The guard recoils! The guard recoils!"—and the field was lost. Napoleon was a fugitive, and the empire was of the past!

Returned to Brussels, and had quarters at the Grand Hotel, which were excellent. Had been travelling with an Englishman, and we fell in with a very agreeable, intelligent family from Newcastle-on-Tyne, by the name of Bell, who, having spent the winter in Italy, were returning to England, and our party did Brussels in company. Here we divided;—my English friend left for Paris, the rest of the party for England, while I went direct to Aix la Chapelle.

I was now in Germany. Polite officials examined our goods as we passed the frontier from one kingdom into another. The country through which we passed was a fine agricultural region, highly cultivated, and adorned with trees. While asking a Swiss gentleman a political question in relation to Bismarck, I noticed a smile pass over the face of a German gentleman who sat opposite. The Swiss gave an evasive answer; and when the German left the car he gave an explanation, saying Germany was not England or the United States, and were it proven that one had uttered a word reflecting sharply upon King William or Bismarck, he would be liable to be sent to prison for three years. Not a good place for liberty-of-speech-loving Americans! This is a very ancient city, and has a population of 85,000. It is pleasantly situated, and surrounded by sloping hills. Charlemagne gave it its world-wide celebrity, and made it a city of the first magnitude. It was his favorite place of residence, and there he died January 28, 814. Up to 1531 thirty-seven German emperors had been crowned here.

The hotels are attractive, each having connected with it a garden filled with trees, statuary, and flowing fountains, which, when lit up in the evening, make it a sort of fairy land. Curious sights greet one on every hand. Dogs are always muzzled, as dogs always should be, and are harnessed beneath two-wheeled carts, which they carry along, while the owner guides it as he travels behind. Express bundles, milk, bread, and other articles are thus transported over the city. Dogs thus used are very patient, work hard, and will haul quite a load. I visited the ancient cathedral, a portion of which was built by Charlemagne more than 1,000 years ago, or about 799. Numerous additions have been made since. Its exterior is sixteen-sided, and it is a very ancient and rather dilapidated looking building, showing plainly the ravages of time. In the interior is a stone marked "*Carolo Magno*," and marks the tomb of Charlemagne. In the treasury are sacred relics, presented to the great emperor, and which are shown to the people once in seven years. There were religious services in the cathedral during a part of my visit. The music was by a choir of male voices. The strains were so loud and sweet, it seemed almost as though they would touch responsively the sleeping emperor Charlemagne. The city is not beautiful, except the boulevards, where all kinds of early fruits were for sale, and where the people congregated so largely and enjoyed themselves so much in the evenings.

A two hours ride through a section of country not romantic, but pleasing, brought me to the city of Cologne, the largest place in the Rhenish province of Prussia. In A. D. 51, Agrippina, the mother of Nero, founded here a colony of Roman veterans, which was called *Colonia Agrippinensis*. Remains still exist of the walls surrounding this early settlement. It is now one of the important commercial cities of Germany, as its steamboat and railway facilities are excellent. It is situated 130 feet above sea level, on the bank of the river, with a military garrison of 7,000 men, and a population of 145,000 people, of whom 120,000 are Catholics. I registered at Hotel de Hollande, on the bank of the beautiful Rhine. Bright anticipations were with me of a passage up the Rhine.

The enchanting river was now flowing serenely in front, and almost beneath my hotel windows. Upon the opposite side, and reached by an iron bridge and a bridge of boats, was the town of Deutz, with its 15,000 inhabitants. Numberless boats were upon the river, with banners flying, with bands discoursing sweet music, and filled with throngs of excursionists: the sight of these could not but cause one to desire to be upon its silvery waters, to gaze upon the vine-clad hills which skirt its shores, and look upon the frowning fortresses and ancient castles and ruins which bristle along its sides, and with which are connected legends, the themes of song and story. For centuries the beauties of the river have been the topic of writers and poets, and my experience subsequently told me that they had not been over-estimated.

My first business was to inspect the city of Cologne. The streets are narrow, gloomy, and unattractive, and not properly cared for. I repaired to its cathedral, which excites the admiration of all beholders and is the pride of every citizen. It is considered the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world, and stands on an elevation sixty feet above the river. The foundation was laid August 14, 1248, and its completion was celebrated October 15, 1880. Its length is 444 feet, and is 201 feet wide. The length of the transepts is 282 feet. The walls are 150 feet high, and the height of the roof 201 feet. The central tower is 357 feet high. The towers are 512 feet in height, and are the loftiest in Europe. The outside of the building is decorated with a multitude of turrets and figures. The interior, with its rich, stained windows and fine architecture, is very impressive. Some of these windows date back 500 years.

> "I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
> With forms of saints and holy men who died,
> Here martyred, and hereafter glorified."

The different chapels and the treasury are full of relics and treasures, which are held in highest value—beyond price. I went through all portions, and ascended to the highest accessible pinnacle, which commanded a magnificent view of the city, the country beyond, and the curving Rhine.

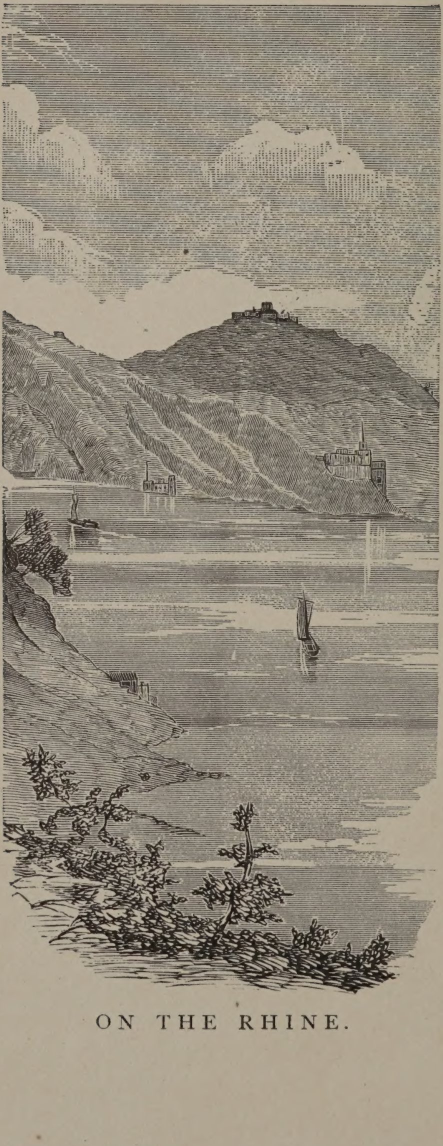
There are other churches, ancient and curious. St. Martin was consecrated in 1172. St. Ursula is on the site of a church of the fifth century, and the bones of 11,000 virgins are said to repose here. St. George was consecrated in 1067.

The long iron bridge for travellers and trains, built across the Rhine, is a fine affair, and steamboats can pass beneath it. A bridge of boats also spans the river, which opens for passing ships. Cologne is well worth a careful inspection, for it is an interesting city with a great many curiosities and noted places.

Left Cologne for Bonn, by rail, and on the way had an exciting railway race. Two passenger trains whirled away from the city on parallel lines. There seems to be an inherent propensity in the human heart to have a race, whether by horses, by steamboat, or by train: so it was here. Each train increased its speed: the passengers on either train waved their handkerchiefs and beckoned for those in the rear to come along. The excitement on both trains increased, and we were whirled along at a rapid rate, when suddenly our neighbors dashed away on a sharp turn to the left, and were soon out of sight. It was an exciting, enjoyable race, and *we beat the other train!*

Only a few hours were spent in Bonn, which is delightfully situated on the west bank of the Rhine, with 3,600 people. It is one of the most important university towns. I went through the market, which is in a large open square of the city. It was very amusing. All kinds of produce were for sale by the peasant women, and there were hundreds of them, while the utmost good feeling prevailed among them. The Munster is an imposing church. In the city is a bronze statue of Beethoven, who was born 1770, and died 1827. In the town are many English residents, and pleasant villas line the bank of the Rhine, and beautiful promenades, shaded by trees, make the city very attractive.

The most beautiful scenery of the Rhine lies between Bonn and Mayence, or, to bring it within

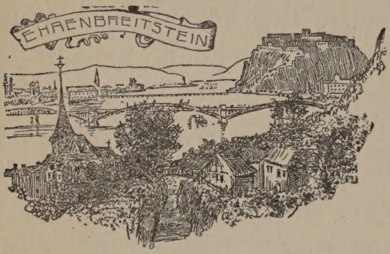


ON THE RHINE.

closer bounds, Coblentz and Bingen, the distance between the latter towns being about forty miles. A beautiful sunny day, with a clear atmosphere and blue skies, with a gay steamer, a band of music, and a club of Bavarian singers, with an intelligent and interesting company, conspired to make the trip up the Rhine most enjoyable. It was at midday when we left Bonn. At first the scenery was tame, but soon we reached the high, rugged banks of the Siebengebirge (seven mountains), and from this point forward the scenery was magnificent. We passed Drachenfels:

> "The castled crag of Drachenfels
>   Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of waters broadly swells
>   Between the banks which bear the vine."

Onward the precipitous banks are dotted over with castles. Many are in ruins: some have been restored to their former condition, and are beautiful or romantic. At 6 P. M. we anchored at Coblentz. The view of the town is very attractive from the river. Hotels, public buildings, and dwelling-houses front the water, and presented a gala appearance. The town is situated at the junction of the rivers Moselle and Rhine; is the capital of the Rhenish province of Russia, with a population of 31,000. Five thousand troops are garrisoned here. From it large quantities of the Rhine wines are exported to all parts of the world. A bridge of boats, which makes a picturesque appearance, connects the town with Thal Ehrenbreitstein, a pretty town, situated between commanding heights. In distinct view, on the opposite side of the river, is the Gibraltar of the Rhine, the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. It surmounts a precipitous rock, and rises 387 feet above the river, and is unapproachable upon three sides. It is wonderfully strong in appearance. At the south is Fort Asterstein, another strong fortress.

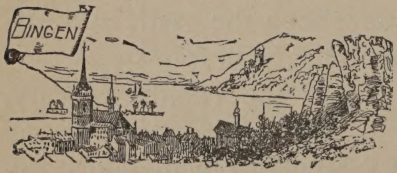


The morning succeeding my arrival was Sunday. The bells were rung, and the little steamer fronting my hotel window was lazily puffing away in the river. The strong old fortress looked down frowningly upon the water beneath. Front of the hotel were the booths of the women fruit-venders, who were trying to dispose of their perishable commodities. The Rhine hill-sides were lined with terrace above terrace, and covered with vineyards. On the bank is the Rhine promenade, which is most beautiful, and was visited by pedestrians. In one part of the city a body of Prussian troops were drilling, and one could not but admire the precision of their action and the ease with which they went through their difficult and complicated movements.

Often have German beds been pronounced good, but it was not my fortune to find such a one. They are anything but agreeable. They are narrow, with their coverlids, and a huge bag of feathers (a foot and a half in thickness by two and a half in width, and three feet in length) thrown over the top to keep one warm. The bag was "too short at both ends."

Again taking a steamer, we passed the palace, beneath the railway bridge, and in sight of lovely promenades. The Castle of Stolzenfels rises 310 feet above the river, and is the property of the emperor. Mountains now lined both banks of the Rhine. Before reaching St. Goar, we passed the most imposing ruin upon the river. It was the Castle of Rheinfels. Farther on is Lurlei, 433 feet above the water. In the rock dwelt the nymph, and with her syren attractions enticed those who roamed upon the waters to their death in the rapids at the foot of the precipice. Passing Oberwessel, later on, were seen the castle and picturesque ruins of Schonburg, with four great towers. It was erected about the twelfth century, was destroyed by the French in 1689, and was the birthplace of Marshal Schomberg, who fell at the memorable Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, under William Prince of Orange. Great numbers of castles on the Rhine have the same history—destroyed by the French! The Germans have good memories, and in the late Franco-German war the victor demanded and received of the French nation so much territory and money as to settle up all accounts of past centuries and the present one.

There is Bacharach lying sweetly fronting the Rhine, back of which are the extensive ruins of the once strong Castle of Stahleck, which the French captured eight times in twenty years, and destroyed in 1689. The old castles of Falkenburg, and the most beautiful castle of Rheinstein, are seen, and Ehrenfels Tower, built in 1210, and destroyed by the French in 1689. In the centre of the river is the Mouse Tower, which is said to derive its name from the legend of Archbishop Hatto of Mayence. In a time of distressing famine he burned some starving people in a barn, comparing them to mice. A curse followed him, or rather the mice did, to this island, and devoured him alive.



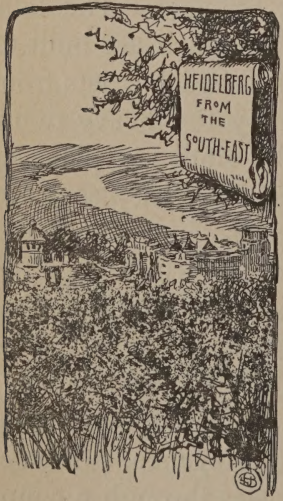
At length we halted at "sweet Bingen on the Rhine," where I disembarked. Before reaching this place was the grandest scenery on the river—a constantly changing view, each more beautiful than the one preceding it. From the steamer, as it follows the sharp, graceful curves of the stream, one can plainly see the castles on high elevations, in the distance and near at hand, while pleasant villas and villages line the shores. Bingen is a Hessian town of 6,500 people, pleasant for situation. It is celebrated because of the sweet, pathetic poem of the Hon. Mrs. C. E. Norton, commencing—

"A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers:
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears."

He speaks of his "brothers and companions," of a sister, and of "another, not a sister," whom he would meet no more at "Bingen, sweet Bingen on the Rhine." The vineyards at and around this place, and on the opposite side of the river, are simply wonderful. For miles terraces rise above terraces, from the water's edge to the topmost point of the steeply sloping hill-side. The hills are studded with terrace walls, which are built to prevent the small amount of soil which exists from being washed into the river by the heavy rains. On these patches of earth the vines are planted, and are supported by small sticks. In places are great windrows of shelvy rocks, dug out of the stony sides, not used in the construction of the terrace walls. On the opposite side of the Rhine is a magnificent monument, erected in honor of German soldiers who died in the war of 1870–'71.

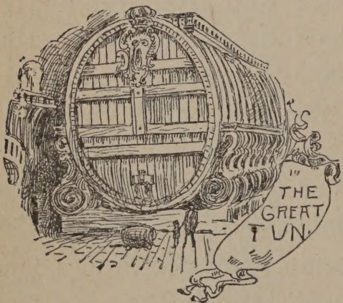
The romance of the Rhine ceased at Bingen. The remainder of the route to Mayence, which occupied two hours and a half, was through a country of great luxuriance and fertility. From Bonn to Mayence occupied thirteen hours,—a part of two days. Possibly the natural scenery of the Rhine does not surpass that of the Highlands on the Hudson. The Rhine has castles and a history, which the Hudson has not. It never can have such a record, but the centuries may bring it a more glorious one; for the triumphs of peace will surpass the cruel, bloody triumphs of war. Mayence is a strongly fortified city, with 8,000 soldiers and 54,000 inhabitants.

Leaving Mayence, a ride of two hours and a half, through a fertile and level country, brought me to Heidelberg, where I had the pleasure of meeting parties from Kansas City, and Bishop J. F. Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who had once been a student in Heidelberg. As our routes for the next thirty-six hours were the same, we travelled in company. At Heidelberg the bishop was our pilot, and took us immediately to the ruined castle. This is a city of some 25,000 inhabitants, and for beauty of natural scenery, of location, and for historical interest, can hardly be excelled. It is situated on the Neckar, which connects with the Rhine twelve miles below. The castle was founded by Count Palatine Rudolph I,



in the last decade of the thirteenth century. It underwent great changes through the succeeding centuries, and in the eighteenth covered a large extent of territory. Several times was it nearly destroyed by the ravages of war, and then rebuilt. It was at length a prey to the elements, being struck by lightning in 1764, and reduced to its present ruined condition. It is pronounced the most remarkable ruin in Germany. The ivy-clad walls are of great thickness, and to every point are attached historical associations. It is situated on the Jellenbühl, a wooded hill 300 feet above the Neckar, which flows through the valley beneath. The defensive walls upon three sides are surrounded by woods; and from them one can look to the deep decline beneath, over the branching, leafy tree-tops, and upon the side facing the town, can view the town itself, the hills upon the opposite shore, and also follow the graceful windings of the Neckar till in the distance it is lost in the widening plains. In and around the castle various kinds of architecture are to be seen. There are allegorical figures; and in the arches of the windows are medallions of famous persons of the long ago. Statues adorn the niches in the walls, and beautiful carvings everywhere abound. We were led through the gloomy subterranean passages, and beheld the strength and repulsiveness of its old dungeons. Its largeness of extent, its massiveness, its height, and the labor bestowed on its erection, are very great. From the brow of a high hill back of it one can see, far beneath, the castle, the city with its house-roofs, beer-gardens, churches, university, the Neckar as it winds sinuously for miles in the verdant plains, while opposite was a village, and nearer the steep hill-side covered with vineyards, with roads looking like deep cuts among them leading to the tops. Farther to the right the hills were finely wooded, and the whole hill-sides, with their waving, swaying branches of green, in the breezes of that sunny day, were beautiful.

There was the celebrated great tun, which held 800 hogsheads of wine; was 32 feet long and 26 feet high, with a platform upon its top large enough to dance a cotillon.



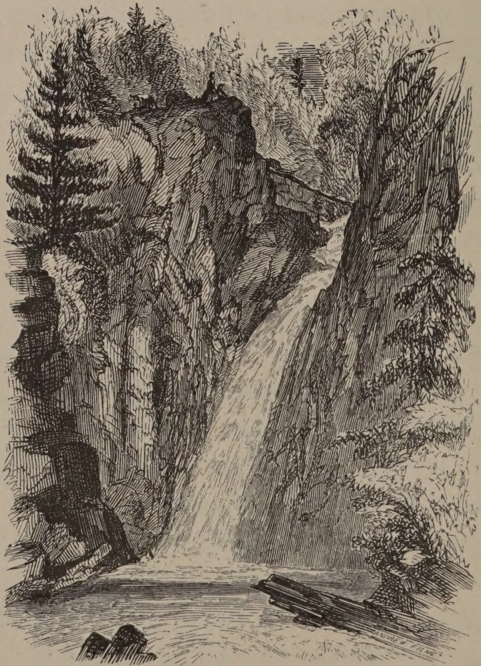
The famous university, founded by Rupert I in 1386, has more than 600 students. The latter belong to different clubs or societies, which are designated by the caps of differing colors which the members wear. Members of different societies are supposed not to love each other, and it is considered the part of manliness to fight duels. One sees many of the students in the streets and in the great beer-halls or restaurants, and some bear marks of savage cuts upon their faces. One in particular I recall, where the broad scar extended from the crown of the head to the jaw.

Leaving Heidelberg, we went direct to Strasburg (stopping only at Baden-Baden), passing through a highly cultivated country. Men, women, young girls, and boys were at work at haying in the fields, mowing with peculiar snaths and scythes, and with clumsy forks pitching hay upon their rude ox- or cow-wagons, for both oxen and cows are used singly or doubly. The women work as regularly in the fields as the men. The land is staked off into narrow strips, is highly cultivated, and yields abundant crops. The agricultural utensils are antiquated, and a hundred years behind American implements. The population is so dense that the smallness of territory allotted to each cultivator prevents the use of mowing-machines, and the improved machinery so generally in use in the United States.

Baden-Baden is well situated among lovely hills, at the entrance of the Black Forest, and is one of the Saratogas of Germany. Formerly it was the greatest gambling place in the world, but government has restricted this greatly within a few years. From Baden-Baden we went to Strasburg, and the hotel Ville De Paris was our home. The city was founded by the Romans, is the capital of Alsace and German Lorraine, and was wrested from France when peace was concluded at Frankfort, May 10, 1871. Hardly a trace of the havoc made by the conflict is visible. We went, of course, to the cathedral, and one cannot fail to be greatly impressed with this remarkable structure, which was commenced in 1179 upon the site of an earlier edifice, which was built in the sixth century. All that can be said of most of the famous cathedrals of Europe in regard to massiveness and height, harmony of proportion, beauty of columns, delicate carvings and tracery, elegance of stained glass windows, and statuary, can be said of this temple. The tower rises to the dizzy height of 465 feet. Ascending to the highest point to which one can climb, there is an excellent view of the city, of river and plain, the Black Forest, and mountain ranges in the distance.

At noon a great many crowded into the cathedral to see that wonderful piece of mechanism, the clock, which was constructed between 1838–1842 by a clock-maker named Schwilgue. The twelve apostles move around a figure of the Saviour, who raises his hand to bless them. A cock is perched on the highest point of one of the towers, who flaps his wings and crows three times, which can be heard in distant parts of the building. Allegorical figures adorn the exterior of the clock, with many other curious points in its mechanism which might be mentioned.

St. Thomas's church, Protestant, is another of interest. There is the monument erected by

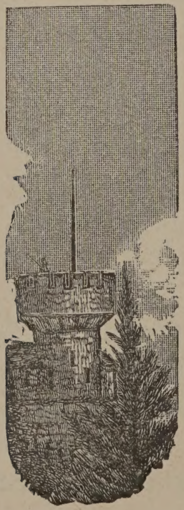

ANDREW FILMER

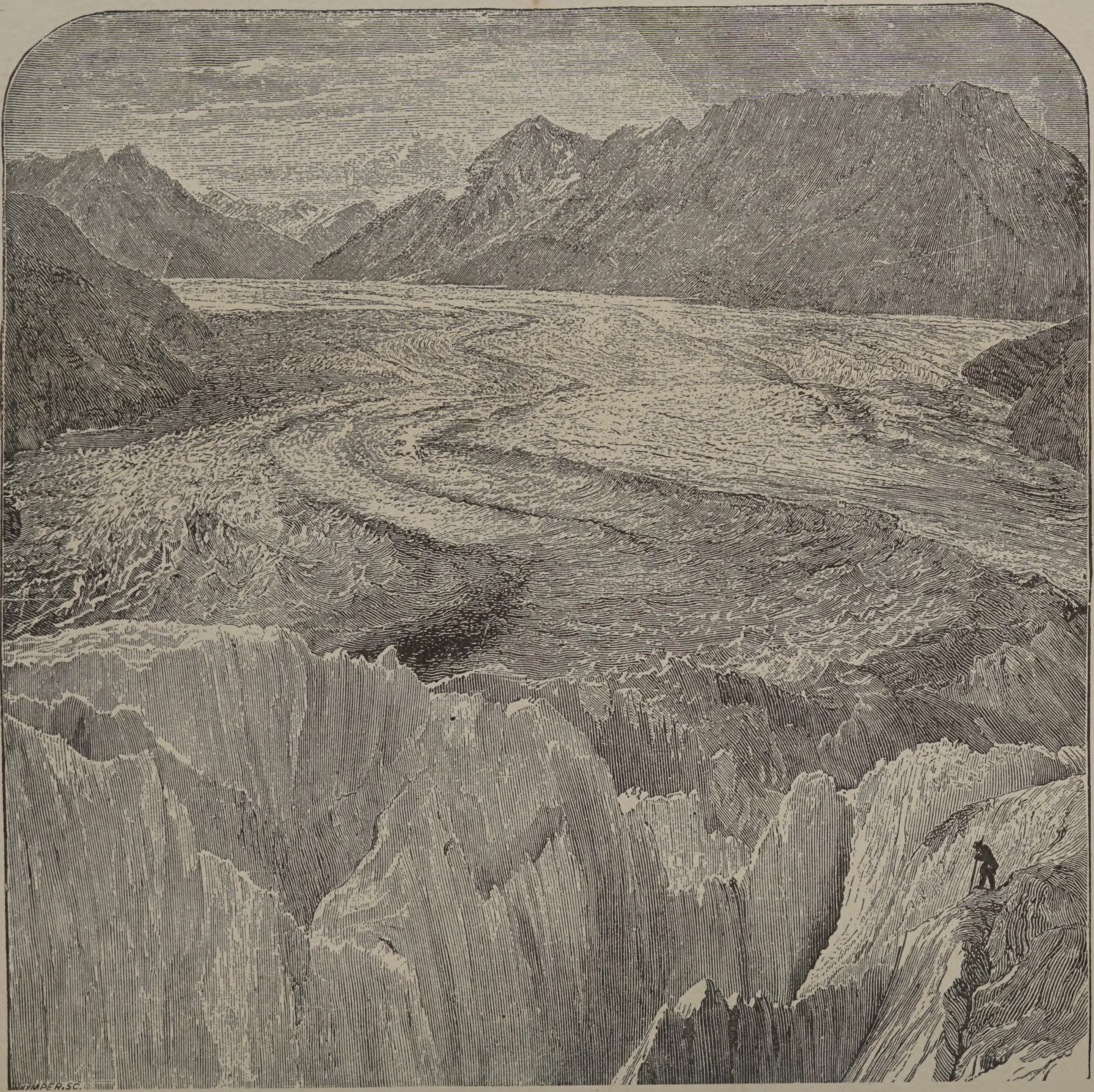
FALLS IN THE ALPS.

Louis XV to Marshall Saxe, who died in 1750. In this church, in a hermetically sealed glass case, are the remains of the Duke of Nassau, who was killed in battle. In another case are the remains of his daughter, thirteen years of age, clad in her silks. She looks as though the slightest exposure to the air, or the least disturbance, would reduce her frame to dust. The once plump finger has the ring of gold upon it, but the changing hand of time has made sad havoc with her perishable, youthful beauty.

Anchored in the river, but lashed to the shore, are great boats, arranged for wash-houses. There are furnaces which supply hot water, and the tables, at which the washer-women work, are of plank. After going through the cleansing process, the clothes (not the women, though the latter looked as though they needed it!) are put into the river for the final rinsing. The shore was lined with these establishments.

Strasburg is ancient, very quaint, very sleepy, but it is odd and interesting. Here we parted from our amiable friend the bishop, and in company with our friends of Kansas City went to Basel. On the route, by appointment, we were joined by two very intelligent German Methodists, who had lived in the United States. They came laden with provisions and the early ripened fruits of the land. It was the sunniest of afternoons, and we travelled through a beautiful country, with the Black Forest in view much of the way. Our German acquaintances were familiar with each locality, and made this one of the most agreeable of rides. We journeyed through the rich valley of the Rhine. The people, unlike American farmers, live in villages, and in the day-time go out to cultivate the land. Stones four inches square mark the bounds of the patch of land each man cultivates. The country was beautiful, and acres upon acres of vineyards were luxuriant with the growing vines. On reaching Basel or Bâle, we registered at Hotel Schweizerhof. We were now in far-famed Switzerland.





GREAT ALETSCH GLACIER.

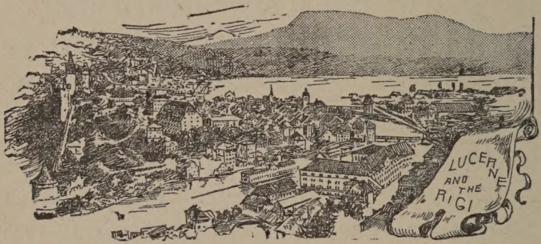
CHAPTER XIII.

SWITZERLAND.

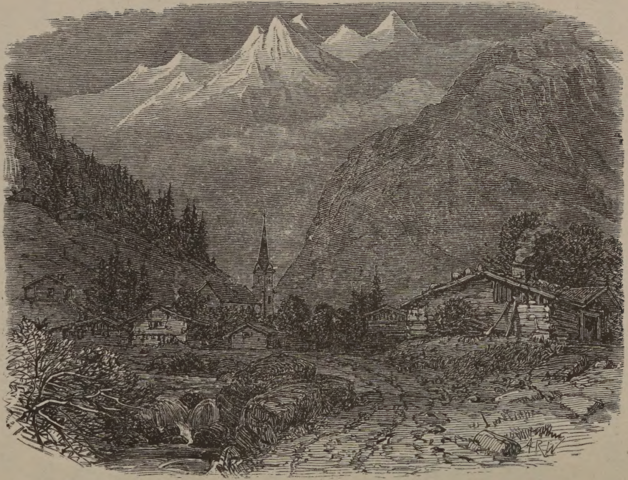
THIS country is said to be named after Schwitz, one of its smallest cantons. It is small in area, and is a land of waterfalls, of charming lakes, of attractive valleys, and of mountains, many of which are glacier crowned. All these, with her mountain passes, afford wonderful attractions to the multitudes of visitors who continually throng that land.

Bâle or Basel is finely located on the Rhine, and was formerly the junction of three nations,—Germany, Switzerland, and France. It is a city of about 66,000 people, and was founded in the second century. Its has excellent hotels, beautiful public parks, and fine walks and drives are in the place and its environs. Its churches, arsenal, town hall, museum, and public library are worthy of close inspection. At this place my western acquaintances left me, and I started for Lucerne, which was reached in three hours.

Lucerne has 16,000 people, and lies at the head of Lake Lucerne, which is the most beautiful body of water in Switzerland, and one of the loveliest lakes in the world. On fine boulevards fronting it the principal hotels are built, from which, and the pleasant promenades, there are excellent views of the water and the surrounding high mountains. The Rigi mountain is upon the left, while on the right is the cloud-enveloped Mt. Pilatus. The latter receives its name from that of Pontius Pilate, who finished his wicked life, the legend says, by plunging into the waters of the lake upon its summit. A form was often seen to rise from its depths and go through the act of washing its hands, and at such times dark clouds gathered over the bosom of the "Infernal Lake," and storms and hurricanes and tempests always succeeded. These wonders ceased long ago, and travellers who visit the summit of the mountain are no longer troubled as in ancient days.

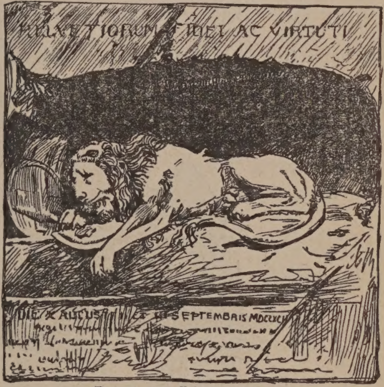


The most noted object of interest is the famous Lion of Lucerne, wrought in the solid rock, on the perpendicular side of a sand-stone cliff. In the French Revolution Louis XVI and his family were defended by a body of Swiss guards, who died in the defence of royalty at the Tuileries, Paris, August 10, 1792. This magnificent piece



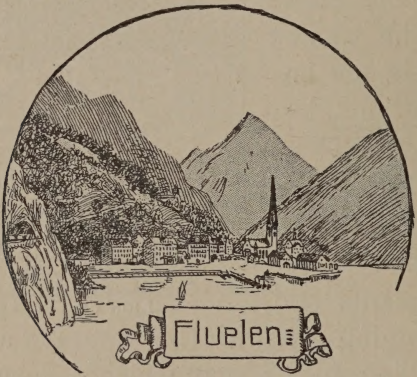
SCENE IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

of art is in honor of the unfortunate hireling soldiery. It is 28½ feet in length, 18 feet in height, and represents a lion in the agonies of death, with his side transfixed by a spear, while under one of his protecting paws is the lily-graced shield of the Bourbons. The names of the slain are engraved at the sides. The Dane, Thorwaldson, was the artist who designed it. Surrounded as it is by plants and green, clinging ivy, with the waters of a mountain stream falling into a pool which reflects the lion, it has justly become very celebrated.


HELVETIORUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI
DIE X AUGUSTI II ET III SEPTEMBRIS MDCCXCII
LION OF LUCERNE.

In close proximity is the Glacier Garden, where there are sixteen excavations in the solid rock. By the action of glaciers ages ago, great holes were made forty feet in depth. Massive stones were in them, weighing several tons, and those revolved as the water flowed in upon them, wearing themselves smooth, and enlarging the cavity in the ledge.

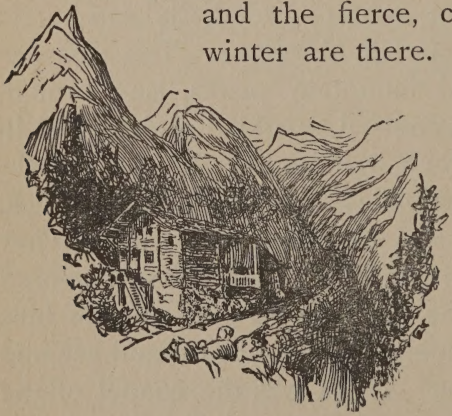
Taking a small steamer, I went the length of the lake to Flüelen. Bold mountains towered above and around us. On their precipitous sides were broad-roofed cottages and fine orchards basking in the sunlight. Passing Brunnen, we were in the locality of the hero, or myth, William Tell. There is the spot from which he leaped from the boat of the tyrant Gesler, and shot him while he was on the way to prison. Farther up is Tell's chapel. Two miles from Flüelen, where the boat stopped, was Altdorf, the spot where Tell was when he shot the apple from the head of his child. A fountain is on the place where his son is said to have stood.



We landed at Vitznau, and ascended the Rigi by railroad. We passed through the tunnel, over the deep ravine, and climbed the high mountain-side. The sun was sinking, lighting up mountains with their snowy caps, and casting darkening shadows over the lake. When we reached the summit he sank from view, but his parting beams tinged all the mountain-tops with a dress of golden light.

We registered at the Rigi-Kulm. At 4 o'clock on the following morning the guests were aroused by the oft-repeated blasts of the Alpine horn to see the sun rise upon the Alps. They did not tarry to make elaborate toilets, but came pouring forth in diverse costumes, and some had thrown about them the thick woollen blankets of the hotel. Upon the most elevated point of land is a platform. Securing a position upon this, with impatience I waited for the sunrise. The Alps were in our front (a range of 125 miles in length), which could be taken in at one glance of the eye. The whole panorama, which could be distinctly seen, was 300 miles in circumference. A few straggling rays of light preceded the sun-burst: then the king came in his glory. The east was blazing gold, and mountain peaks, ice-crowned, white and pure as crystal, sparkled and glowed in the intensity of their light and brightness. Darkness fled from the valleys; and hills, lakes, cities, villages, woods, and clearings were all in view and aglow in the sunshine. The lakes mirrored in their depths the sky; a vast panorama of hills and valleys was lying far beneath us, and seemed like a great plain. There was the chapel of the patriot Tell, the city of Lucerne with its church spires, the scattered houses of numerous hamlets, the wooded mountain-sides, with the cone-like tops of the fir-trees rising one above another, while in the great beyond were "Alps upon Alps:"

all were lightened and brightened by the sunlight, and revealed the rough, ragged, jutting outlines of the mountains, with the snow and glaciers upon them. All these together made one of the most beautiful scenes man was ever permitted to look upon. Descending from the Rigi, I took steamer for Lucerne, and from Lucerne for Alpnaught. In going to this southern arm of the lake there are extensive views of highly cultivated fields and orchards in a lovely valley, while higher up on the rising sides of the Alps are the eternal snows. Summer in the valley, winter on the mountains: summer-land, winter-land—both seen in the same glance of the eye. The warm breezes of summer and the fierce, cutting frosts of winter are there. In many a sheltered nook and deep mountain gorge can be seen the farm and home of the Swiss mountaineer. The high mountains are cultivated and grazed to their very summits.



Swiss Cottage and Mountains.

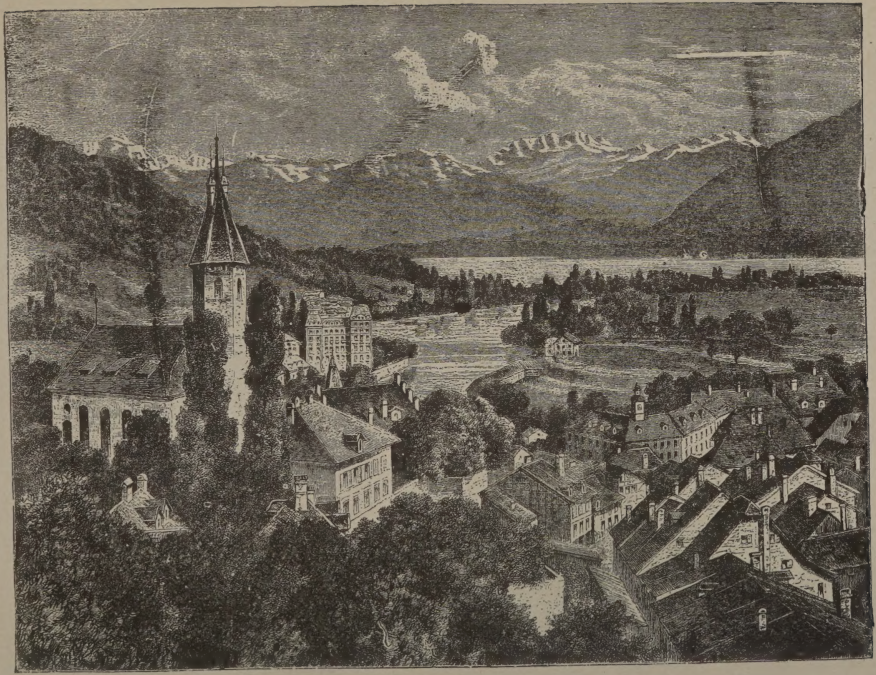
On arriving at Alpnach we went by stage twenty-five miles, over the famous Brunig Pass, to Brienz. The road led through a country densely populated, with the homes of the Alpine climbers rising above one another clear to the summit of the mountains. The latter were so steep and the tops so far-reaching into the sky that one would think almost that the houses would tumble down the steep decline. The hay crop was being gathered, and as many as six or seven men, women, and boys, would be busily at work on a small patch of land, gathering it. The men rolled up the hay in great bundles, and carried it into their barns upon their backs. Their farming implements are rude, and their mountains are so steep that domestic animals cannot be used, so all the work is done by human exertion. The women work outdoors, and carry heavy loads in long baskets strapped upon their shoulders.

Never can one appreciate fully the correct representation of things as they actually exist, and the beauty of Longfellow's "Excelsior," till the homes of the Alpine climbers, far up the heights, have been seen. One almost looks to see the ambitious youth, and hear the echoing, far-away, warning voices in the dim twilight of the mountain:

> "Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
> Beware the awful avalanche."
>
> "This was the peasant's last good night:
> A voice replied, far up the height,
> Excelsior."

A well constructed road leads through the woods to the summit of Brunig pass. By the side of our diligence came the people—boys, girls, and women,—with milk, fruit, and wood carvings (for which this country is so noted) to sell. The scenery was fine, and from the summit (3,648 feet) can be seen Lake Lungern, Mt. Pilatus, the Wetterhorn, and other peaks of the Bernese Alps. The descent to Brienz afforded views of great scenic beauty, and before nightfall we reached that town, situated at the base of the Brienzar Grat. Very quaint and odd is its long street of wooden houses, with quantities of wood carvings, which are gems of art. On the opposite side of the lake are the Falls of the Giessbach, very noted, which are illuminated each evening, making a brilliant appearance. I went by steamer across the Lake of Brienz to Interlaken. No sooner had this place been reached than into the station came dashing a train of excursionists, with bands of martial music. The carriages were two stories in height. This is a lovely little town, and lies between Lakes Thun and Brienz. Its wooden houses have projecting eves, built like all Swiss houses, and ornamented with wood carvings.

Grand, massive, beautiful was the Jungfrau, clad in its snowy shroud of eternal brightness, as it rises to the height of 13,611 feet. The Silberhorn is upon its right; mountains and glaciers are all about it. In the immediate vicinity, on these mountains and in the valleys, are glaciers covering 360 square miles. There is the Great Aletsch glacier, whose source is at the foot of the Jungfrau,



THUN.

the largest of Switzerland's ice streams, as it is nearly a score of miles in length, and from one to four miles in breadth. It is surrounded by huge peaks of the Oberland Alps, and is wonderful for its solitude and extent.

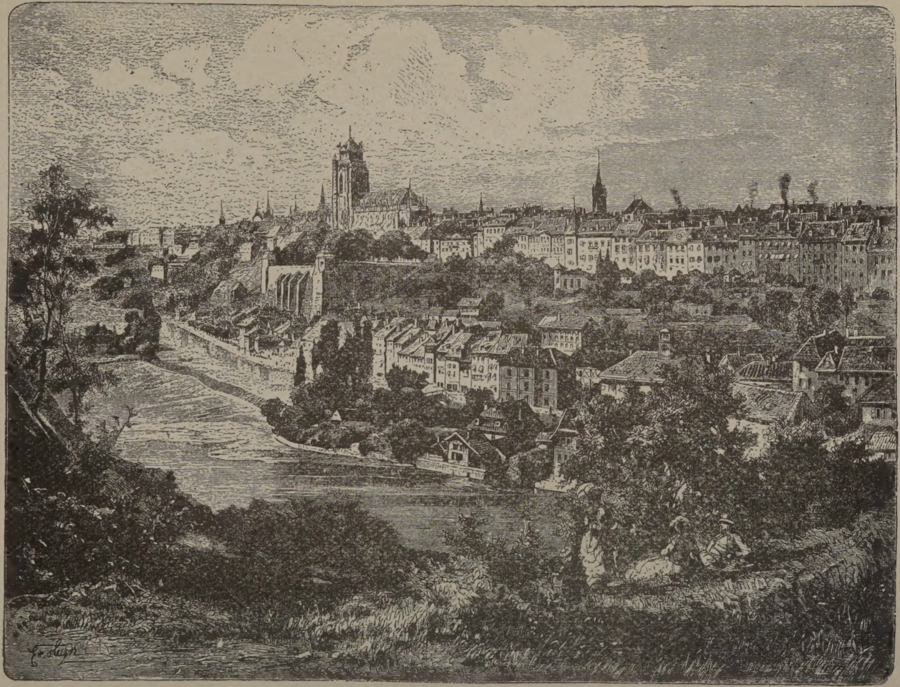
The Lake of Thun is eleven miles long and two broad, where a steamer was taken which crossed that lake. There was another steamer, covered with streaming banners, bearing excursionists, who were solaced by sweetest music. The shores of the lake are dotted with villages, above which rise the mountains of the Oberland. Reached Thun, with its 5,130 people, finely situated on the River Aare. Lovely views of the landscape were obtained in different parts of the town.

Night in the Alps.

The journey was continued to Berne, which was inspected. Very delightful are some of its promenades and views of the outlying country, especially that of the Bernese Alps. Its clock tower is celebrated. It is curious to see the performances. A cock flaps his wings and crows three minutes before the hour, then about an old gentleman bears march in procession, and again crows the cock. The hour is struck on the bell by a fool, while the old gentleman previously mentioned turns the hour-glass and checks off the strokes. A nodding approval is made by a bear, and the crowing of the cock closes the exercises. Beautiful is the Federal Council Hall, called the Bundes Rathaus, where assembles the Swiss Diet.

Lausanne was the next city of prominence. I registered at Hotel Gibbon, in the garden of which the historian Gibbon completed his History of Rome." On the day succeeding my arrival, in this same garden, a Swiss peasant was mowing the grass. He used a straight snath, with a scythe the blade of which was thin, four inches wide and two feet and three inches long. It was market day, and it was a strange, interesting sight to visit the markets, which are in many of the streets. The sidewalks were covered, and the streets half filled with the peasants and their produce which they had brought from their mountain homes. There were baskets of rabbits, old and young, very tame, which the women would lift up by their ears to show customers, baskets of chickens, all kinds of fruits, and in another section were booths where various kinds of wearing apparel and dry goods were disposed of. There were loads of wood, and stalls where, over a brisk fire, eatables were cooked. Serving maids with their baskets were buying produce for their employers' households.

The cathedral is of much interest. From the Terrace there is an excellent view of the Savoy



BERNE.

Alps. From Lausanne I took steamer at Ouchy to cross the Lake of Geneva, or Lac Leman, to the city of Geneva. It is large in extent, with blue waters, and has the quietness, peace, and loveliness in its surroundings of Lake Windermere.

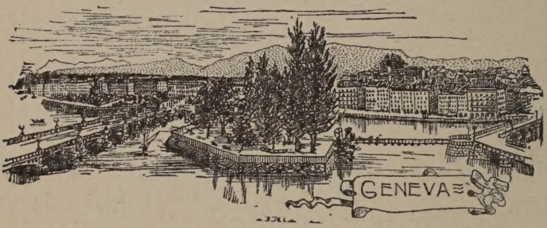
> "Once I loved
> Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
> Sounds, sweet as of a sister's voice, reproved
> That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."

The boat touched at the towns of Morgas, Rolle, Nyon, Coppet, and Versoix. Before reaching Nyon, the Chateau of Prangins could be seen, which was occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. At Coppet there lived many years, and is buried, that wonderful woman, Madame de Staël. The sloping hills by which the lake is surrounded are covered with vineyards, orchards, and pleasant villages, and the shores lined with beautiful villas. Mont Blanc, grand, massive, mighty, covered with its thick, pure mantle of whiteness, was visible much of the way.

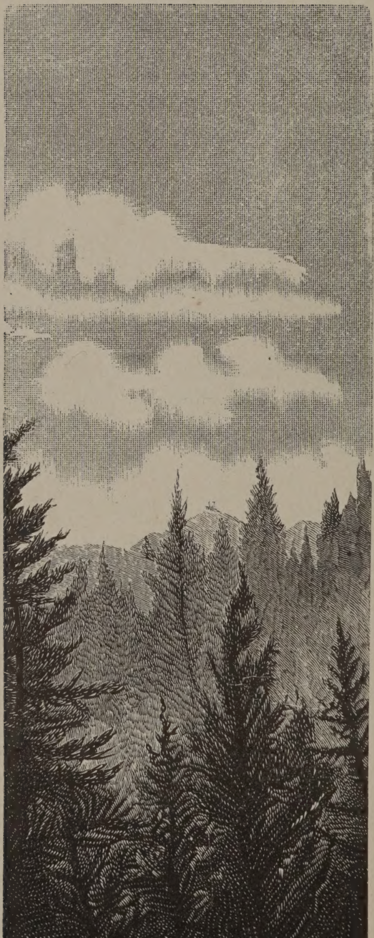
> "On those eternal peaks there winter reigns,
> And cold and frosts their icy splendor shed.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> A pyramid of tiny tongues of flame
> Darted from out the rifts of dazzling white."

The city of Geneva was reached. It is populous and rich, with a population of 49,000. It is divided by the river Rhone into two parts. Old fortifications in one section are converted into a beautiful promenade.

Geneva is an attractive city. Its monuments, buildings, broad quays, elegant bridges, and shops of trade give it an imposing appearance. All portions of the city were visited. It is a town of history. Rousseau was born here in 1712. John Calvin, whose intense thought and religious zeal has had such an influence in the theological world for centuries, resided here for about thirty years; and it was my pleasure to see his home, and occupy his chair in the cathedral of St. Pierre.



The Swiss are a quiet, contented, sturdy race. As a people, they are educated in the school of poverty, and endure patiently the hardness of their lot. Their wants are few, and they appear happy, and satisfied with the life they lead. Their apparel is of the plainest kind. They are reasonably intelligent, and, as a class, are, with the exception of hotel-keepers, reasonably honest. They love Switzerland with passionate and patriotic devotion. Their country is a stronghold of defence against a foreign enemy, and a small force could hurl back a numerous and obstinate foreign foe. The rulers of this little republic have taken



IN THE ALPS.

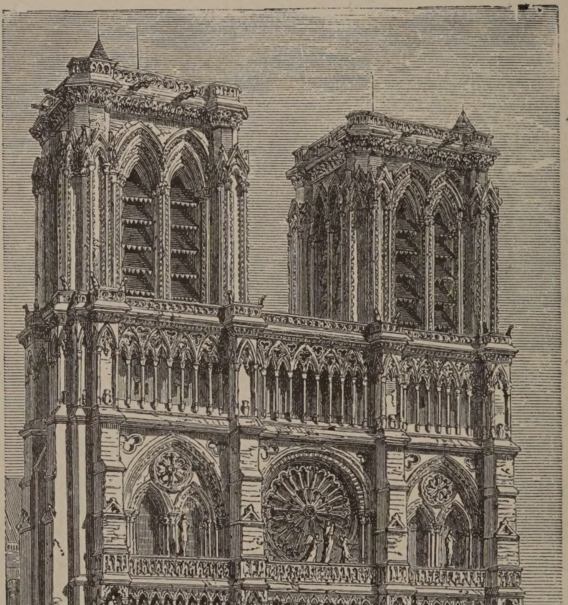
measures to organize a reserve force of 200,000 men, to be largely composed of men from the mountains. These Alpine mountaineers cannot be surpassed in strength, endurance, and courage. When brought under strict military discipline they will be superb soldiers. In war in their own loved country they would prove more valiant, man for man, than the soldiers any enemy could call together. The country is safe when under the protection of her valiant sons, unless an overwhelming force is brought against her. But may peace be within her borders, beauty always linger on her mountains and in her valleys, and joy and plenty be the sweet, rich heritage of the Swiss people.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANCE.

ON entering the railway carriage at Geneva for Paris, it was my pleasure to meet as travelling companions a clansman from Illinois, with his wife and daughter. We journeyed to Paris together, and quartered at the same hotel. In the dawning of the morning we were whirled into gay, beautiful Paris, the delight and pride of France, and the joy of the world. And how shall it be described? Years might be spent in it, and much then remain to be seen. It covers an area of over thirty square miles, has over five hundred miles of streets, and a population of about two millions. Almost every point in it has some noted gallery, church, or public building.

The men of Paris are much smaller and less robust than those of London. The women are bright, pretty, nicely dressed, and appear more happy and cheerful than English women. While in the city I was pleasantly received by Gen. George Walker, a native of Peterborough, N. H., and consul-general at Paris, whom I had met



NOTRE DAME.

before. A pleasant evening was passed at No. 44 Rue du Clichy, with Ex-Gov. P. C. Cheney and family, of New Hampshire.

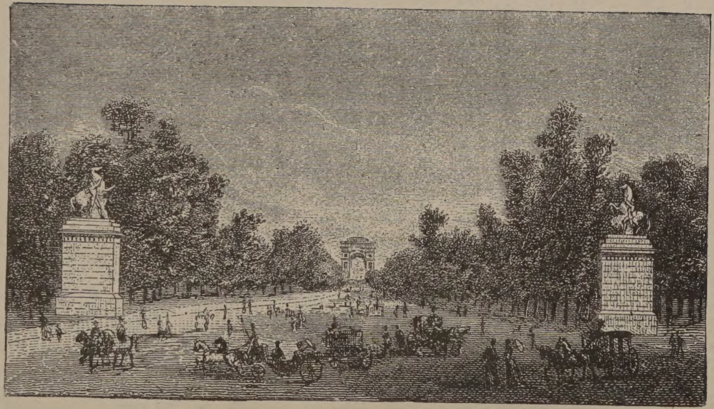
The oldest church in Paris is Notre Dame.

> " With imposing grandeur rises
>   This cathedral, great and fair,
> Every arch carved out in beauty,
>   Every niche adorned with care."

It was founded in 1163. The front part, dating from the thirteenth century, is considered the finest portion. In 1793 the edifice was decreed to be destroyed, but it was finally saved. It was converted into a "temple of reason," and the statue of Liberty replaced that of the Virgin. The "torch of truth" burned in the choir, over which rose the "temple of philosophy," adorned with statues of noted men. It was closed May 12, 1794, but was reopened as a place of worship by Napoleon in 1802. There is shown the place where Napoleon and Josephine stood when they were married by Pope Pius VII, and the spot where Napoleon placed the crowns upon his own head and that of Josephine. There is the baptismal font where Napoleon III had the prince imperial baptized. The church was desecrated by Communists in 1871, and set on fire, but it was saved after sustaining slight damage.

The Madeline was visited in the afternoon. It is a church of much elegance; was founded in 1764, commenced building in 1777, and, after several changes and much delay, was finished in 1842, having cost $2,500,000. It stands in an open place, near the western termination of the great Boulevards. It is approached by a flight of twenty-eight steps. It is 354 feet long, 141 wide, and 100 in height. It is surrounded by Corinthian pillars over fifty feet high. Elegant and colossal statues ornament its exterior; and its interior, from the marble pavement and beautiful ceiling to the high altar, has all the beauty, elegance, and richness which art, wealth, and skill can give. There are no windows upon the sides, the church being lighted from the top. Its high and massive doors, adorned with illustrations of the ten commandments, were seven years in building, and are marvels of beauty.

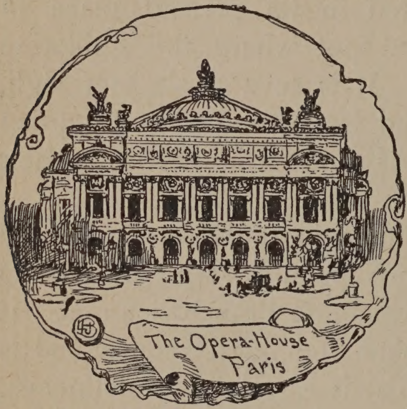
The Place de la Concorde is the finest Place in the city, and, possibly, in the world. It is a gem of beauty in itself, and is surrounded by other gems. The river Seine, the Champs-Elysées, the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Rue de Rivoli are about it. In the evening a thousand blazing lights among fountains, trees, statues, and through the Champs-Elysées to the Triumphal Arch, make the scene beautiful as fairy land. On this spot, now so fair, terrible scenes have been enacted;—1200 persons were killed in a panic May 30, 1770; here Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, Robespierre, and others, numbering over 2800 victims, suffered death by the



ARC DE TRIOMPHE AND CHAMPS ELYSEES.

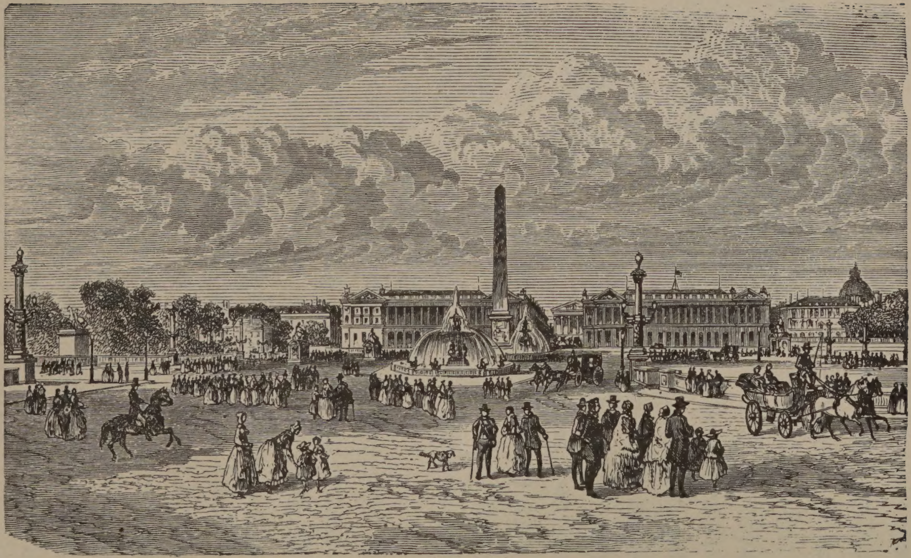
guillotine from 1793 to 1795. The beautiful obelisk of Luxor, brought from Egypt by Louis Philippe, and erected in its present place in 1836, stands on the spot where the guillotine did its cruel work. It is seventy-six feet high, weighs 240 tons, and is covered with Egyptian characters. Fountains send forth ceaselessly their silvery spray.

The Arc de Triomphe in the Place de l'Etoile owes its existence to Napoleon I, who ordered its erection in 1806 to celebrate French victories. It is the finest triumphal arch in existence, and is two miles from the Palais Royal, on an eminence, and from which radiate twelve beautiful avenues. It is 160 feet high, and the principal arch is 90 feet high. There are various groups of colossal statuary, with Fame surmounting all, and History is recording his deeds. Large halls in the interior are reached by winding staircases. From the summit there is a magnificent view of Paris. Other places of surpassing interest were visited, including the Palace of the Elysée, the official residence of the French president, and Champs-Elysées, the latter being one of the most charming avenues on earth, and which extends from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, or a mile and a third. Its driveways are lined with trees, while upon one side are fine buildings, and on the other the Palais de l'Industrie, the scene of the Exhibition of 1855.



The new Opera House, in its costliness and elegance, surpasses any other in the world. The site and structure cost some nine and one quarter millions of dollars. It was begun in 1861, finished in 1874, and covers nearly three acres, but only has seats for 2156 people. The building seems too low for its size, and the exterior has received the most costly ornamentation. All Europe has been laid under contribution to supply the various kinds of marble used in its construction.

The interior, for richness of design and beauty, baffles description. Its statues, its grand staircase with steps of white marble, the colored marble columns, the frescoes of the ceiling, the groups of bronze figures, with the theatre itself elaborately decorated, with its four tiers of boxes, and the whole filled with well dressed men and elegantly dressed ladies, and capped by the gallery all glinting and glowing with brightness from the many lights, make a scene of wondrous loveliness; and as one stands in the evening upon the open front balcony, and looks into the broad and brilliantly lighted Avenue de l'Opera, with its hur-



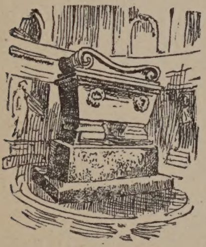
PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

rying crowds, he will behold one of the most pleasing sights of Paris.

We visited the Ecole Militaire, the great military training establishment, one side of which is a quarter of a mile in breadth, and is magnificent in appearance. The Champs-de-Mars, in close proximity, was formerly enclosed in embankments covered with trees, and sixty thousand people aided in its construction. The great International Exposition of 1867 was here holden. The Exposition of 1878 was held at Champs-de-Mars, with the addition of the heights of the Trocadéro, which were added to the grounds. The small park with the Palais du Trocadéro was then constructed. The latter is an imposing structure in the form of a crescent. In the park is a cascade, near which are animals in bronze. One peculiarity of all works of art and statuary in Paris is, that there is seldom an object represented as being in repose. It is always on the alert,—active, excited. So the animals were here portrayed. The bull was rampant, with head thrown up, his eyes wild, his feet placed resolutely upon the earth as if in the act of rapid motion, and every muscle in limb and body at its utmost tension. One tires of this, and wishes for things at peace.

From many parts of Paris can be seen the gilded dome, 340 feet in height, of the Hotel des Invalides, the home of French veterans, which was founded in 1670. Many of Napoleon's old soldiers were here cared for by France. Of the men who had fought under the eye of the great emperor and marched to the deadly fray to the thunders of his artillery, only two were here at the time of my visit.

Near by is Napoleon's tomb. It is difficult to understand how the human mind could conceive or human hands fashion a more rare, costly, and beautiful structure. It is not flashy, but elegant. He said, in his will, "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have so well loved." In the centre of the crypt rises the beautiful sarcophagus, which contains the remains of the emperor. So he lies, not as formerly,—

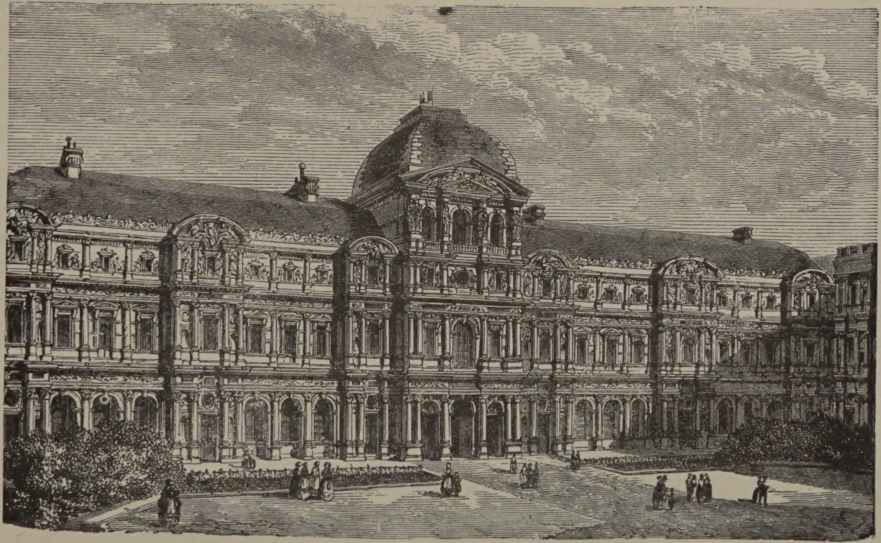

Napoleon's Sarcophagus.

"On a lone, barren isle, where the wild, roaring billows
Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests roar,"

but here in his beloved France, in the heart of beautiful Paris, in one of the most costly and magnificent mausoleums ever made. He rests, as was his last desire, on the banks of the Seine.

"The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,—
He heeds not, he hears not, he 's free from all pain;—
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle:
No sound can awake him to glory again."

The palace and museum of the Louvre is the



WESTERN FACADE OF THE LOUVRE.

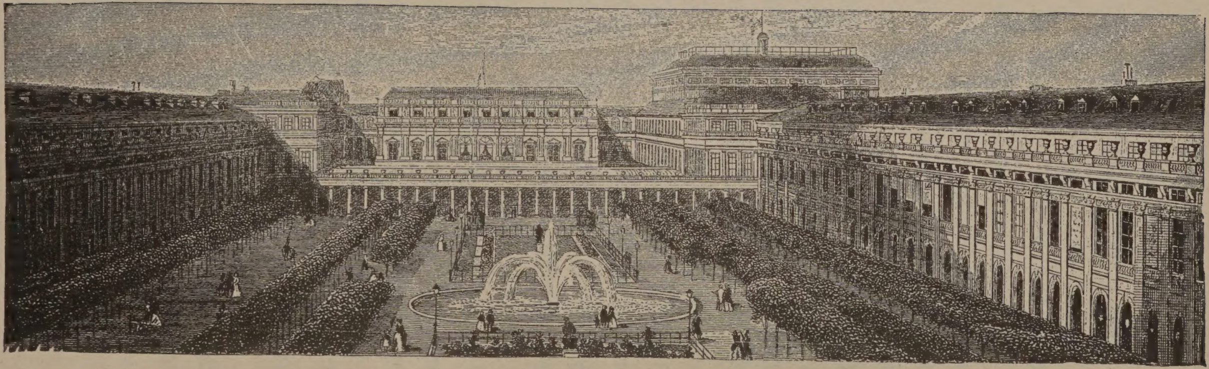
brightest, costliest gem in the crown of Paris, and worth "sailing the seas over" to see. It is situated near the Seine, and the buildings which compose it cover many acres of ground. They are handsome architecturally, were centuries in building, and are quadrilateral in form, inclosing a great square. The exterior of the Louvre is elaborately ornamented.

The site is said to have been an ancient forest infested by wolves. The present building was begun by Francis I, in 1541, and many of the subsequent rulers of France spent vast sums upon it, but it was not completed till finished by Louis Napoleon in 1857. Many historical events are connected with the older part of it. From a window, on the night of August 24, 1572, the king, it is said, gave a signal for the massacre of the Huguenots: it was the commencement of St. Bartholomew's Day. The older portion of the Louvre has been used as a museum since 1793. After the downfall of Napoleon III, when Paris was in the hands of the Communists, the great library of 90,000 volumes, and manuscripts which were priceless, were burned by them on the night of May 24, 1871.

The interior is costly and beautiful, and its art collections surpass those of any other museum on the continent. Many paintings, from the most noted artists the world ever had, were brought to France by Napoleon I, after his brilliant campaigns, and placed in this museum. Some are still there; and when the guide pointed them out to us, he wittily said,—"Napoleon called them the spoils of war: the people from whom he took them called it stealing." There are two ways of looking at a subject. The museum of Egyptian curiosities is the most noted in Europe, with translations of many of their hieroglyphics. Many of the relics of ancient Nineveh, unearthed by Mr. Layard, are in the Asiatic museum. There are ancient sculptures of untold worth, and modern ones of intrinsic merit. Its picture gallery, comprising the different rooms, is in the aggregate more than a mile and a half in length, and has over 2,000 noted paintings. Visitors wander through the great number of rooms, and look at the wilderness of sculptures, of paintings, and of other things of indescribable beauty and value, and turn away from them all, wearied with the task. A life many times repeated could be profitably spent in study in this famous Louvre.

The Place du Carrousel occupies a portion of the open space between the Louvre and the Tuileries, and on it is situated the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, erected by order of Napoleon I to commemorate his victories of 1805–'6.

The Palace of the Tuileries, the abode of the rulers of France, begun in 1564, was burned by the Communists in 1871, and the ruins were removed in 1883; but the vacant spot is offensive

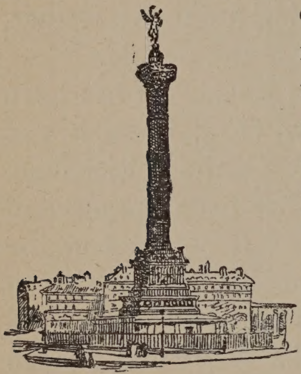


THE PALAIS ROYAL AND GARDEN.

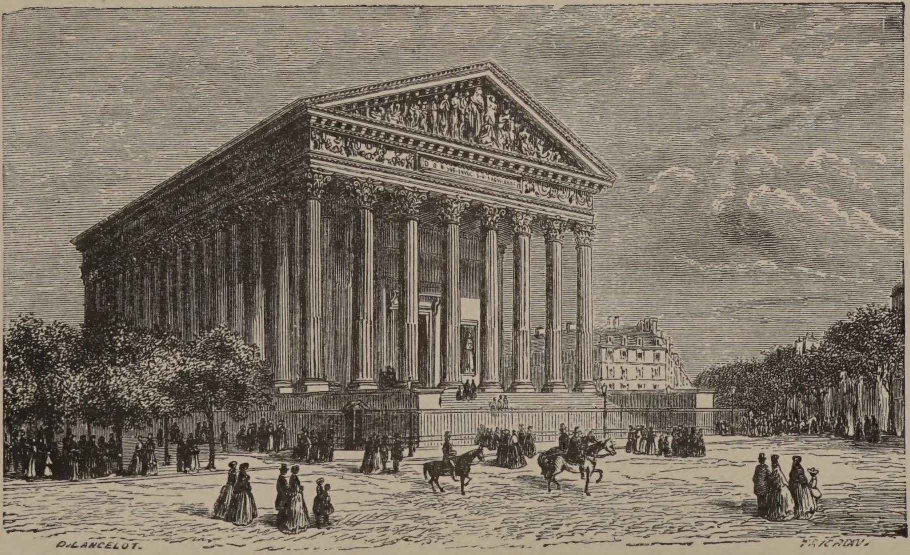
to the view, and many things reminded me of entering a home from which the master had been a long time absent. The gardens of the Tuileries still retain their pristine beauty, and are a popular promenade. There are playing fountains, statues, and trees to delight and please the people.

Every one visits the Palais Royal. It has been a residence of royalty since 1629, when it was presented to Louis XIII by Cardinal Richelieu, by whom it was erected. It has been the place of carnivals and bloody dramas. It suffered in the revolutions of 1848, and from the Communists in 1871. From this locality the people went forth to the destruction of the Bastile in the first French Revolution. It was the home of Lucien Bonaparte after Napoleon's return from Elba, and at another time the home of Louis Philippe, and in later years the residence of Prince Napoleon till the downfall of the Empire. The buildings completely surround the Palais Royal gardens, which are a most lovely retreat. Here the people congregate, and walk and chat and rest beneath the shade-trees and by the beautiful fountains. In the Palais-Royal are various restaurants. The shops surrounding the park or gardens are extremely fascinating, being filled with diamonds and other articles so rich and attractive as to tempt the purchaser. The galleries and shops have the finest and most brilliant display of gems to be found, in so small a space, upon the planet.

In the Place de la Bastile is the site of the prison of the Bastile, destroyed by the Parisians in their fury, July 14, 1789. It answered well its purpose as a place of imprisonment for those objectionable to royalty. It fell, and Lafayette presented the key to Washington; and it is kept in the Washington mansion at Mount Vernon. The beautiful Colonne de Juillet now adorns the Place. It is 154 feet high. The fluted column is of brass, and is 13 feet in thickness. It is erected in honor of those who fell on that memorable day, and is engraved with 615 names. The column is crowned with the figure of the Genius of Liberty.


Colonne de Juillet.

The cemetery of Père-la-Chaise is the most beautiful place of burial in Paris, and covers 110 acres. There are 20,000 monuments, and it is adorned with a great number of small chapels. They stand over graves, and are large enough to hold two or more persons with chairs, and an altar with a crucifix. The last offerings of love and devotion are brought here, and here friends weep over their dead. Many illustrious children of France rest here. Honored in life, they are not forgotten in death. Here rest the illustrious Thiers, Marshal Macdonald, Madame de Genlis,



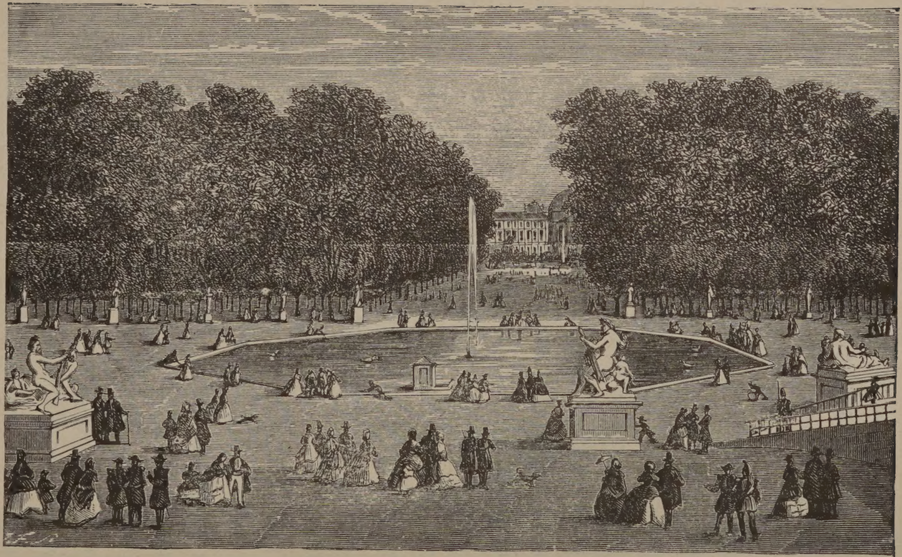
CHURCH OF THE MADELINE.

Marshal Ney, and hosts of others known to fame. To me there was no more interesting place than the grave of Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," who led the "Old Guard" in the final charge for Napoleon and the Empire at Waterloo. An iron fence surrounds the spot, but there is no monument. The green grass gently waved in the bright sunlight as I stood there. He loved France, the Empire, and Napoleon, and was shot as a traitor to the Bourbon government. He died an ignominious death, but is beloved and honored by France.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

In visiting Versailles, we were taken in a large carriage, which was filled with a pleasant company and drawn by four horses, and under the charge of an excellent guide. We passed through the Bois de Bologne, a park of 2,250 acres, which is bounded by the fortifications of Paris. It possesses artificial lakes and cascades of considerable extent, and is a favorite resort of the Parisians. Crossing the river, we entered St. Cloud, which suffered greatly during the Franco-Prussian war. The palace of St. Cloud was burned, and it is now in ruins. It was built in 1572, rebuilt in 1658, and was purchased in 1782 by Louis XVI for Marie Antoinette. It was a favorite summer residence of the late emperor. The park, with its gardens, its grand old trees, and its fountains, is a place of beauty, and attracts a great number of visitors. We passed through the forest of Ville d'Avray, and reached Versailles, a city of nearly 50,000 people, which is a disagreeable place. The palace and park, with all their attractions and history, draw multitudes of people there.

Our visit was to the wonderful palace built by Louis XIV, which is a monument to his pride, extravagance, and arbitrary will. The world has seldom seen such magnificence as is here displayed. The cost exceeded $200,000,000, and no less than 36,000 men, with a proportionate number of teams, were employed at one time in the building of the terraces. This vast expense, with the cruel wars of Louis XIV, drained the resources of France, and prepared the way for the first French revolution. The palace was completed in 1681, and became the residence of the king. The court was permanently established here in 1682. Louis XIV died, and Louis XV was born, reigned, and died, here. Louis XVI lived part of his unhappy reign in the palace, and saw it sacked by a mob of many thousands. It was a manufactory of arms in 1795, was neglected by Napoleon I, and pillaged by the Parisians in 1815. It was occupied by Louis XVIII and Charles X, and would have been occupied by Louis Philippe, except for the vast expense in keeping it up; so he turned it into a museum or historical gallery, dedicated to all the glories of France. It became the head-quarters of the



PALACE AND GARDENS OF VERSAILLES.

Prussians in 1870 and 1871, and a portion of the palace was used as a hospital. Kaiser William was crowned Emperor of Germany in it, January 18, 1871, and later the National Assembly of France, as representative of the Republic, here held its sittings. Truly, strange events have occurred here, which would have startled the soul of Louis XIV, could he have foreseen them. We were shown the apartments of Marie Antoinette, of Napoleon I, and of the Empress Josephine.

The Musée Historique, founded by Louis Philippe, with its long suites of apartments, is lined with paintings, and many are celebrated works of art. In the aggregate there are nearly five miles of pictures, and many of them are battle scenes. There are rooms filled with portraits of celebrated Frenchmen.

There are eleven rooms in the gallery of the History of France, and paintings illustrating historical events from 1797 to 1835, mostly battle scenes.

The Grande Galerie of Louis XIV, finely decorated, is of great length, width, and height, and commands a view of ponds and gardens. The pictures upon the ceiling, of great beauty, represent the achievements of the king.

The Galerie des Batailles, a hall 396 feet long and 42 in width, contains busts of eighty noted generals who have fallen in battle, with their names on tablets; and, also, thirty-three great paintings by modern artists, all battle scenes.

Among them is the siege of Yorktown, Va., conducted by Generals Rochambeau and Washington. So one passes from one great gallery to another, all filled with statues and portraits of noted persons in different callings, and with paintings of the conflicts of war.

The Galerie de l'Empire contains thirteen rooms devoted to the campaigns of Napoleon, and from 1796 to 1810.

The gardens of Versailles, back of the palace, are most magnificent. There are artificial lakes, many statues, trees, and fountains, and in the summer 1200 orange trees adorn the grounds. It would be difficult for any pen to do justice to all the beauty of painting, elegance of statuary, and grandeur of the palace and gardens of Versailles.

On our return to Paris we visited the Institute of France, devoted to art, literature, and science; and the Column Vendome, 142 feet high, encased with plates of brass, to commemorate the victories of Napoleon, battle scenes in 1805. The statue of Ney stands upon the spot where he was shot as a traitor.

The Gobelins, named for Jean Gobelin, who commenced the business centuries ago, is the state manufactory of carpets and tapestries, where the artist workman works for years on a single piece, and weaves into it elegant copies of the rarest pictures.

The Palace of the Luxembourg was formerly a royal residence. Its gardens are filled with statuary. The newly erected Hotel de Ville takes the place of the one destroyed by the Commune, and is a magnificent structure.

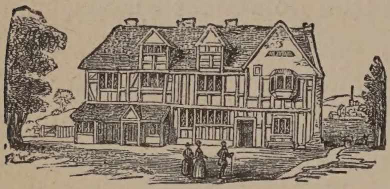
My stay in Paris drew to an end. I was pleased with the gay, cheerful manners of the Parisians, but seriously question whether they possess more than other people that true politeness which comes from the heart.

It is not a wonder that the French are a warlike people. Nearly every monument, painting, statue, and sculpture illustrates battle scenes. All is of the florid order. Their pictures and sculptures represent the object on the alert, never in repose. Seldom are the triumphs of peace portrayed or celebrated. Of this state of things one tires, and is thankful that there is a land across the sea where the triumphs of peace are more honored than the horrors of victorious war.

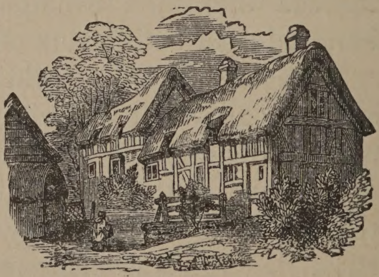
It was delightful to be in London again. Soon after my arrival it was with great pleasure that I met a friend from Washington, D. C. Having decided upon the ship and the day of sailing for the United States, my stay in London was short. A hurried run was made to Oxford, where I saw, as Lowell has said, "those gray seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters * * which are conscious with venerable associations, and where the very stones seem happier for being there.

The chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages, and scholars and poets, who are gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignoble companionship."

From Oxford to Stratford-on-Avon is not a long way. At Shakespeare's town, a quiet, cleanly place, my stay was a night and a day, registering at the Shakespeare hotel, near the spot where the poet lived the last nineteen years of his life. On Henly street is the poet's birthplace, where he first saw the light April 23, 1564. It is unpretentious in appearance. Above is the room where he was born, and which fronts the street. There are relics of the poet still here. Leaving this spot so full of the associations of the past, I wended my way through the green fields and lanes to the Hathaway cottage, it being the same beaten track that Shakespeare took when he went to woo and win his beloved Anne Hathaway. It is an

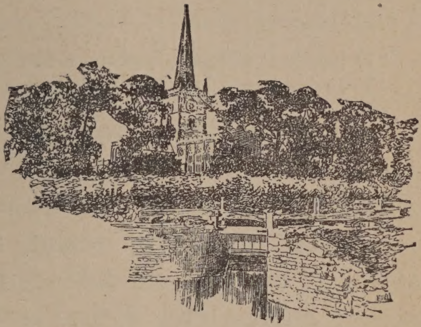


SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

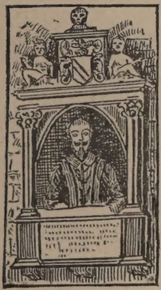


HATHAWAY COTTAGE.

humble dwelling, long and low, with a thick, thatched roof. Up a winding stair is the room where she was born. There are objects of family interest, such as a carved oaken bedstead, a spinning-wheel, and other articles. There is the open fireplace, with the rude seat at one side, where Shakespeare and Anne sat, and where he told her the "old, old story," so old, yet ever new. In the visitors' book, among the celebrated names, were those of our beloved Longfellow and Gen. Grant.


STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Our way wended to the Stratford church, on the bank of the River Avon,—that Avon "which to the Severn runs." Passing through a lovely grove of trees, the church was entered. The daily religious service was in progress, which was witnessed to its conclusion, when a guide appeared, and a fee was paid him before we could go over all of the sacred enclosure. Extremely interesting in itself, the fact that Shakespeare's bones are here makes it famous forever. There is the monument to the greatest

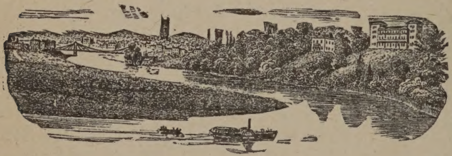

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT.

poet of all time, represented in the act of writing, his left hand resting upon manuscript, while his right holds a quill pen. There is the inscription beneath,—

> "In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil;
> The earth covers him, the people mourn him, Olympus has him."

Near by is his grave, covered by a flat stone with the celebrated inscription upon it reciting Shakespeare's curse on him who should disturb his rest.

Chester is a rare, quaint, ancient, wall-begirt town. Over this old defence of the place I went, having many views of the rare old city, and stood in Phenix Tower, where Charles I saw the defeat of his army at Rawton Moor, September 27, 1645. Very odd are the streets, houses, everything in the place. It was my pleasure here to examine my last cathedral in Europe. They had become monotonous.



CHESTER.

At the North-Western hotel, in Liverpool, I had the accidental pleasure of meeting two English friends, one from the north of England, the other from London. The hour of departure was at hand; the good ship Berlin was ready to sail; and bidding friends and "Merrie England" farewell, I stepped aboard, with my face toward the declining sun. A prosperous voyage brought us to New York.

The journey was ended. I had seen many persons whom it was a privilege to see and to know. I returned with my love for my country greatly quickened and strengthened. She has no ancient cathedrals, the expense of whose uprearing was wrung from an oppressed people. She has no king or emperor, nobility or privileged classes, but she has that which is much better: she has a wise and beneficent government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," the freest and best on earth; she has a wide domain, of great resources and wealth; and the fault is in Americans themselves if they are not a happy and prosperous people. The future is big with hope, radiant with promise. Every American has reason for gratitude that his home is beneath American skies, and that over him is the protecting banner of the wise and great Republic.

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